

AUGUST

No. 13

10¢

SMASH COMICS



FEATURING
ESPIONAGE
With the Black X



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

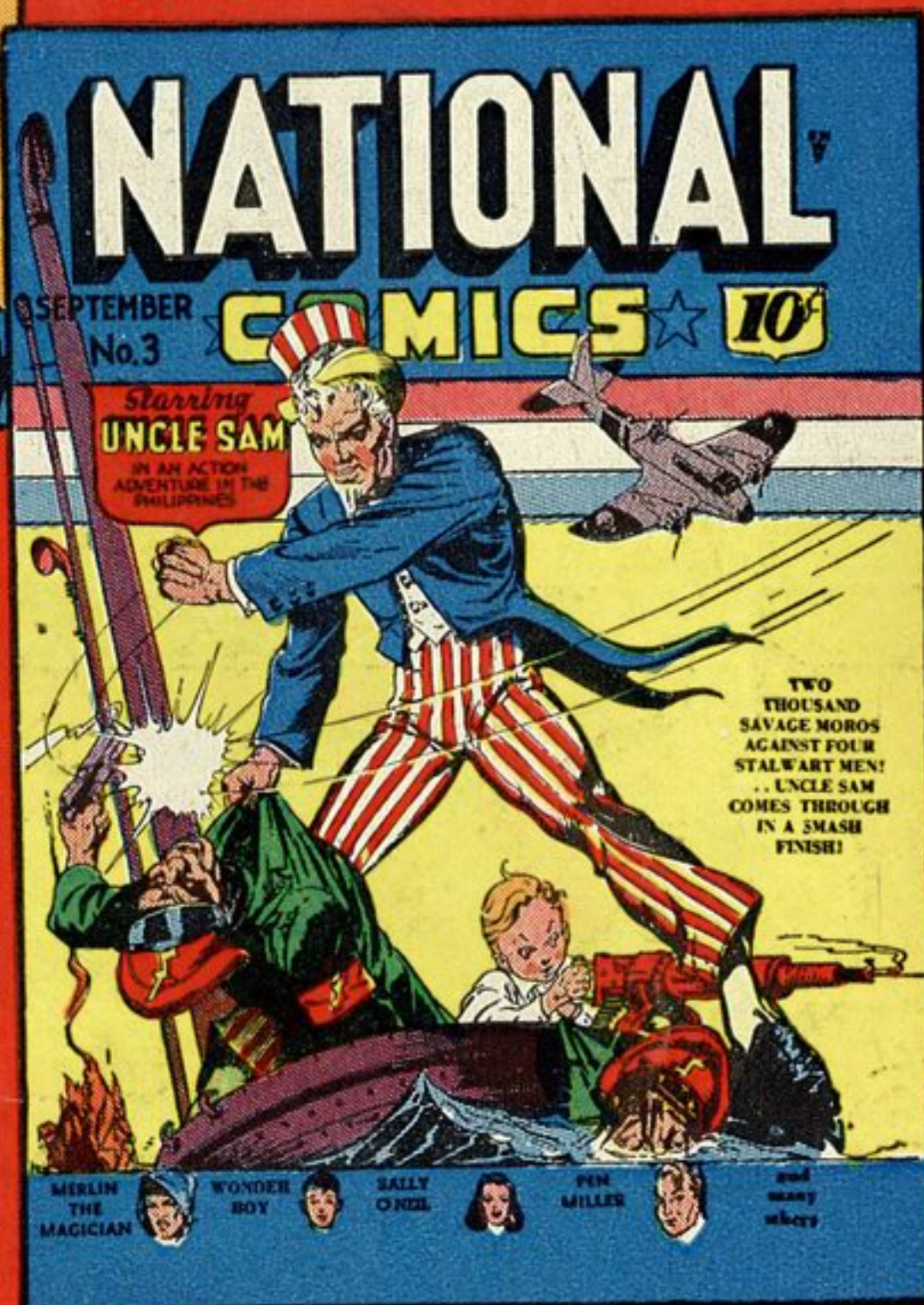
UNCLE SAM



ONE THOUSAND SAVAGE MOROS
AGAINST FOUR STALWART MEN
IN THE FASTEST ACTION PLOT IN
UNCLE SAM'S CAREER!



WATCH FOR THIS COVER

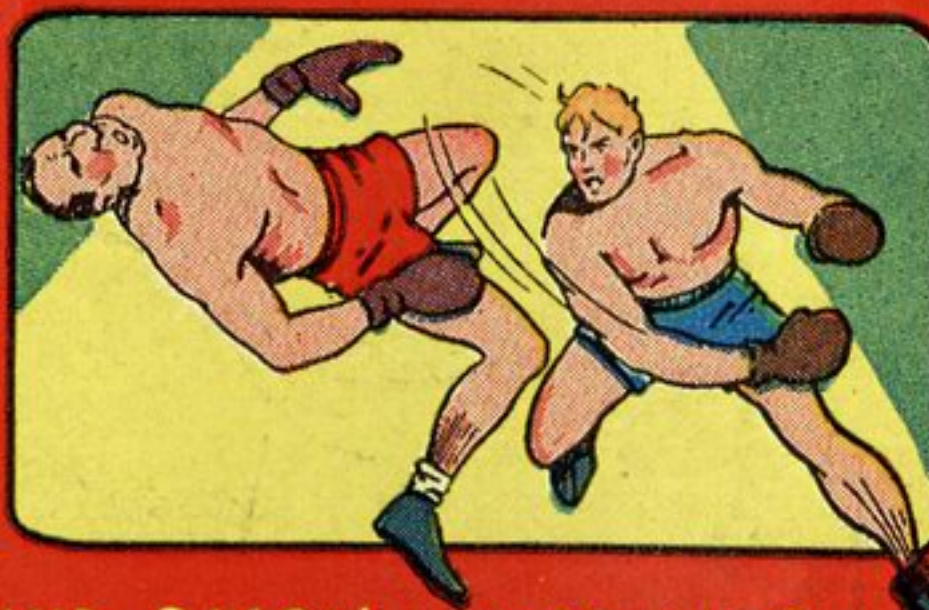


PEN MILLER
SMASHES A VICIOUS
MURDER RING!

SMASH
ACTION



WONDER BOY
RESCUES AN EXPLORER
IN THE HEART OF A SOUTH
AMERICAN JUNGLE!

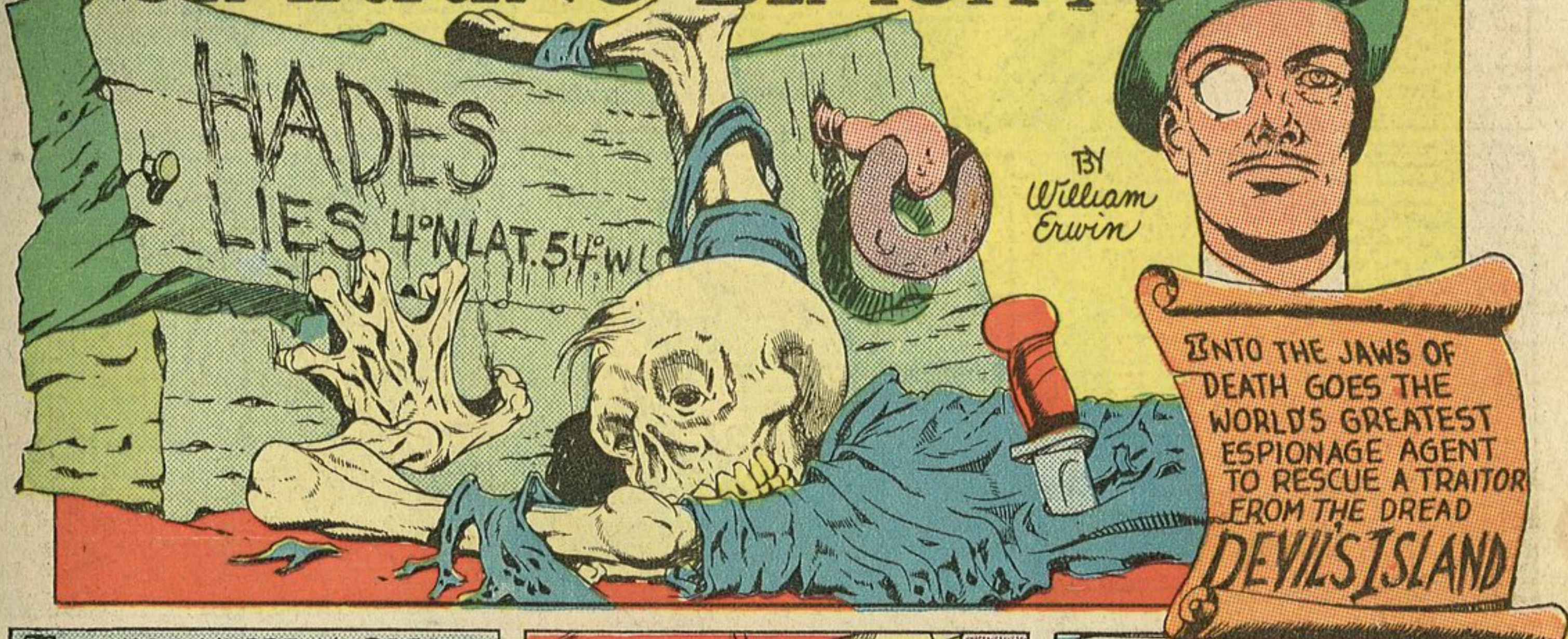


KID DIXON LANDS IN NEW YORK AND
PUNCHES HIS WAY TO THE CHAMPIONSHIP!

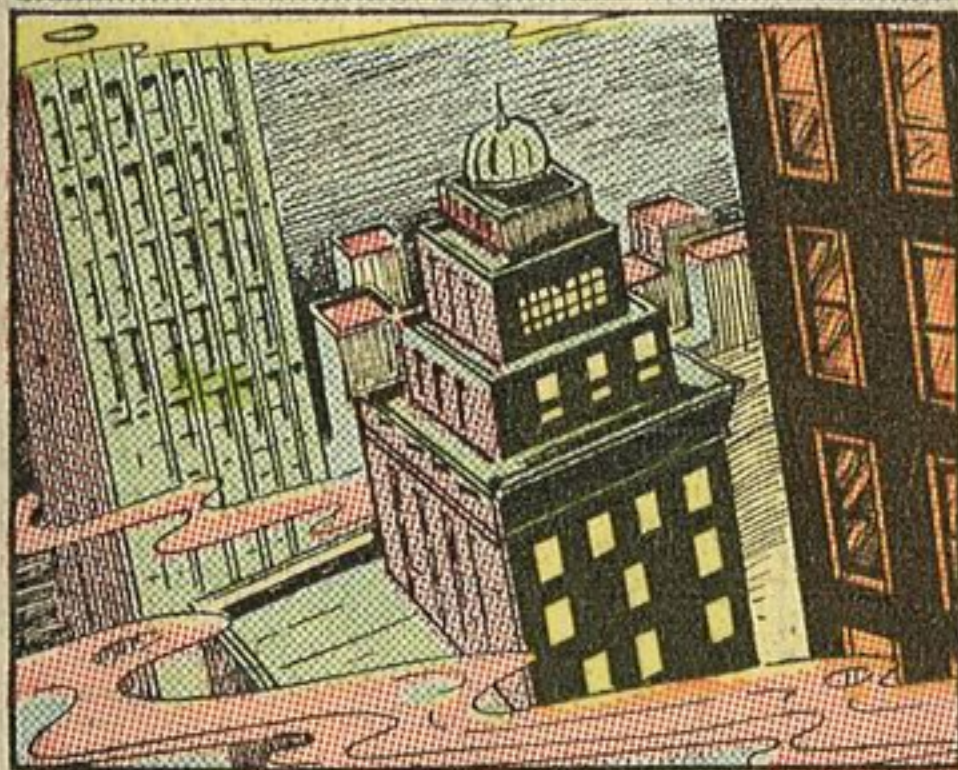
SALLY O'NEIL
MERLIN THE MAGICIAN
CYCLONE
KID PATROL
PROP POWERS
PAUL BUNYAN

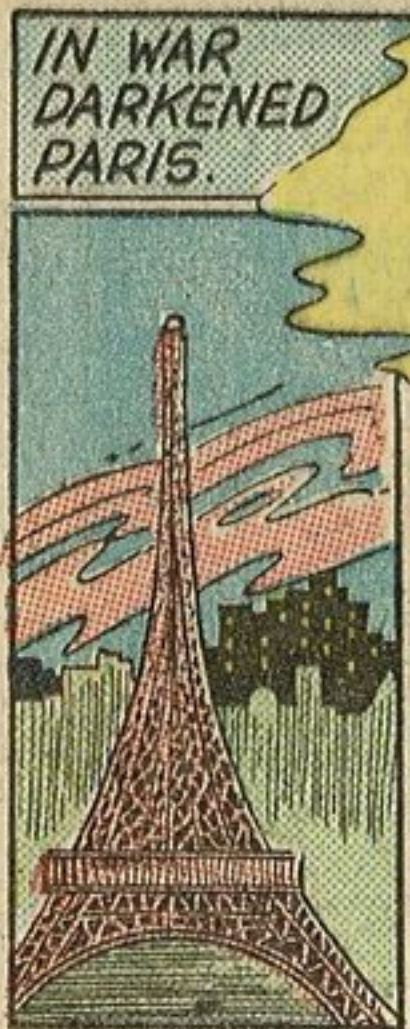
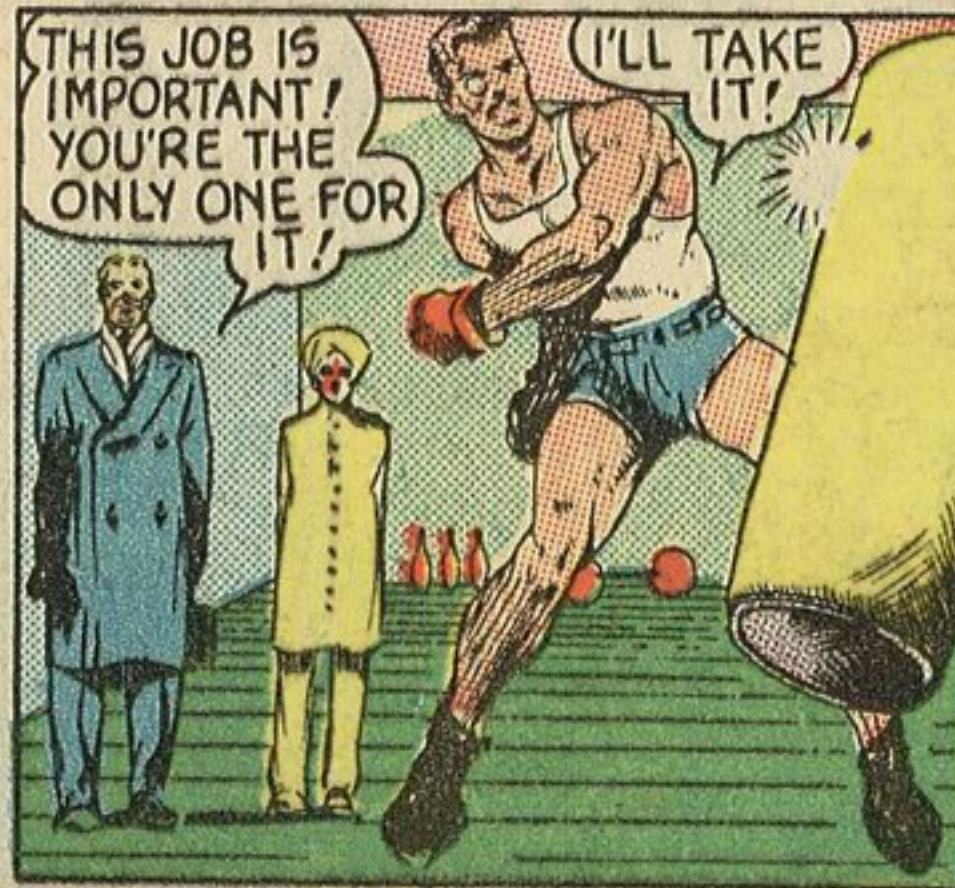
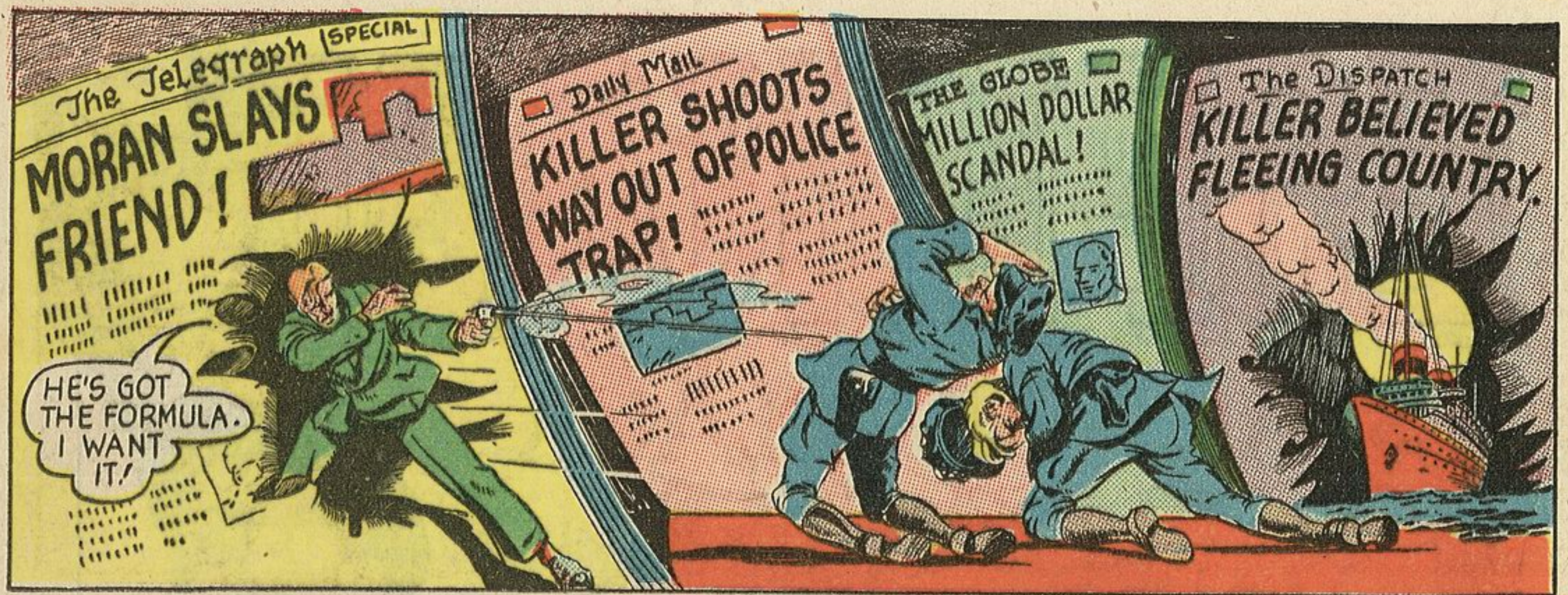
ESPIONAGE

STARRING BLACK X

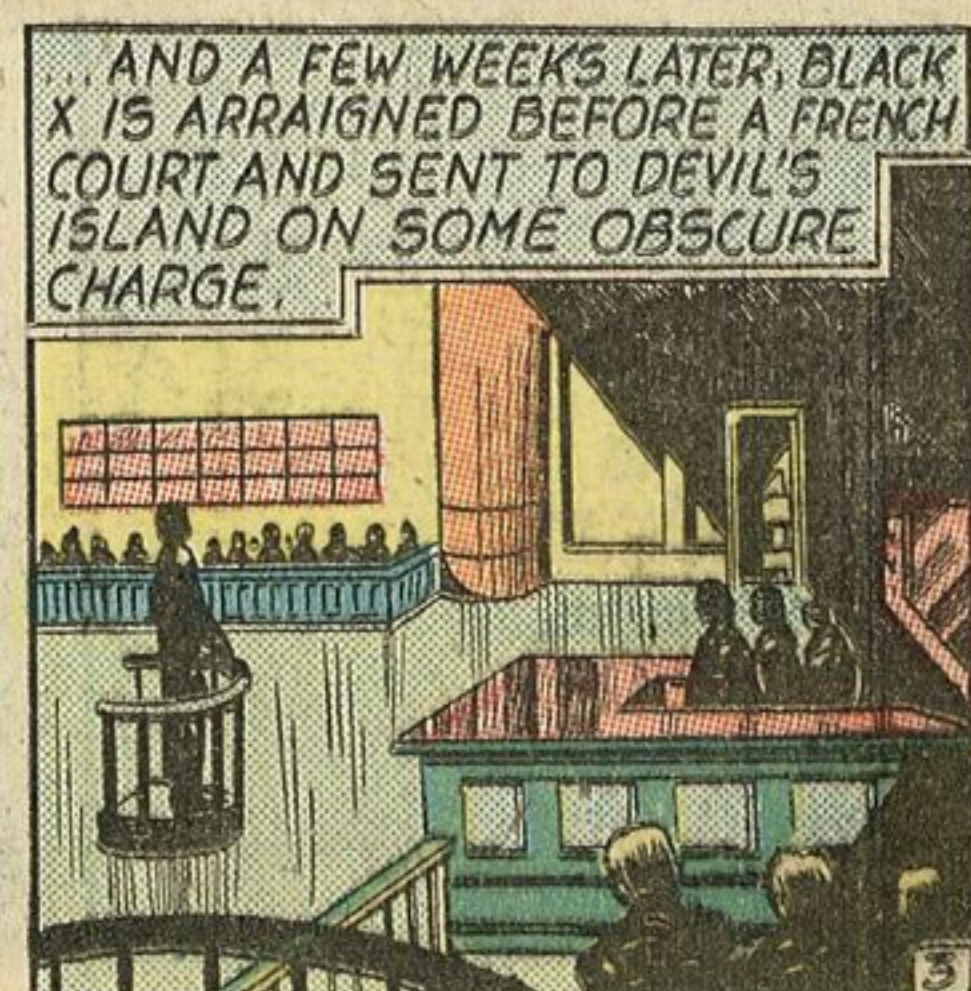
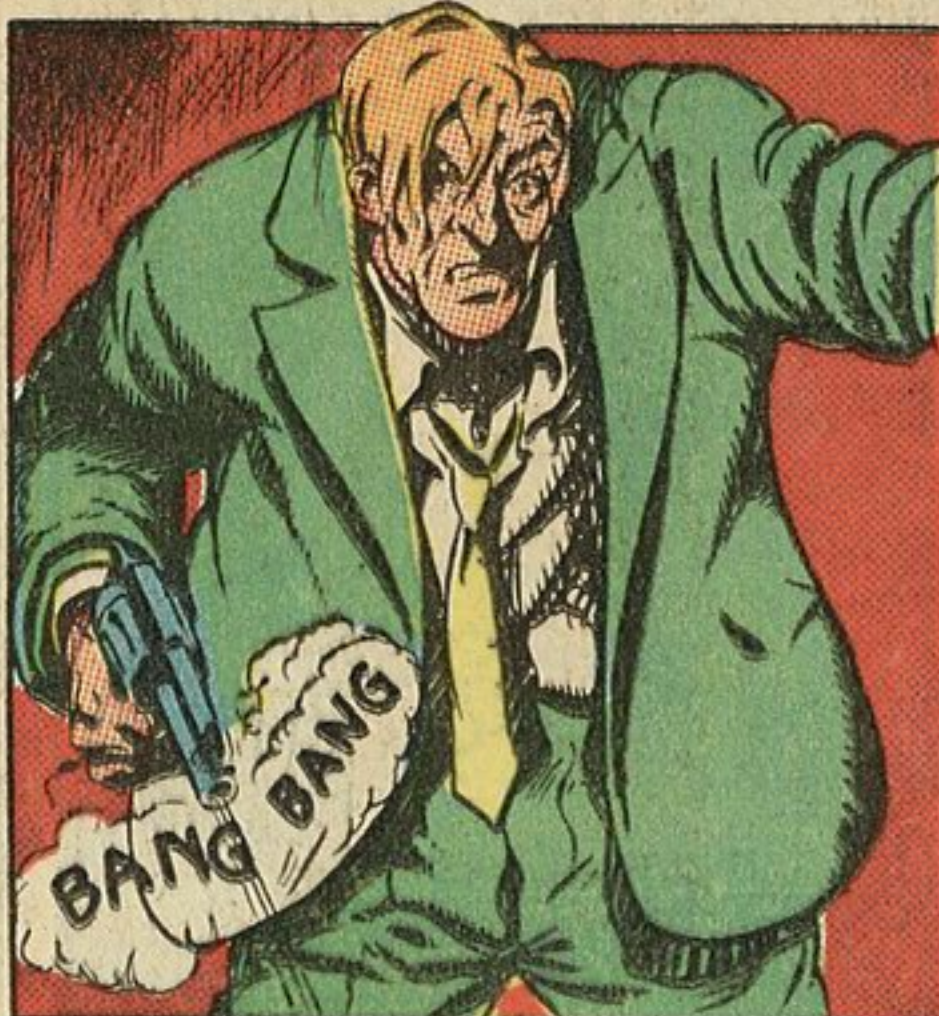
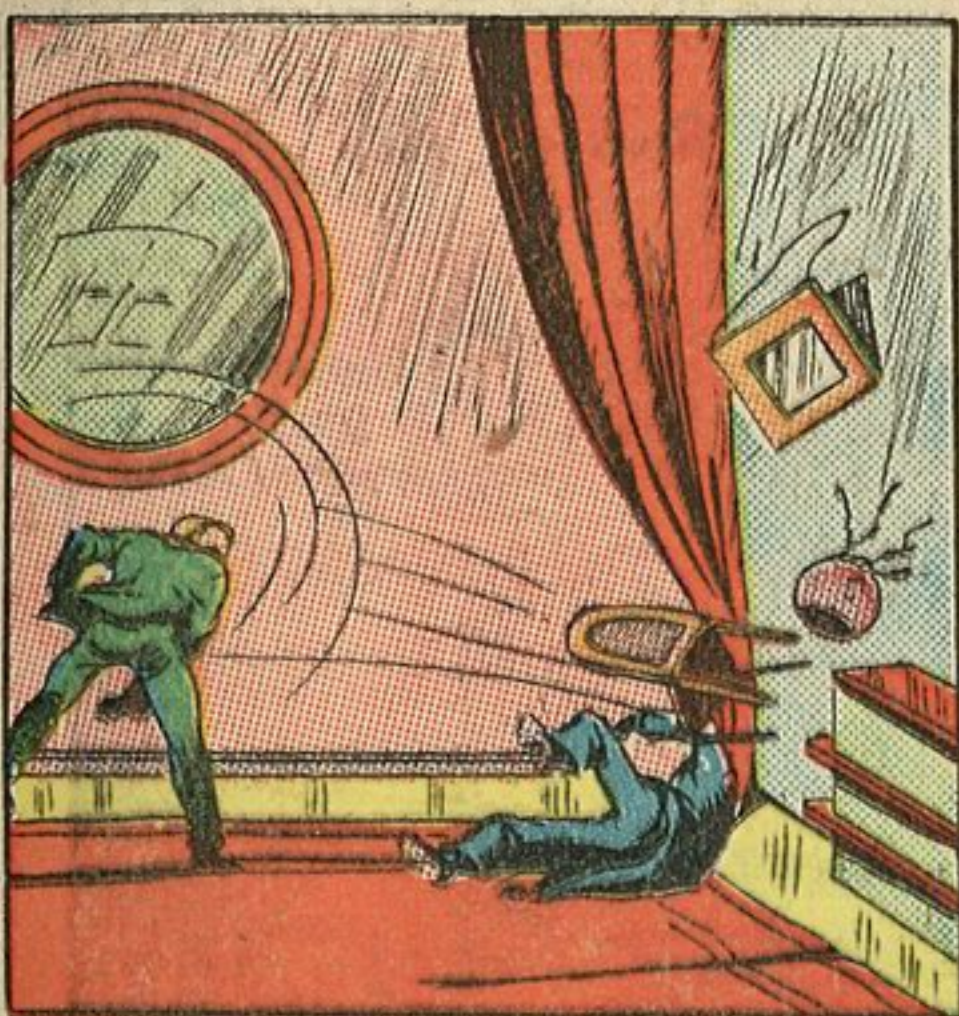
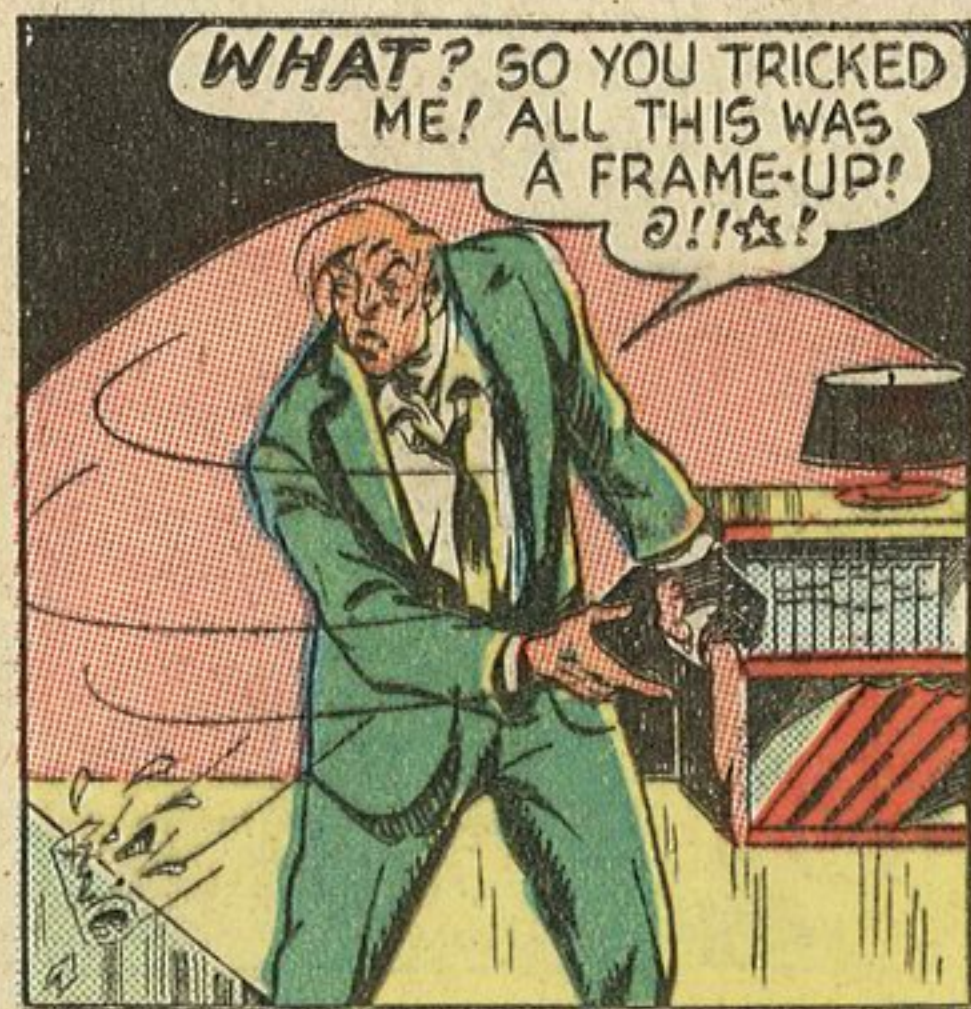
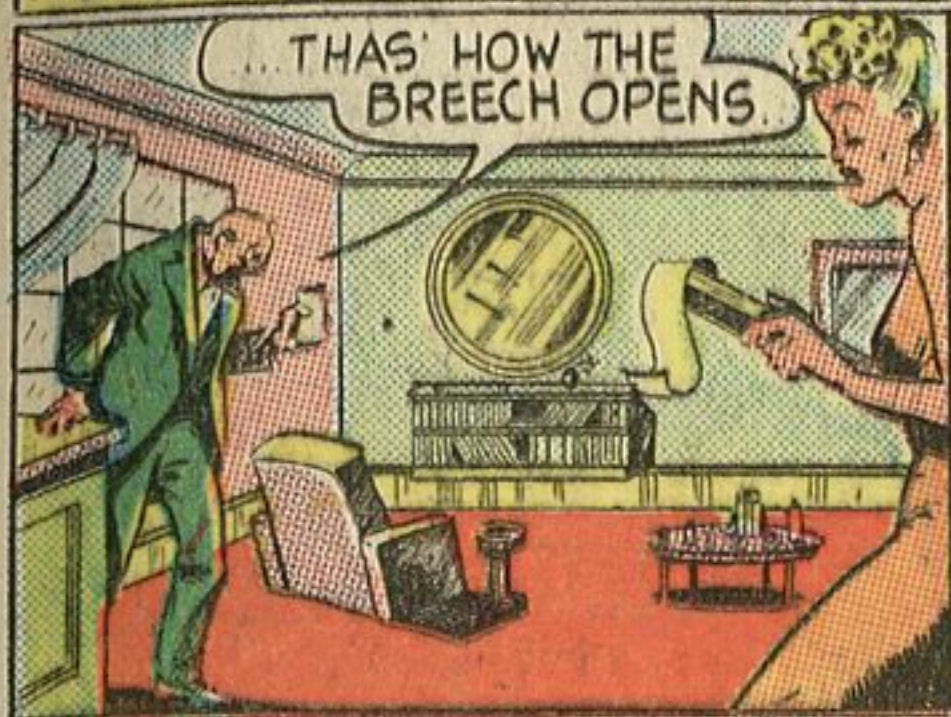


NEW YORK, WHERE MURDER LIVES IN LOFTY SPLENDOR, HIGH IN THE SKY SCRAPERS. . . .

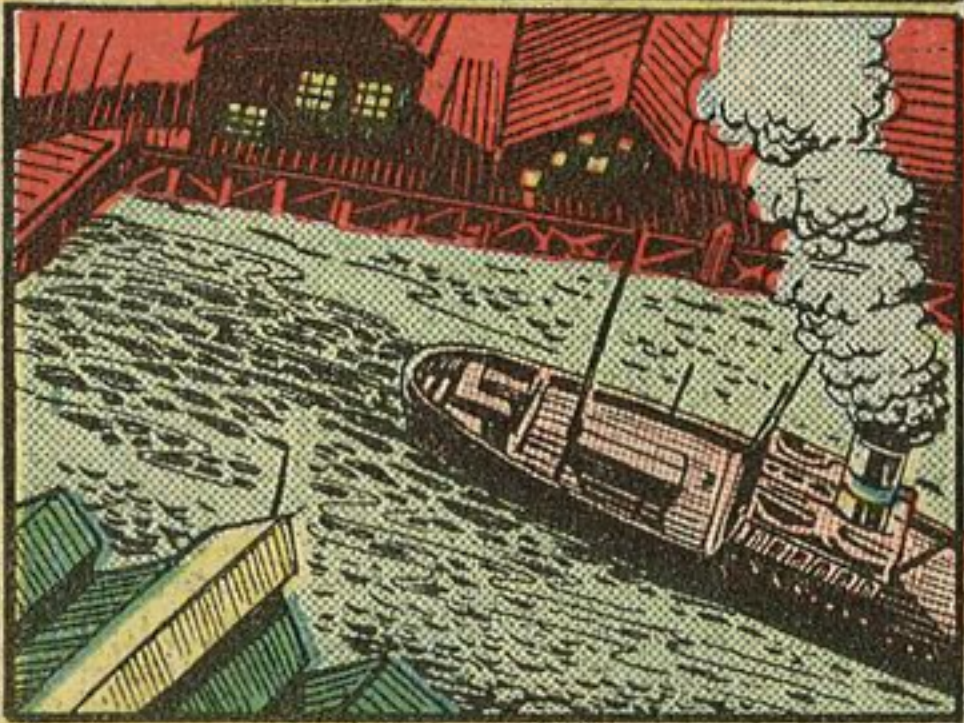




HIS TONGUE LOOSENED BY LIQUOR, MORAN TELLS PLANS AND WORKINGS OF THE NEW 'X' GUN. UNAWARE THAT HIS "GIRL FRIEND" OF A FEW MOMENTS AGO IS TAKING NOTES



ON MARCH 27, THE PRISON BOAT LEAVES A BUSY FRENCH HARBOR FOR ITS GRIM VOYAGE TO THE HORRIBLE PENAL COLONY.



IN THE DARK HOLD...



HA, ANOTHER PRISONER! WELCOME!

GET IN, DOG!

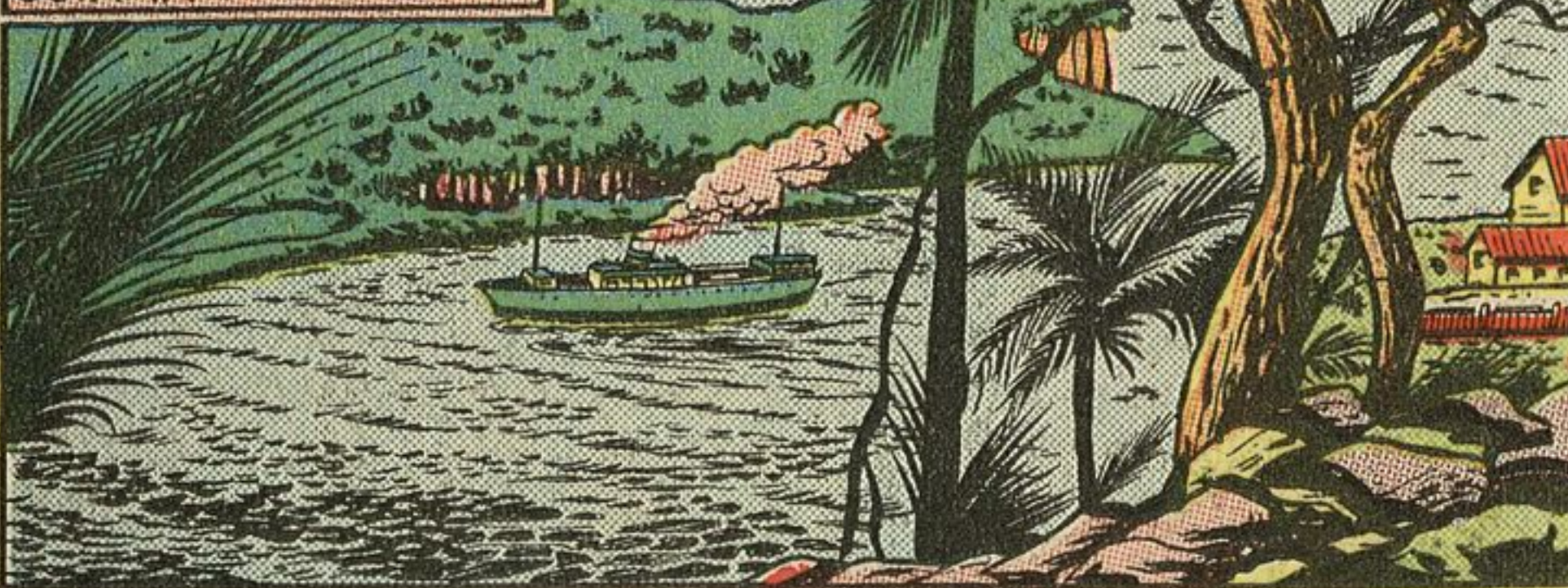


HOWDY! YOU'RE AN AMERICAN TOO, EH? MY NAME'S SMITH, JOHN SMITH!

YEH? SO'S MINE JOHN SMITH!



SWELTERING DIRTY DAYS FOLLOW ONE ANOTHER IN ENDLESS SUCCESSION. FINALLY THE HARBOR OF FRENCH GUIANA IS REACHED...



ACROSS THE MUDDY FLATS THE MEN ARE HERDED...



HA! THIS PLACE IS A CINCH! I'LL ESCAPE IN THREE WEEKS! HAW, HAW, HAW! YOU WITH ME, SMITH?

TRY AND SHAKE ME!



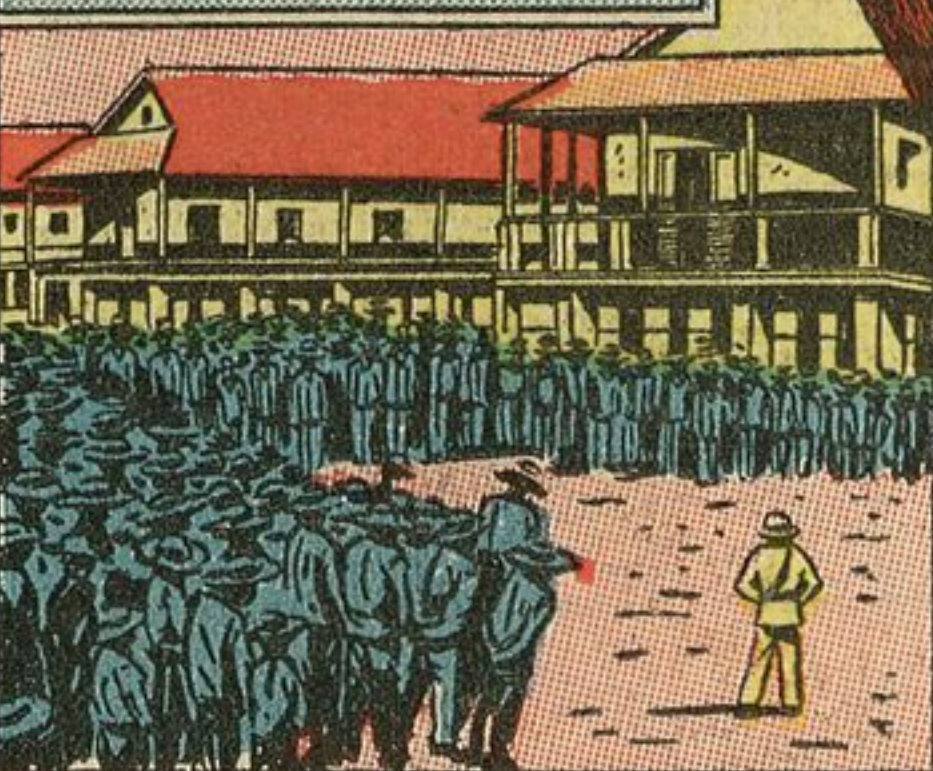
THE PRISONERS ASSEMBLE...



WELCOME, MES AMIS! I KNOW WHAT EVERYONE OF YOU IS THINKING: "ESCAPE"... HEH, HEH! WELL, YOU ARE FREE TO DO SO! I ENCOURAGE IT!!! UNFORTUNATELY, REGULATIONS FORCE ME TO TELL YOU THAT THE SHARKS AND THE JUNGLE MAKE IT IMPOSSIBLE!



THE PRISONERS ARE THEN STRIPPED OF THEIR CLOTHING AND GIVEN PRISON GARB...



MAY I KEEP MY WATCH, GUARD?

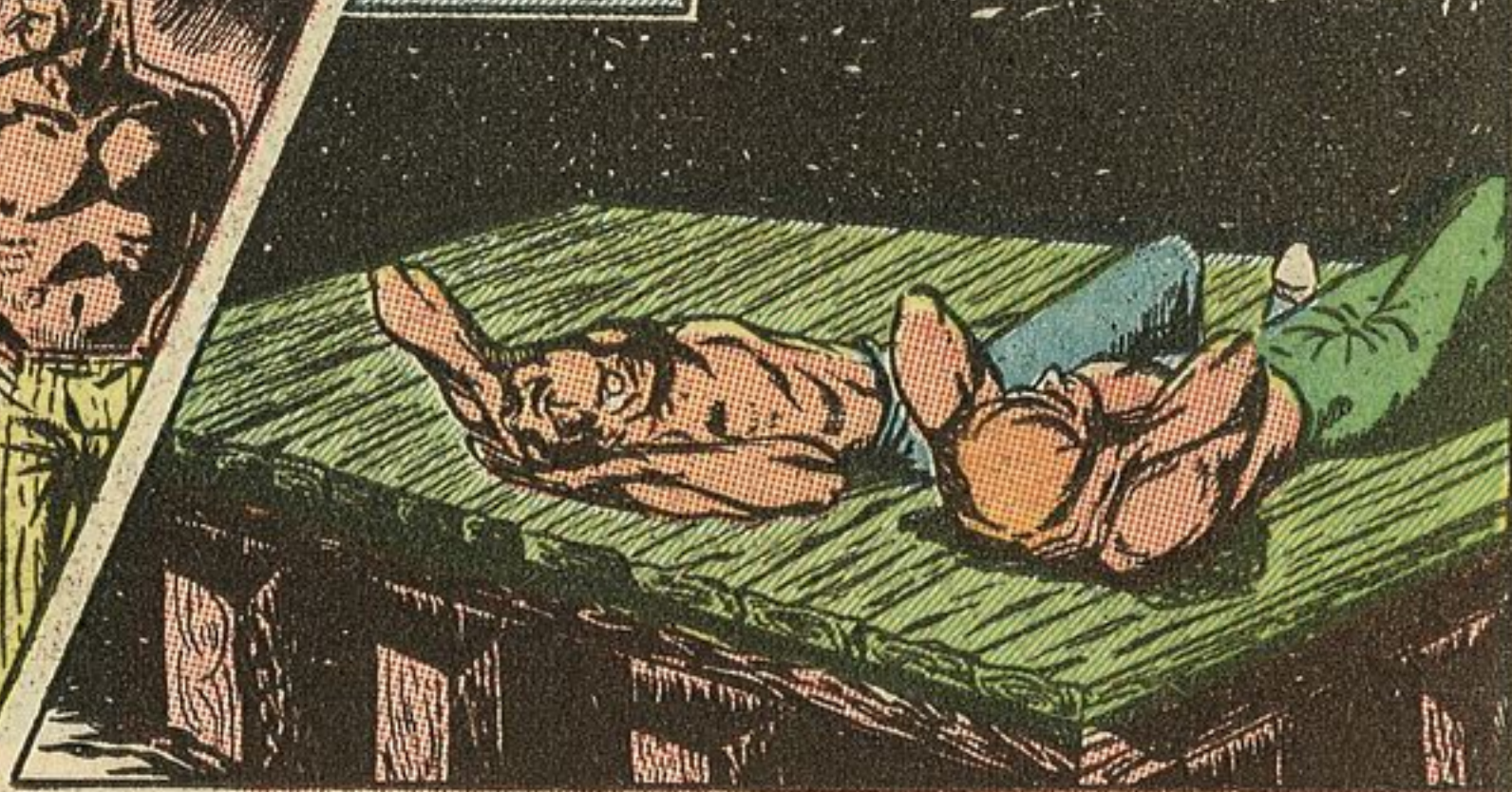
WHAT FOR? YOU WON'T BE NEEDING EET. TIME PASSES SLOW ON DEVIL'S ISLAND!



WITH LEADEN STEPS, TIME PASSES, AS PRISON LIFE GOES GRIMLY ON...



AT NIGHT, BLACK X, NOW A BOON COMPANION OF MORAN, PLANS THEIR ESCAPE...



ONE MORNING, BLACK X AND MORAN ARE CALLED TO THE COMMANDANT...



A MAN HAS ESCAPED!

WE KNOW NOTHING ABOUT IT!



I SHOULDN'T WONDER A MAN WOULD WANT TO ESCAPE FROM THIS HOLE!

PERHAPS...THE WORLD CONDEMNS THIS PRISON, BUT THEY FORGET THAT TO MOVE IT WOULD COST FRANCE MILLIONS WHICH SHE NOW SORELY NEEDS FOR DEFENSE!



AT THAT MOMENT, THE ESCAPED FELON IS DRAGGED IN!

HE WILL BE TAKEN CARE OF...AS FOR YOU TWO, I KNOW OF YOUR PLOTTING...GUARD! PUT THESE TWO IN SOLITARY!



NO! NO! LOOK (GULP)...I'LL GIVE YOU A VALUABLE SECRET...PLEASE! I'LL TELL YOU...



HEY!

SHUT UP! YOU SNIVELLING TRAITOR!



YOUR FRIEND HAS A LOOSE TONGUE, EH?

OH-ER-HE JUST MAKES THINGS UP.



TAKE THEM AWAY, GUARD!

HM...FUNNY ABOUT THAT AMERICAN...HE DOESN'T LOOK OR ACT LIKE CRIMINALS SENT OUT HERE...PAH! I'M GETTING SOFT!



THAT NIGHT

HSST...MORAN...WE'LL ESCAPE TOMORROW!



THE NEXT DAY, WHILE THE TWO ARE CHOPPING WOOD IN THE JUNGLE...

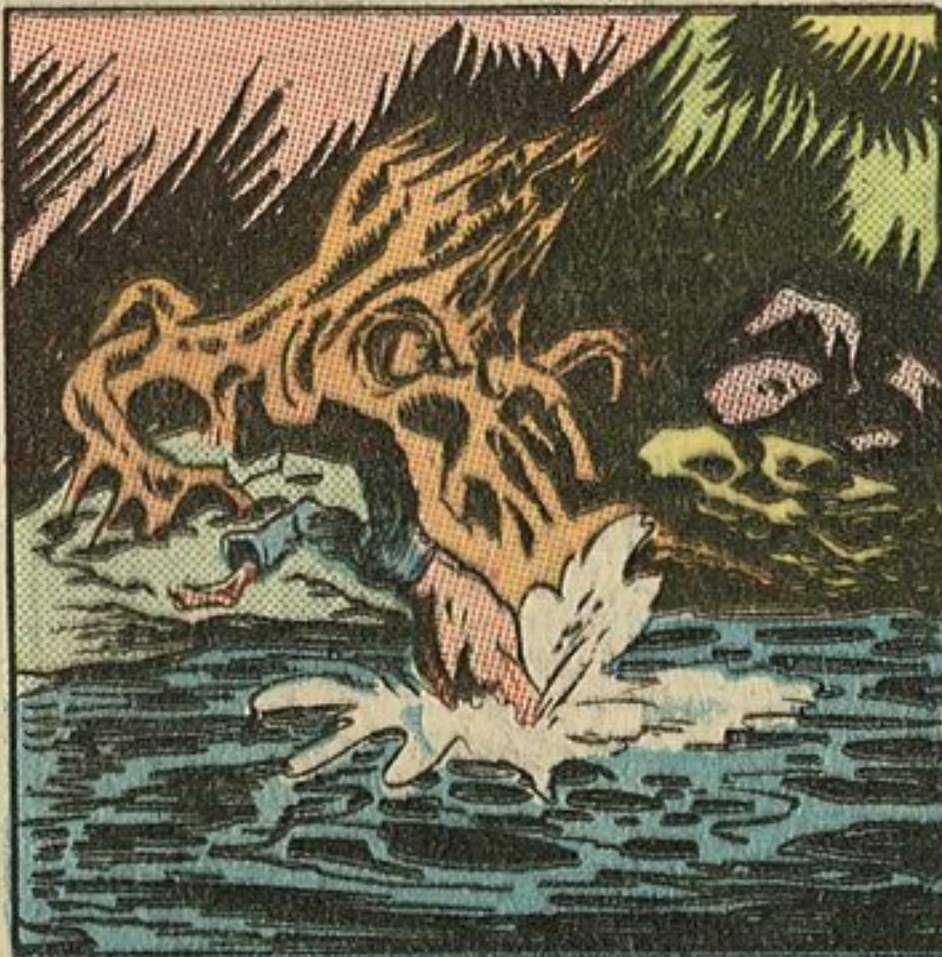


NOW!



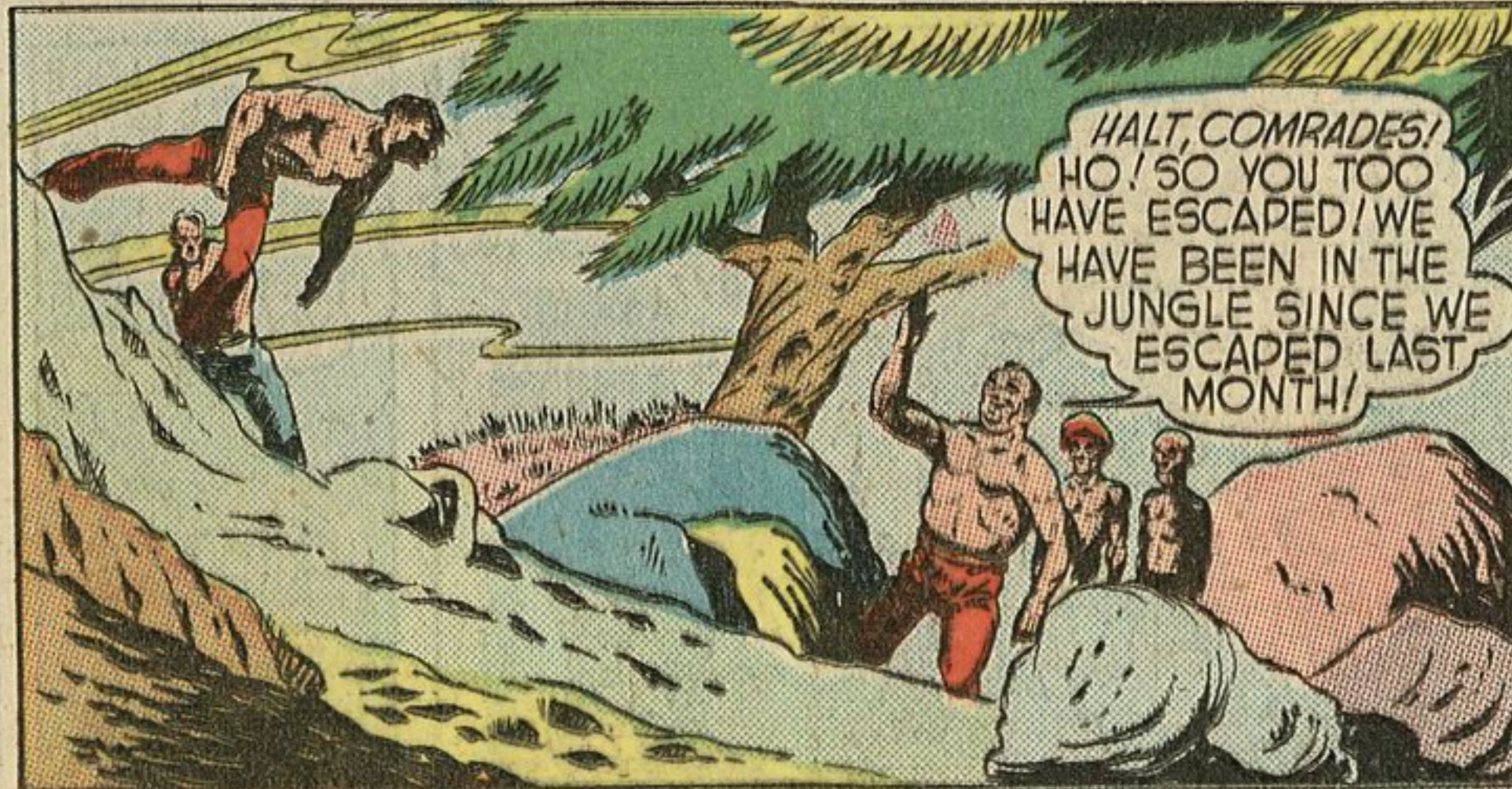
RUN, MORAN! DOWN THE RIVER! I'LL FOLLOW IN AN INSTANT!

BUT A GUARD SEES BLACK X...



SWIMMING UNDER WATER, BLACK X SOON MAKES SHORE.

WHERE HE MEETS MORAN, THE TWO HEAD NORTH TO THE SEA...



HALT, COMRADES! HO! SO YOU TOO HAVE ESCAPED! WE HAVE BEEN IN THE JUNGLE SINCE WE ESCAPED LAST MONTH!

WE'RE GOING TO THE SEA, WHERE A FRIEND AWAITS US WITH A BOAT!

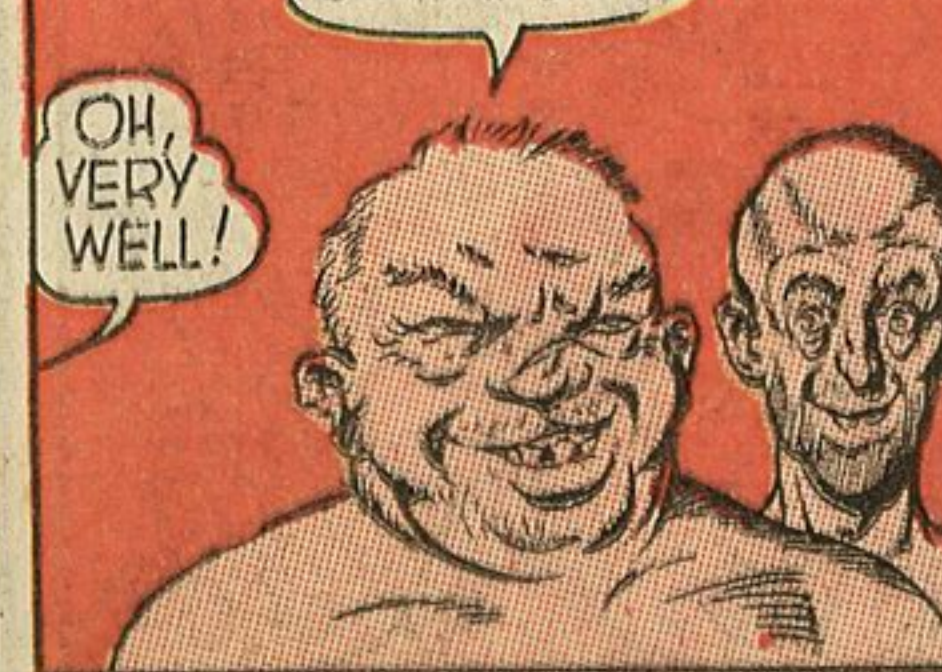
SHUT UP, MORAN!

A BOAT?



HA, HA, HA! THAT IS GOOD! THEN MY FRIENDS AND I WILL JOIN YOU... HA, HA! COME, COMRADES!

OH, VERY WELL!



THE NEXT DAWN, THEY REACH THE RIVER HEAD WHERE BATU WAITS WITH A BOAT...

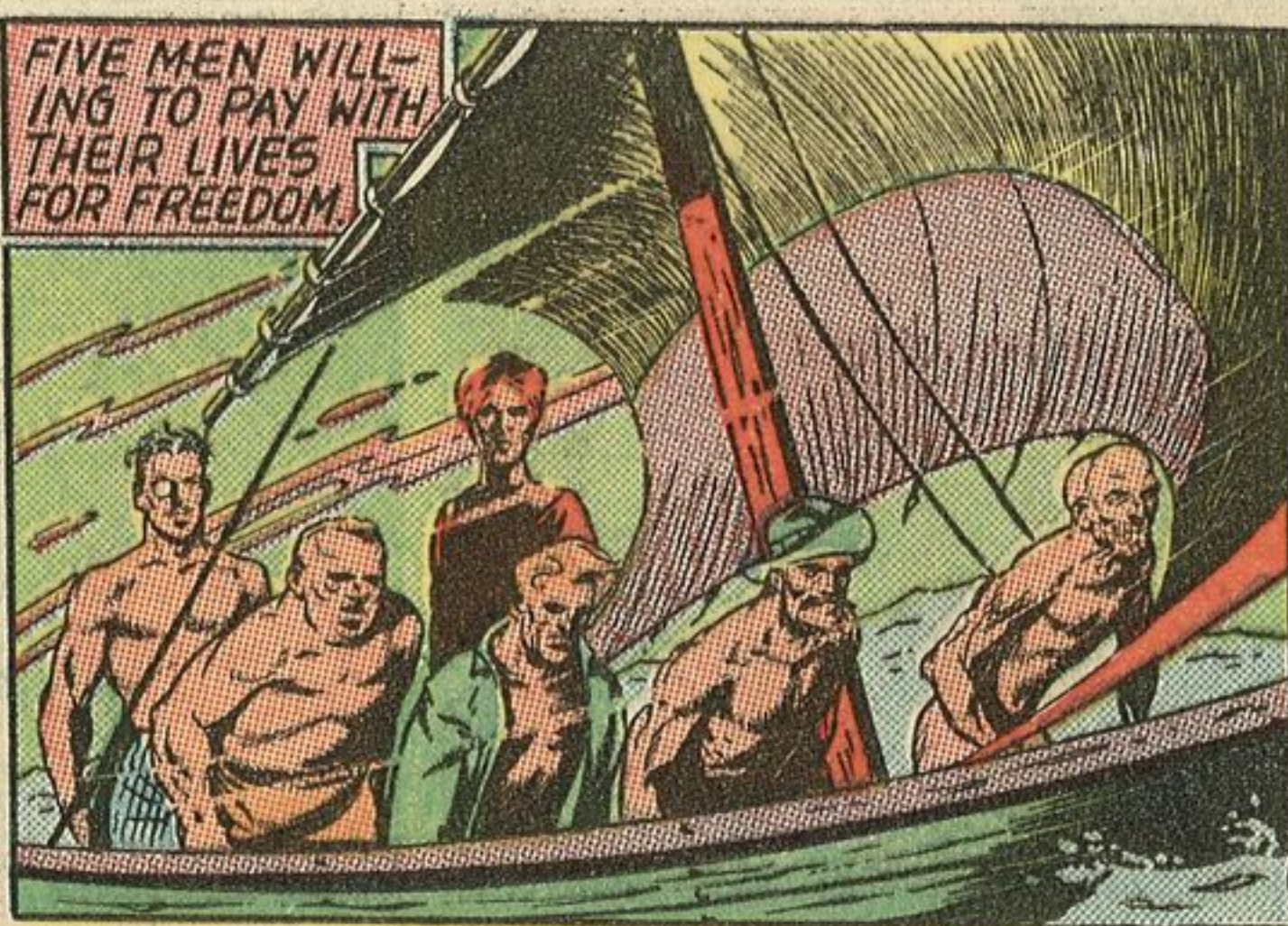


BATU! GOOD WORK!

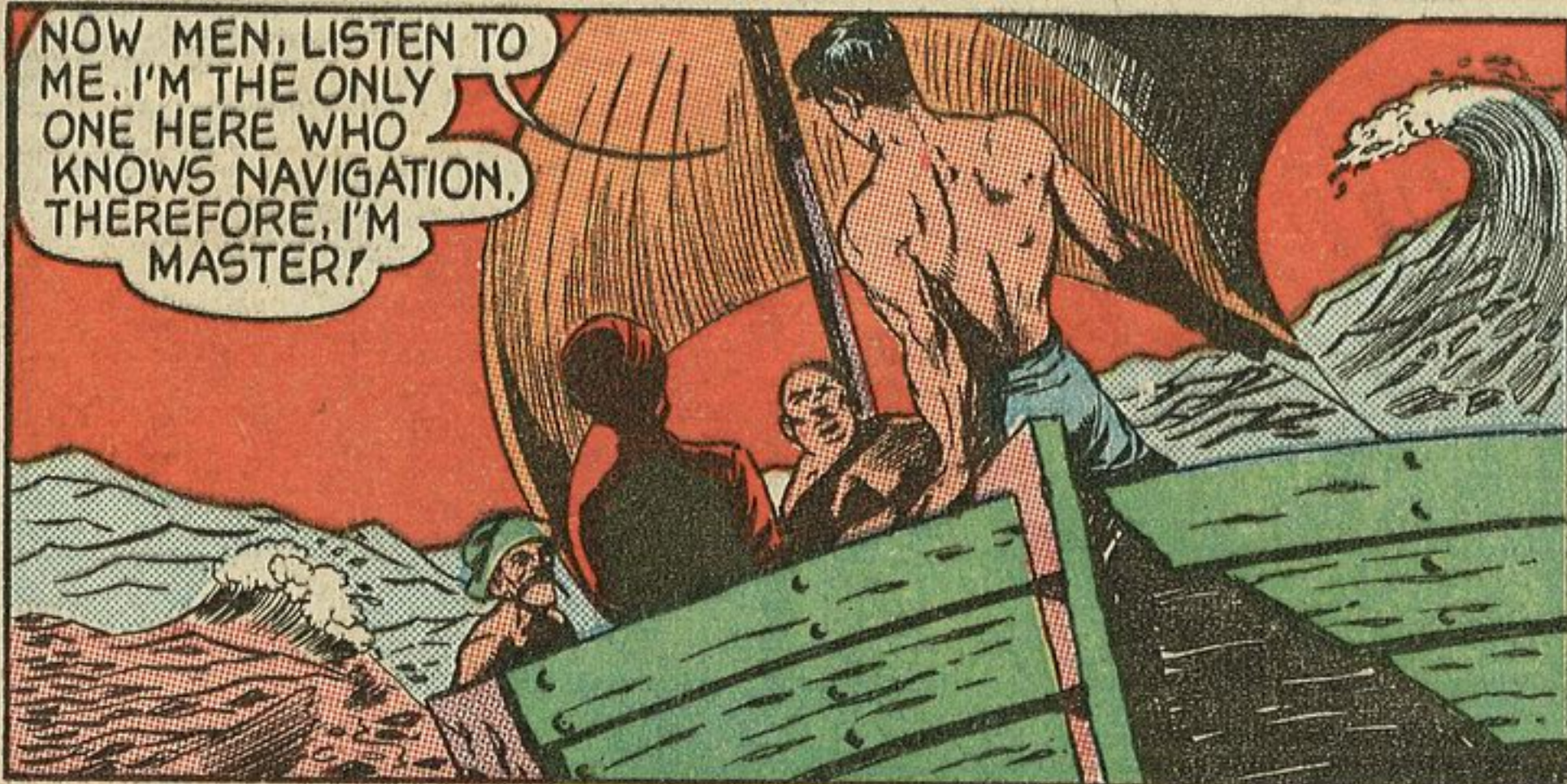
THUS, IN A TINY CRAFT THEY
HEAD OUT TO SEA..



FIVE MEN WILL-
ING TO PAY WITH
THEIR LIVES
FOR FREEDOM.



NOW MEN, LISTEN TO
ME. I'M THE ONLY
ONE HERE WHO
KNOWS NAVIGATION.
THEREFORE, I'M
MASTER!



WE HAVE VERY LITTLE FOOD,
SINCE WE ONLY PLANNED ON
THREE MEN. SO WE MUST
RATION OURSELVES CARE-
FULLY. BATU AND I TAKE
THE FIRST WATCH.



THAT NIGHT, WHEN ALL ARE
ASLEEP.. BLACK X CRAWLS TO
BATU'S SIDE.



THIS IS THE
FIRST CHANCE
I'VE HAD TO TALK
TO YOU ALONE.

WHY YOU
HERE,
MASTER?

.. THE ONLY WAY TO GET
MORAN BACK TO THE
STATES WITHOUT LETTING
THE FRENCH AUTHORITIES
KNOW MORAN HOLDS
A U.S. SECRET!



AT ALL COSTS, WE MUST GET
MORAN TO AMERICA
ALIVE!



HE NOT
KNOW YOU,
BLACK X?

I OVERHEARD
YOU! SO.. YOU
DOG! YOU'RE AN
AMERICAN
AGENT!

HE KNOWS NOW,
BATU!!



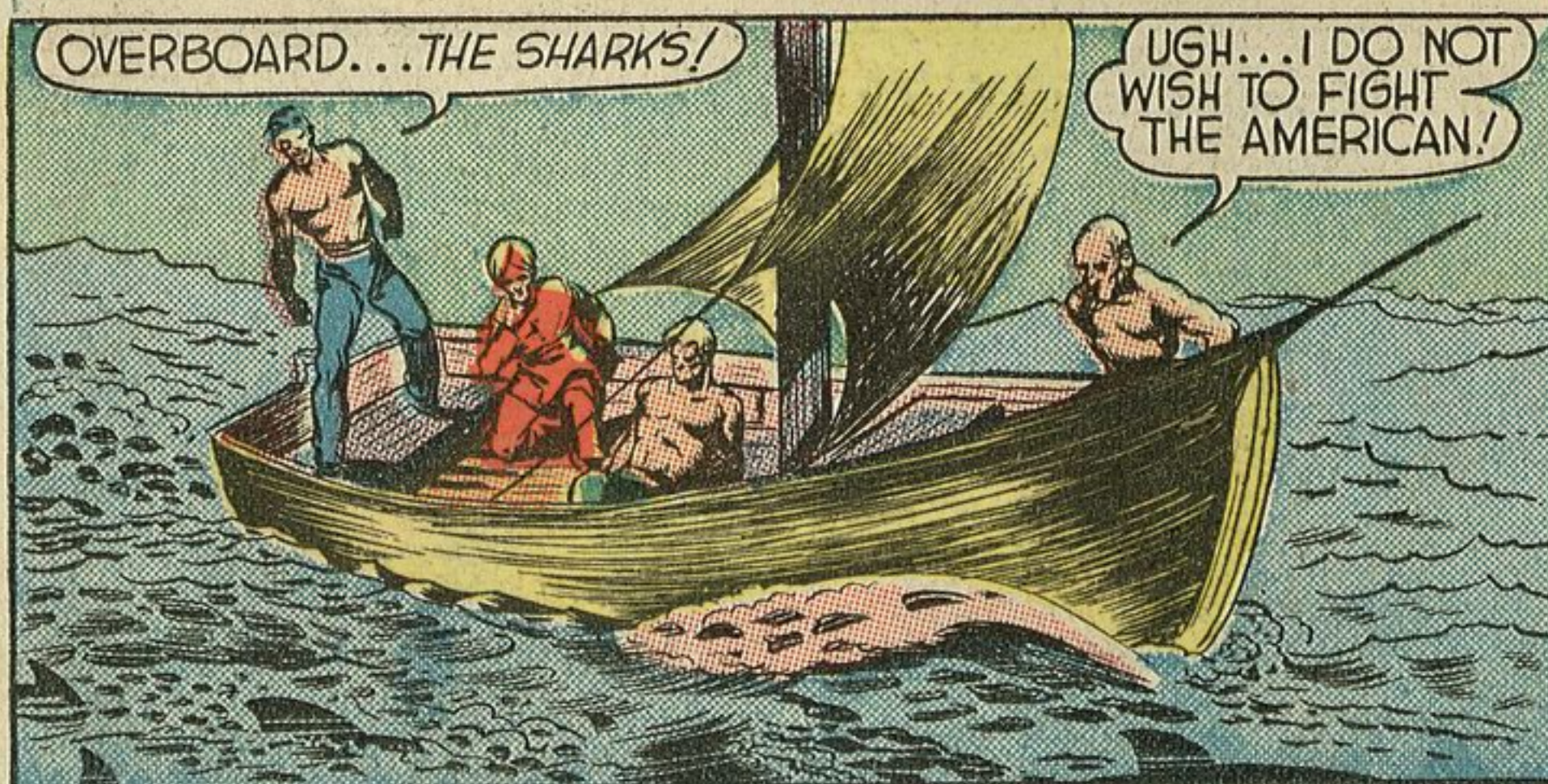
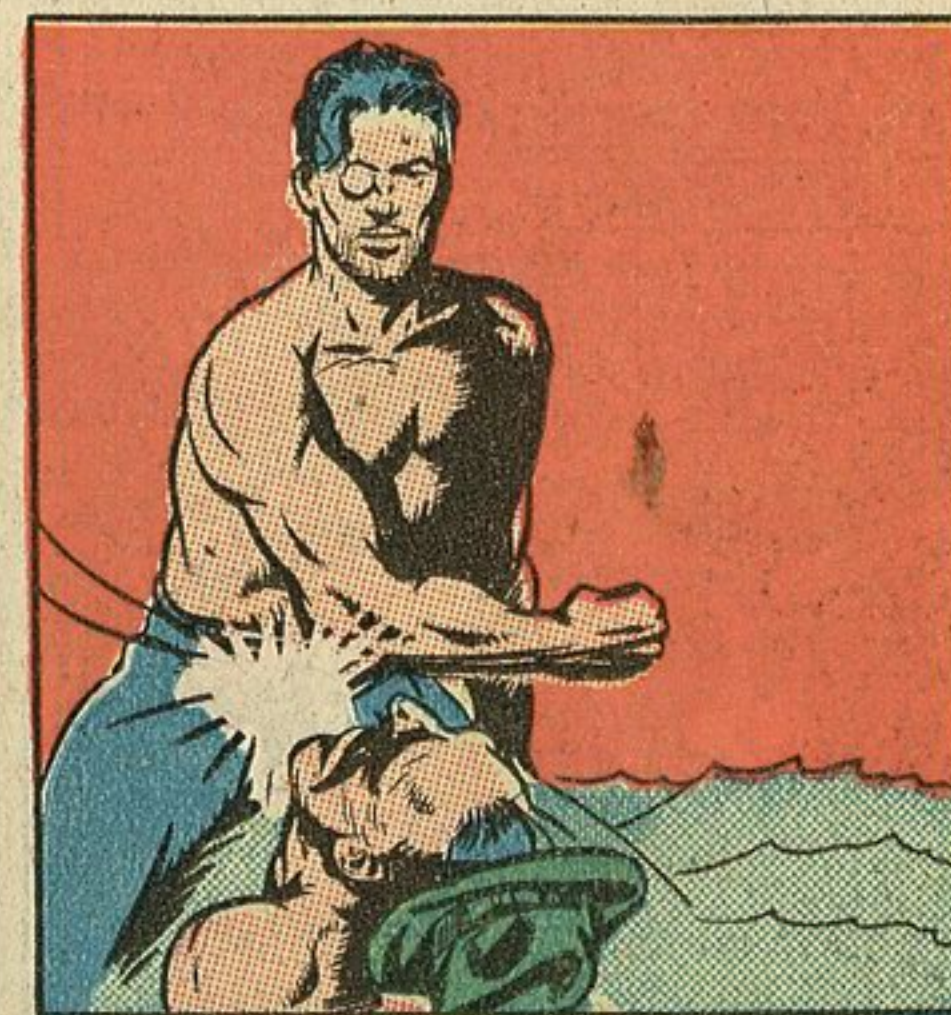
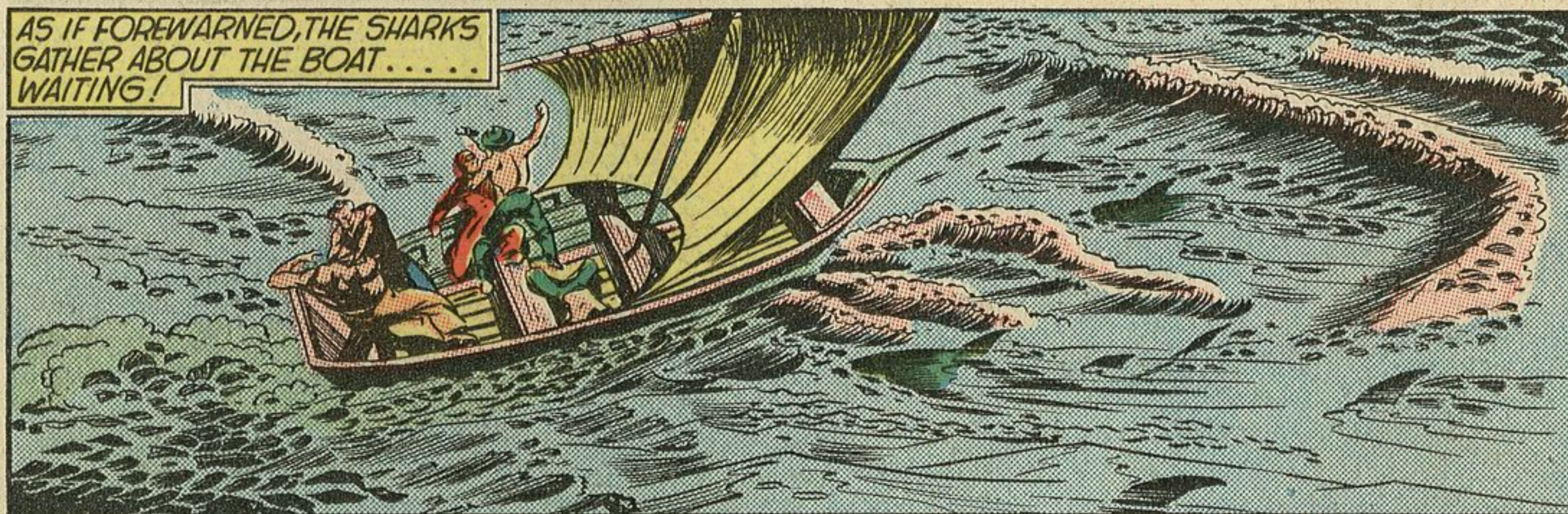
SIT DOWN! YES, I'M AN AGENT,
BUT I'M WORKING WITHOUT THE
CONSENT OF MY
GOVERNMENT. SO
IF I KILL
YOU..



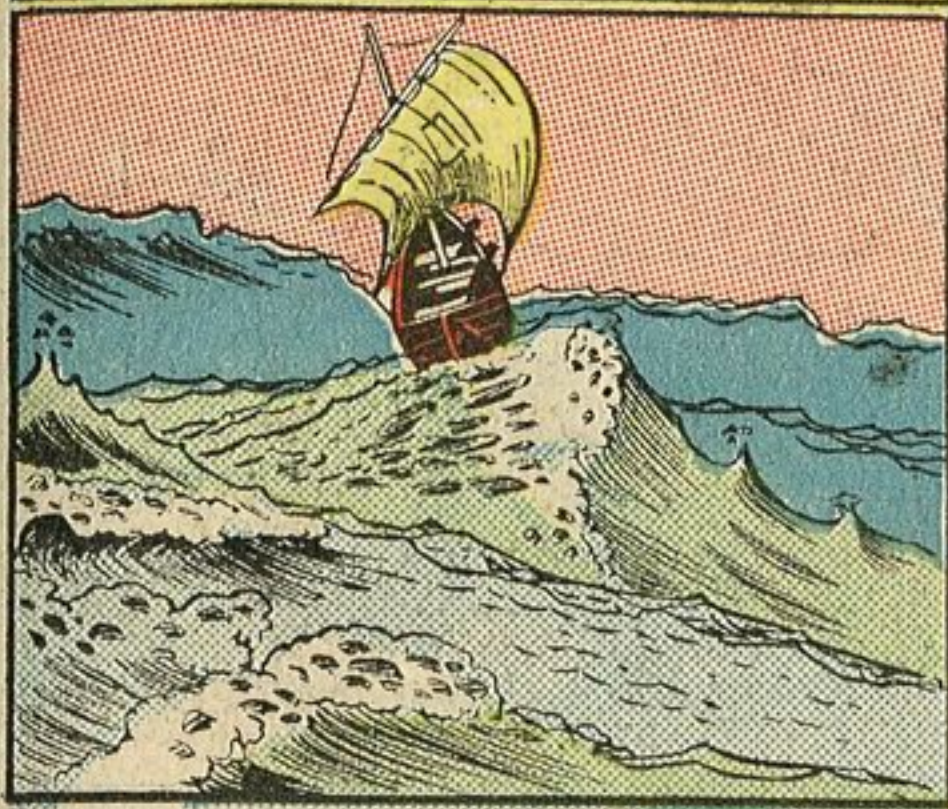
AH-HA! A POLICEMAN
IN OUR MIDST! WE
DON'T LIKE
COPS, DO WE,
RENÉ?



FEED
HIM TO
SHARKS
!



TOSSED LIKE A CORK ON THE HEAVY WAVES, THE CRAFT SAILS ON. WATER AND FOOD GIVE OUT.

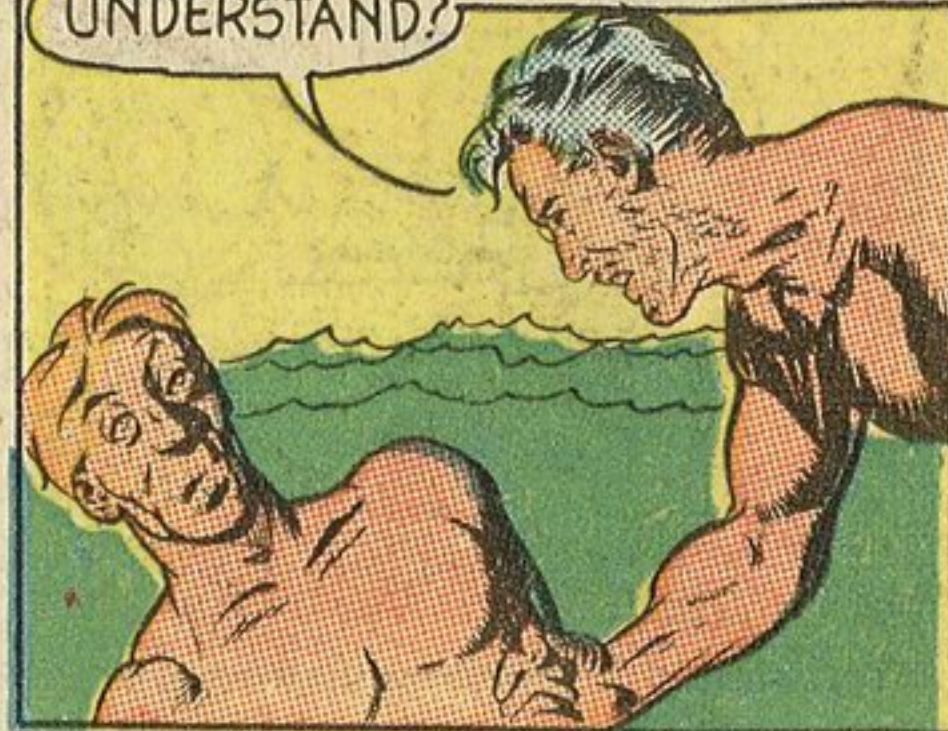


HEY, MORAN! DON'T DRINK SEA WATER! YOU'LL GO MAD!

WATER! WATER! I-I CAN'T STAND THIS ANY LONGER!



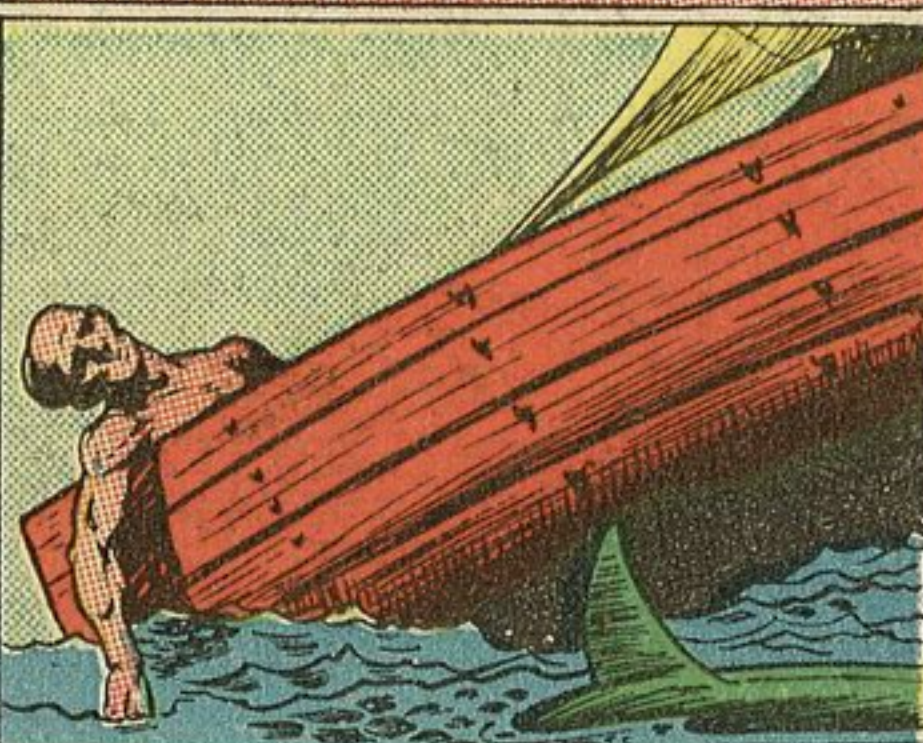
YOU'VE GOT TO HOLD OUT! I HATE YOU, BUT BY GODFREY, I'M GOING TO BRING YOU AND THAT SECRET BACK ALIVE... UNDERSTAND?



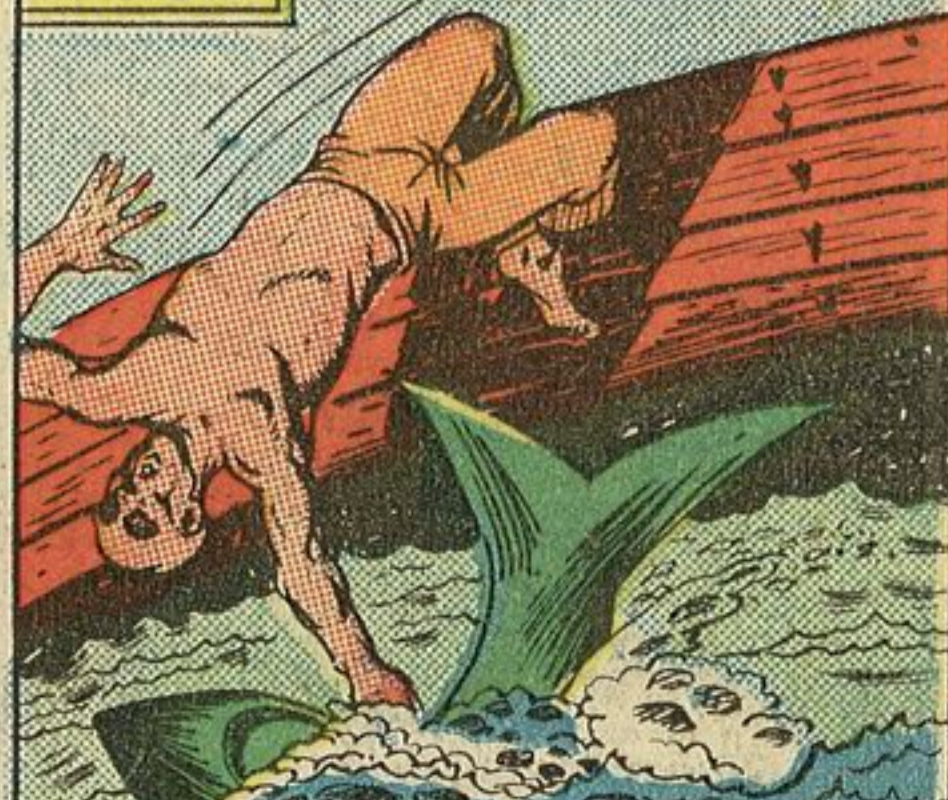
THE SHARKS STILL FOLLOW US. PERHAPS THEY DECIDE OUR FATE!



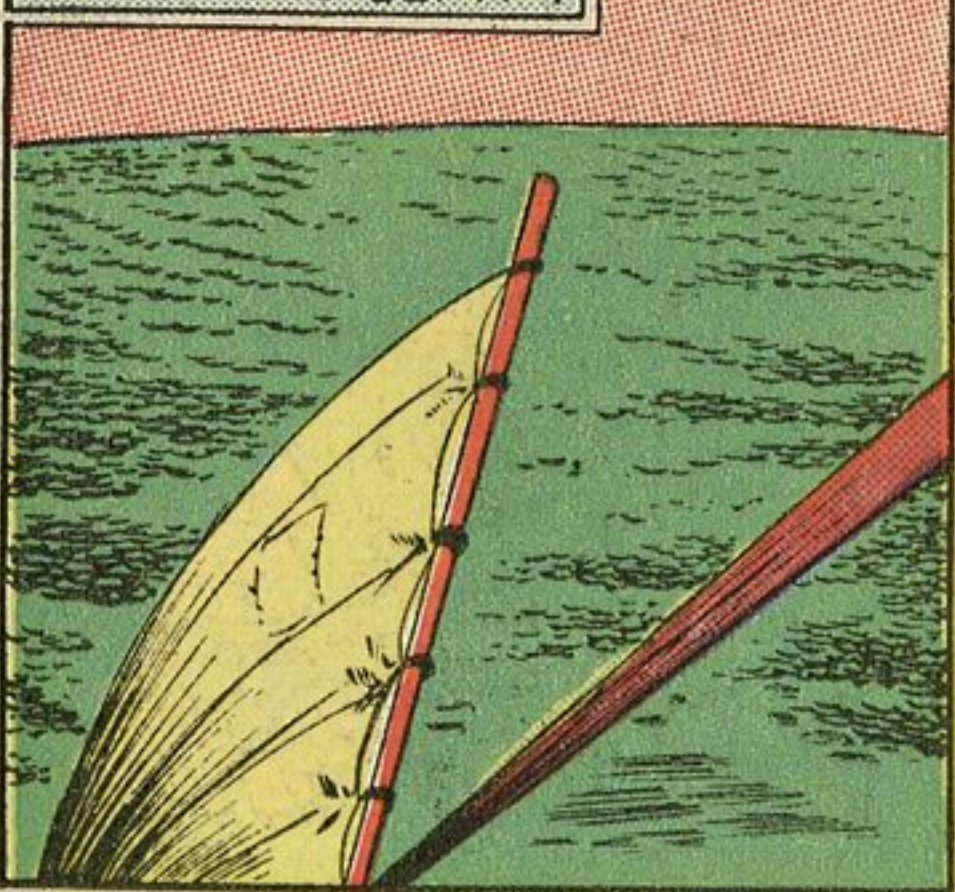
IN THE STERN, ONE OF THE PRISONERS LIES UNCONSCIOUS. HIS HAND TRAILS IN THE SEA.



A FLASHING FIN... A FEARFUL HOWL...



AND A SPREADING RED STAIN IS ALL THAT IS LEFT.



WITH GRIM TENACITY THE REMAINDER HANG ON TO SANITY...



LOOK! LAND! AT LAST! IT'S PANAMA CITY!

BATU, WHEN WE LAND, TAKE MORAN TO THE LOCAL AUTHORITIES. I'LL GET MY CREDENTIALS AND CALL FOR HIM LATER.



NEXT DAY AT THE LOCAL JAIL...



HM.. SECRET AGENT FROM WASHINGTON? HERE'S YOUR PRISONER.

THANK YOU, SERGEANT!

AND, BACK AS USUAL AT THEIR FAVORITE RESTAURANT IN WASHINGTON.



I SAY, BLACK X, MORAN ESCAPED AND RETURNED TO US.. WE GOT THE PLANS.. NOW FRANCE WANTS HIM!

REALLY?

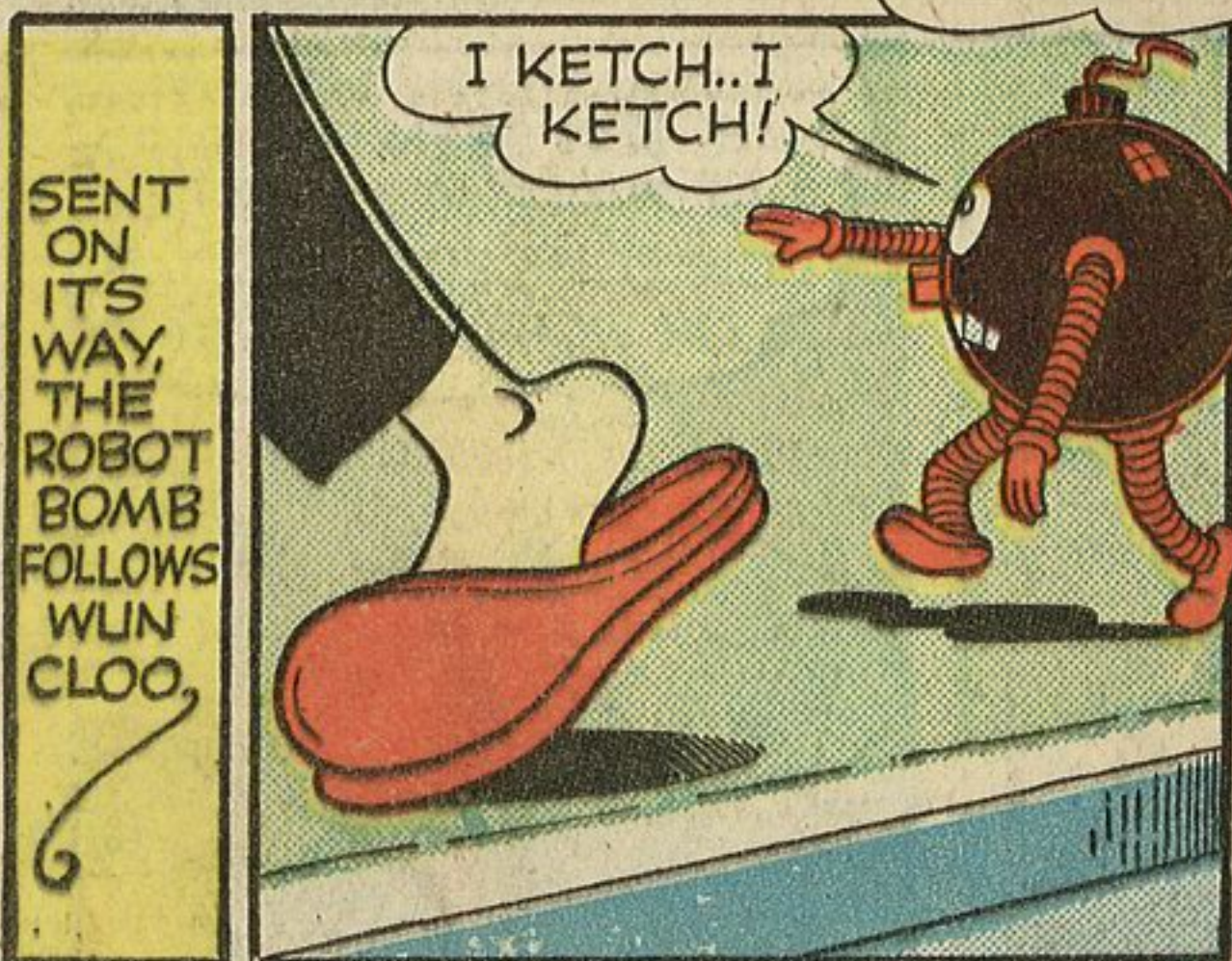
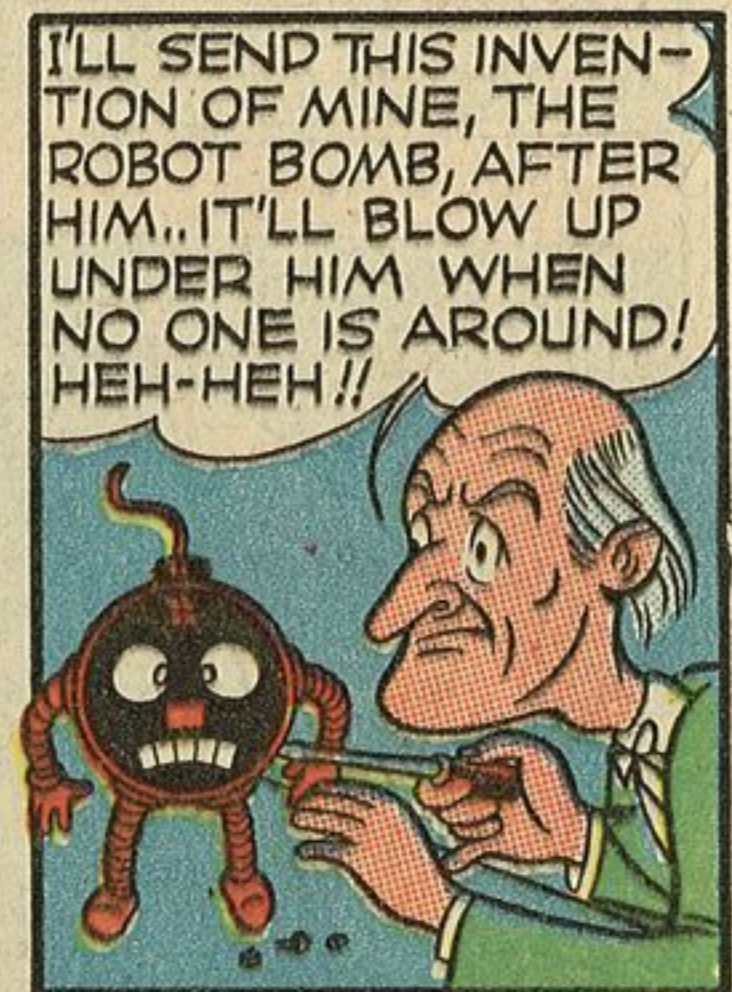
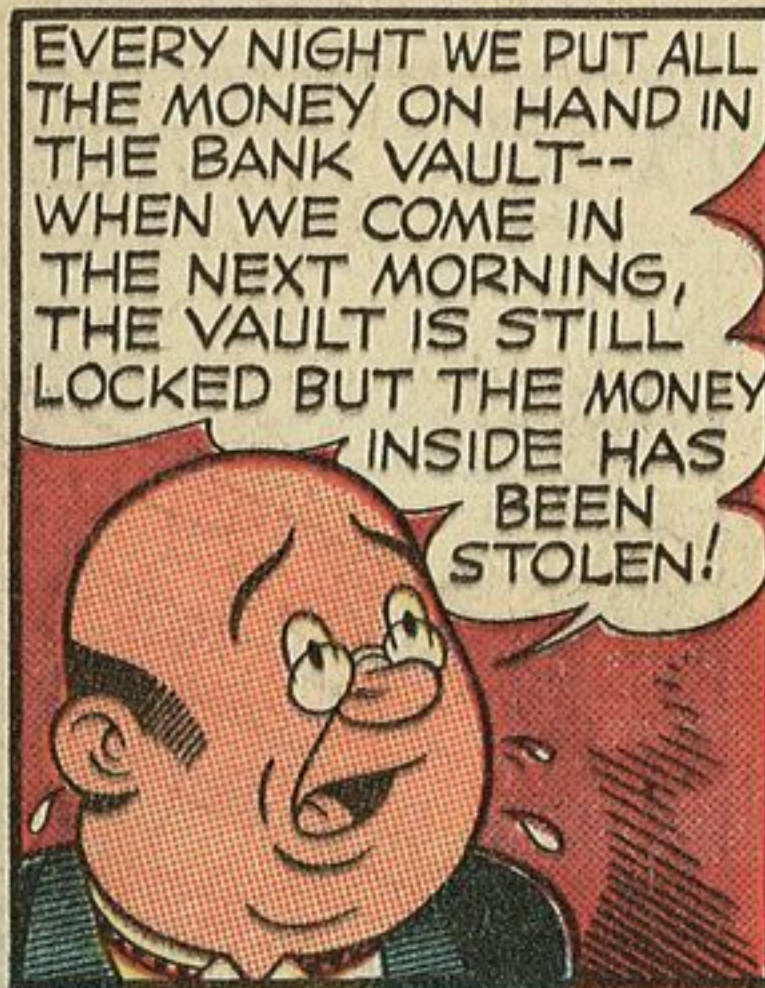
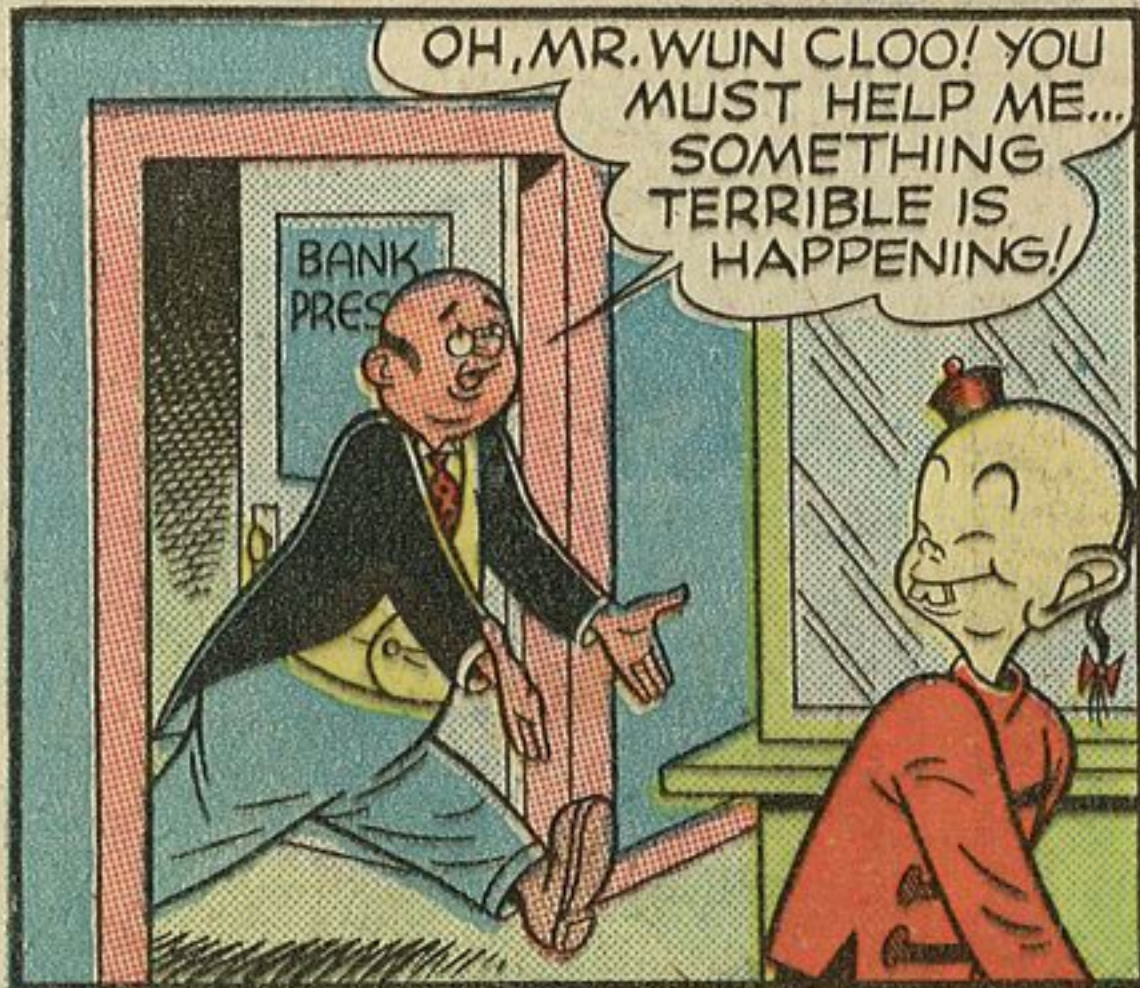
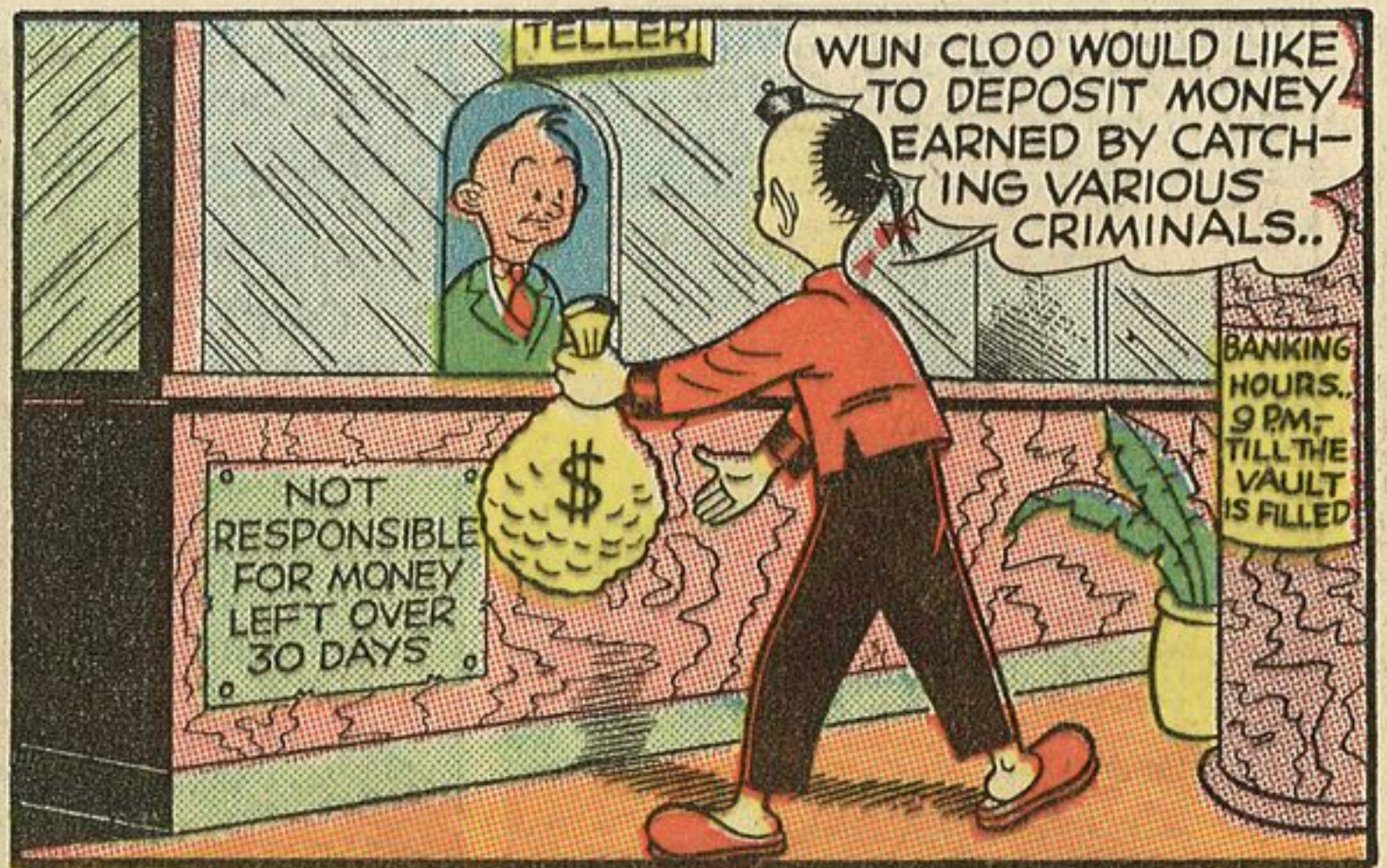
YES. AND BY THE WAY, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN FOR THE PAST THREE MONTHS? AND HOW COME THAT SUN TAN... OR WON'T YOU TALK?

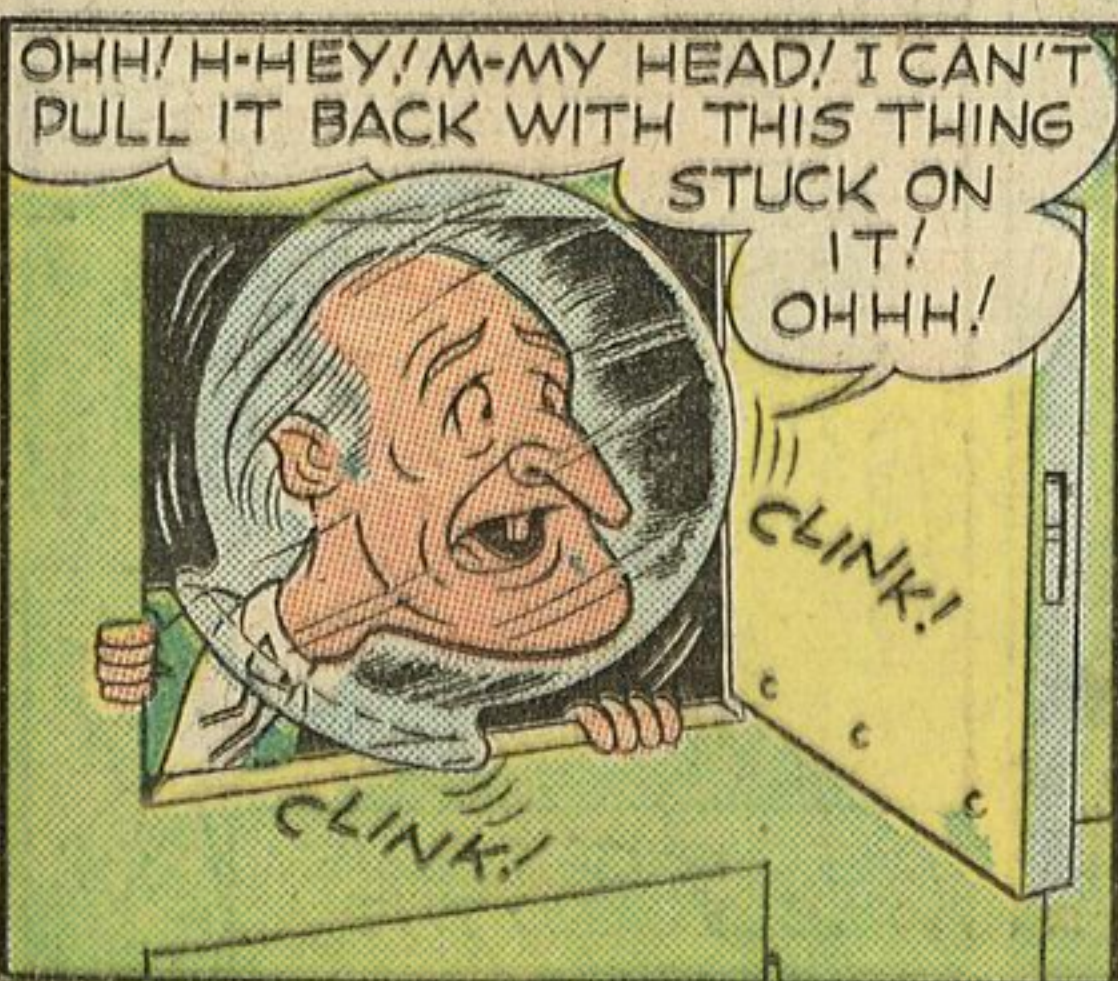
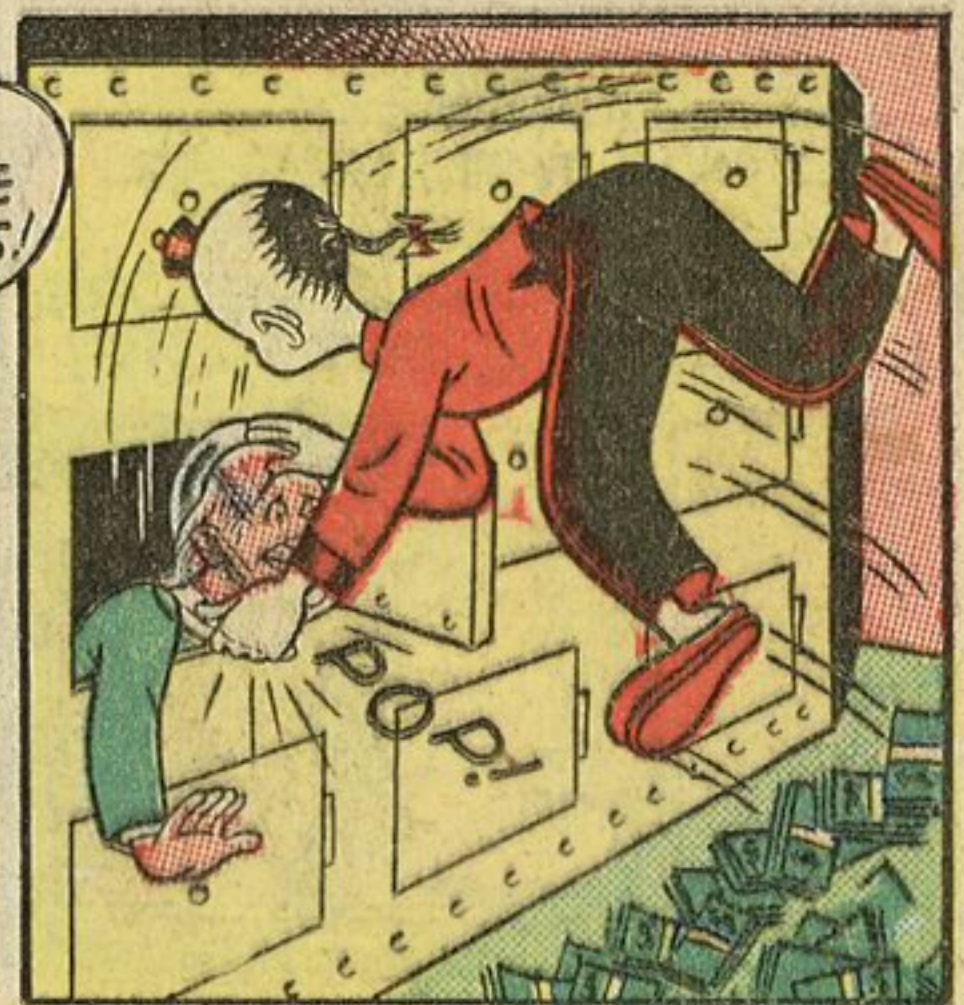
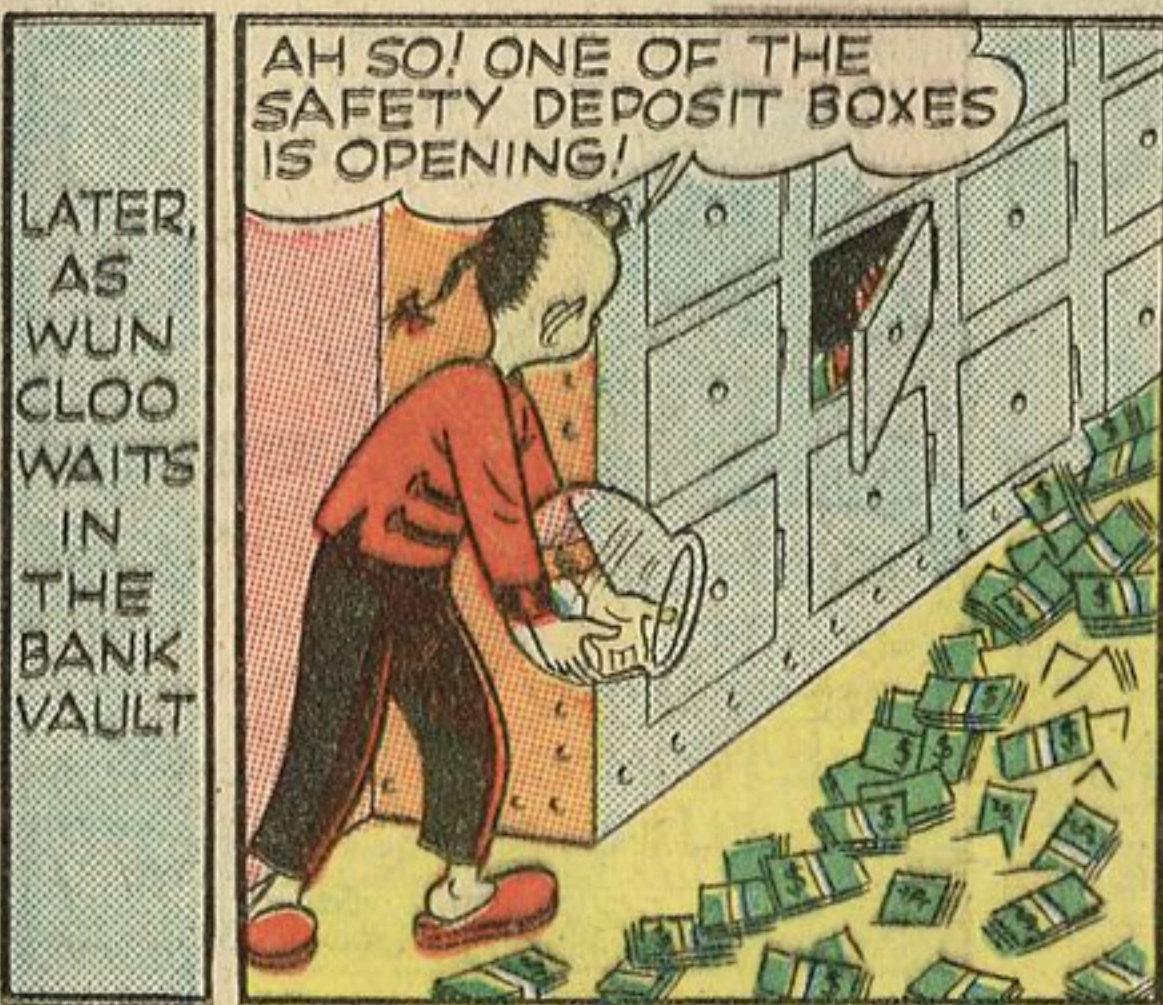
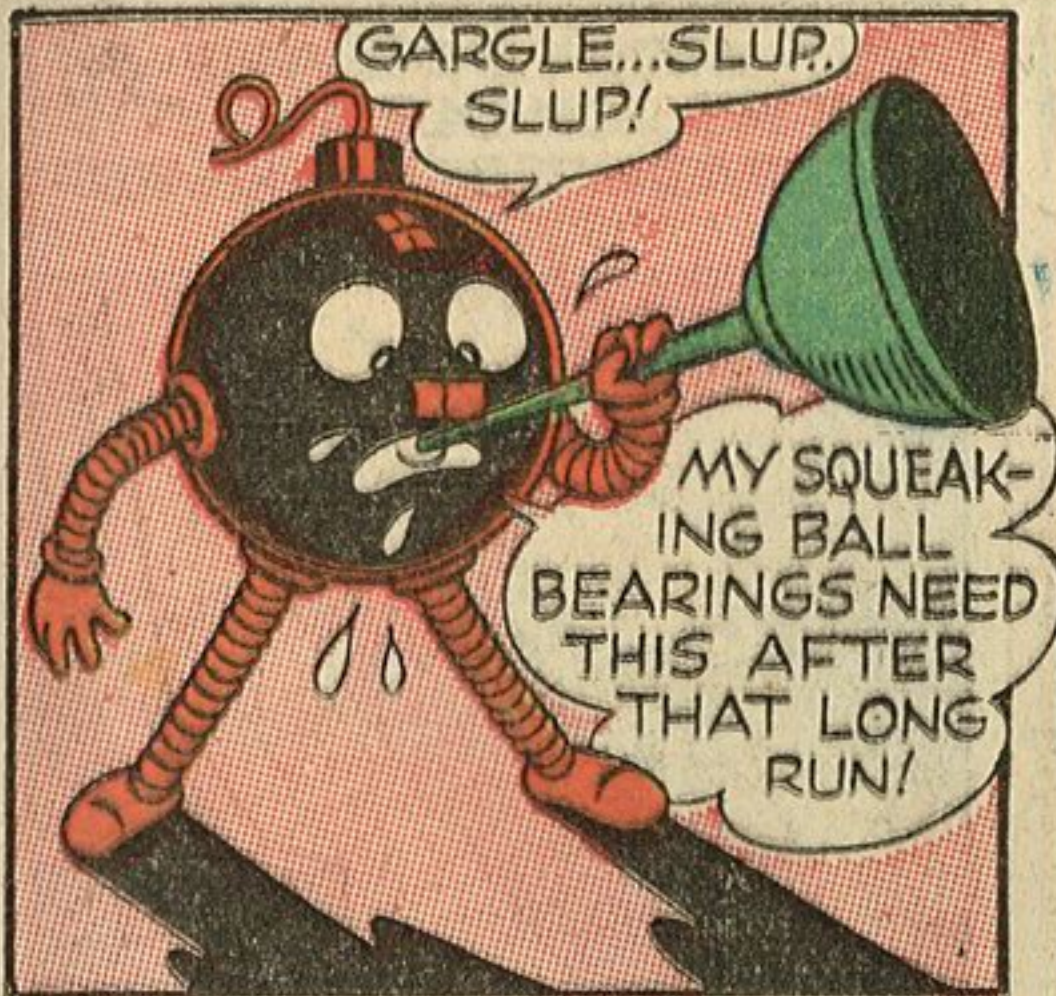
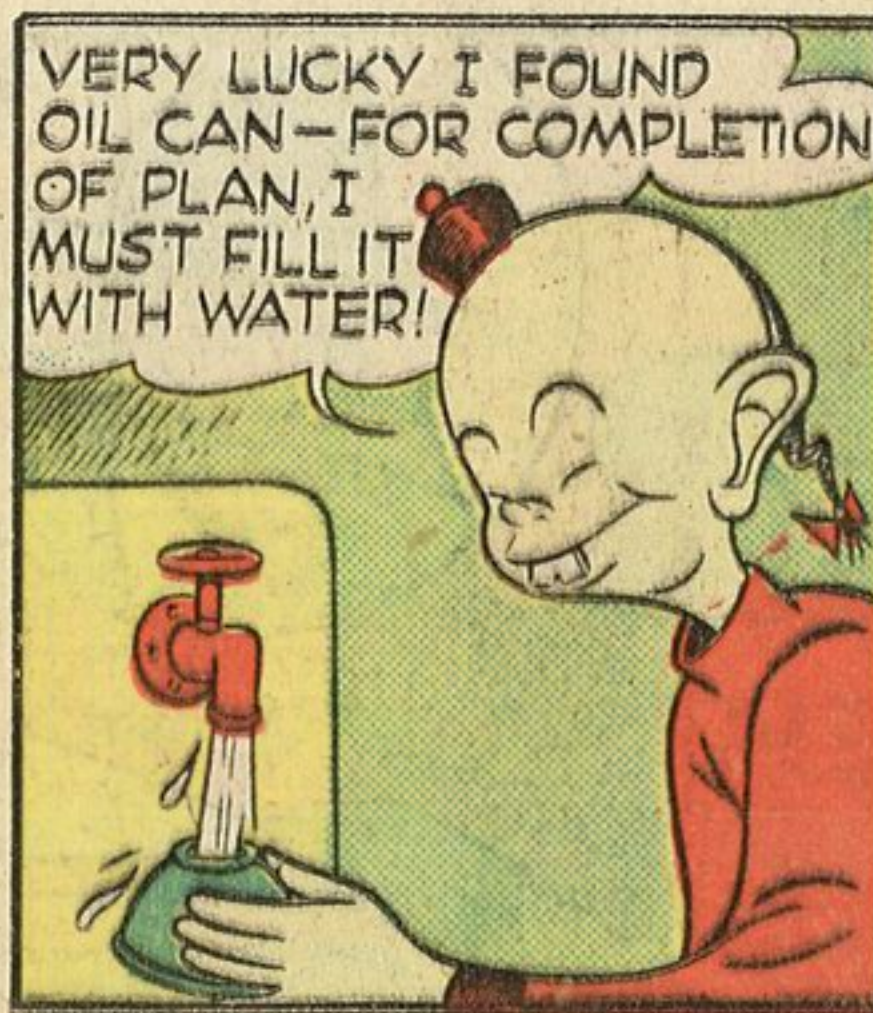


WUN CLOO

THE DEFECTIVE
DETECTIVE

by -GILL FOX-





CHIC CARTER

ACE REPORTER



9TH PRECINCT, POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS, NEW YORK CITY...

GUESS I'LL LEAVE, CAPTAIN.. NO EXCITEMENT AROUND HERE!

YEAH, CHIC, SURE IS DEAD TONIGHT!



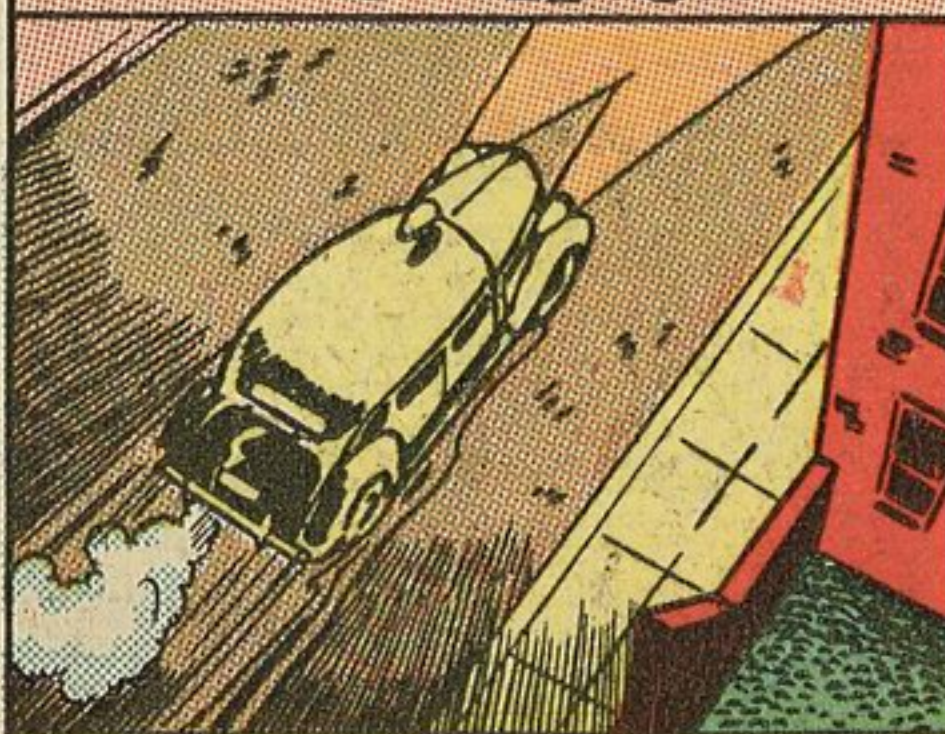
A BUZZER SOUNDS AND A RED LIGHT FLICKERS ON A HUGE SIGNAL BOARD!



HERE'S SOME EXCITEMENT, CARTER... THE NORTHERN FUR COMPANY IS BEING ROBBED! LET'S GO, BOYS!

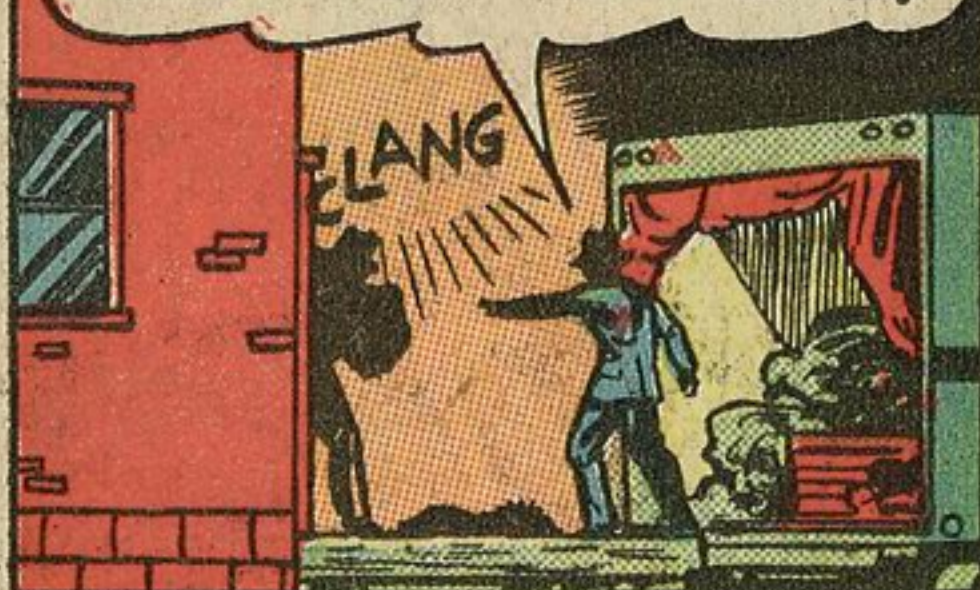


WITH SIREN SCREAMING, THE POLICE CAR SPEEDS THROUGH THE DARKENED STREETS...



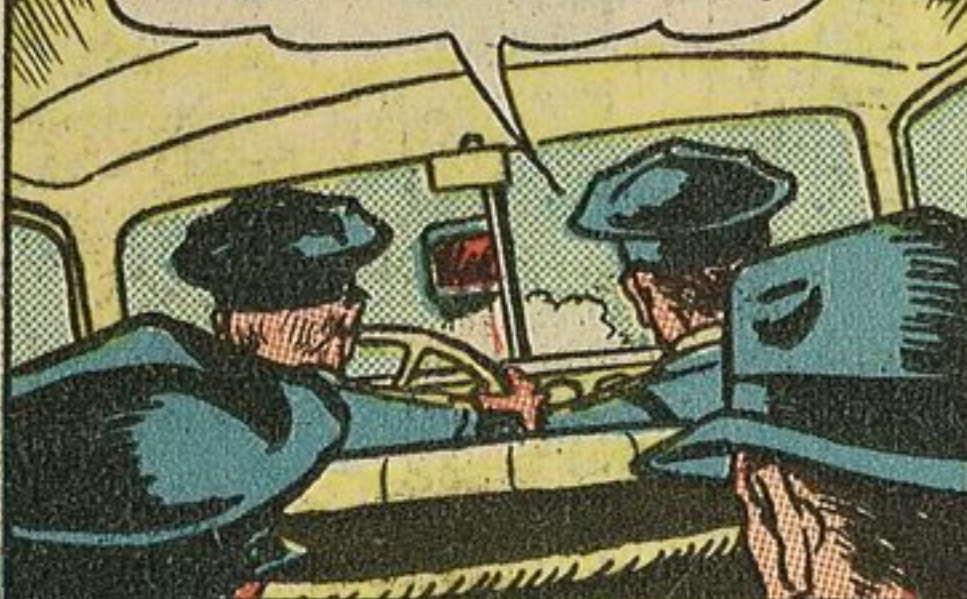
AT THE NORTHERN FUR WAREHOUSE..

BLINKY! THE BURGLAR ALARM! C'MON...WE GOTTA SCRAM BEFORE THE BULLS GET HERE!



THE POLICE AND CHIC ARRIVE AT THE FUR COMPANY

THAT TRUCK! THERE THEY GO... FOLLOW THEIR TAIL LIGHT!



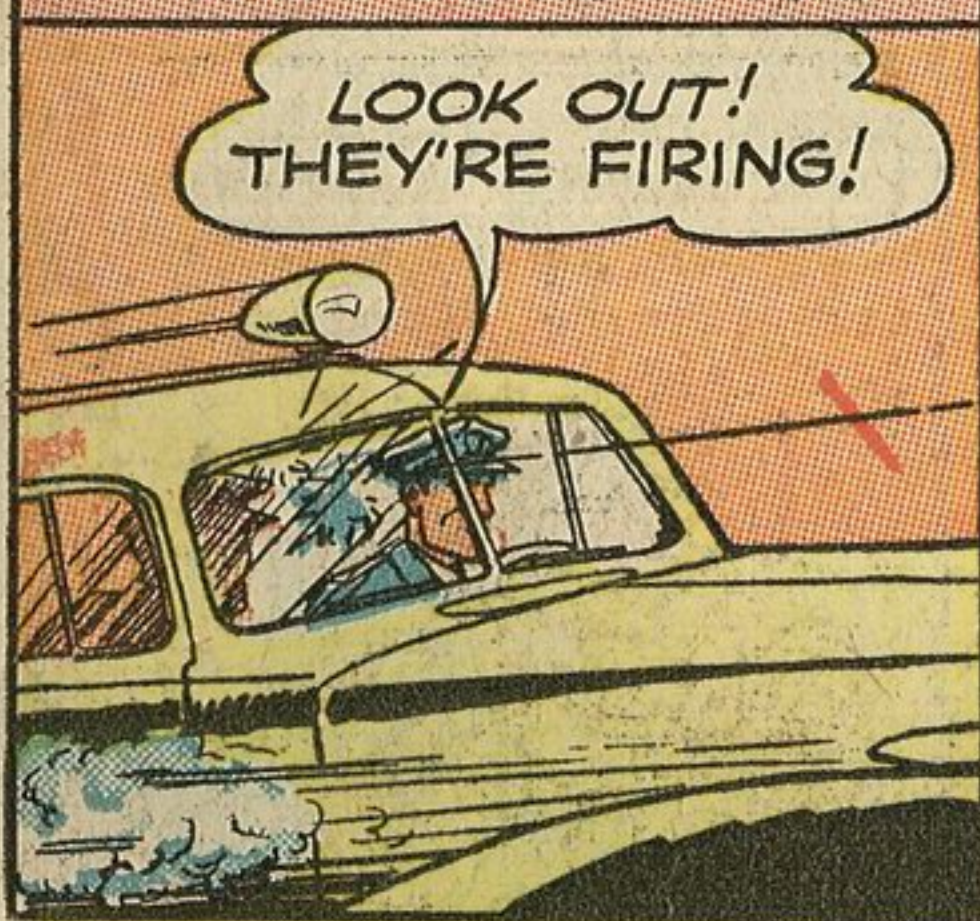
CAN'T'CHA STEP ON IT, GAT? WE'RE BEIN' TAILED!



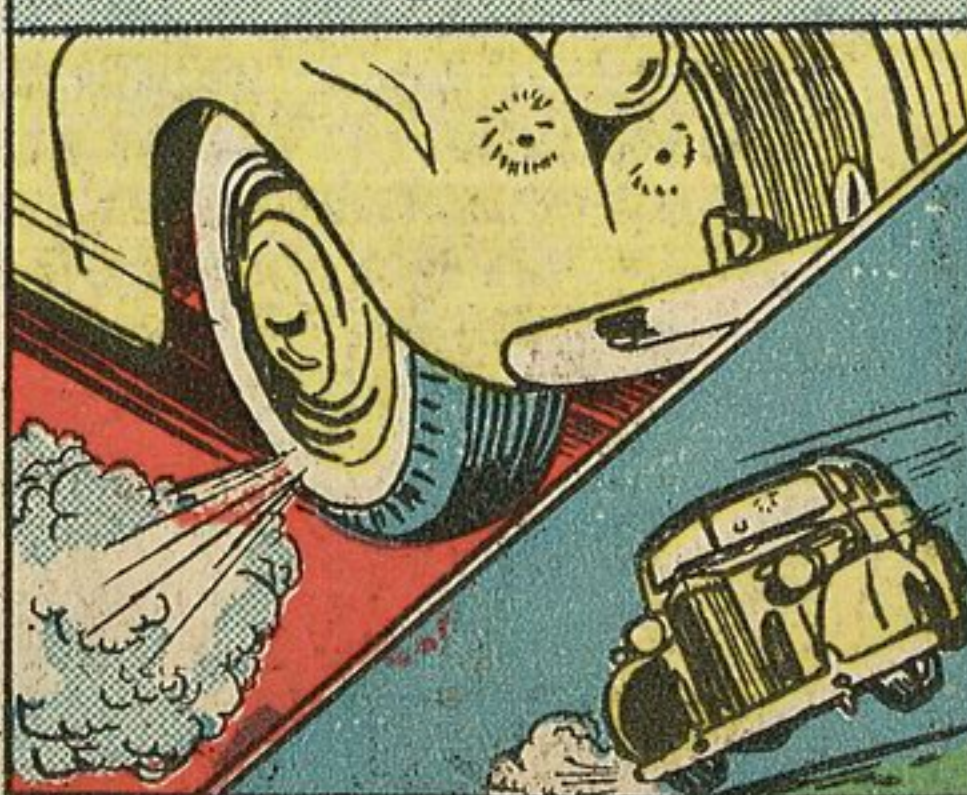
SHUT UP! AN' CUT LOOSE WITH THE "TOMMY" GUN!

IN THE POLICE CAR...

LOOK OUT! THEY'RE FIRING!

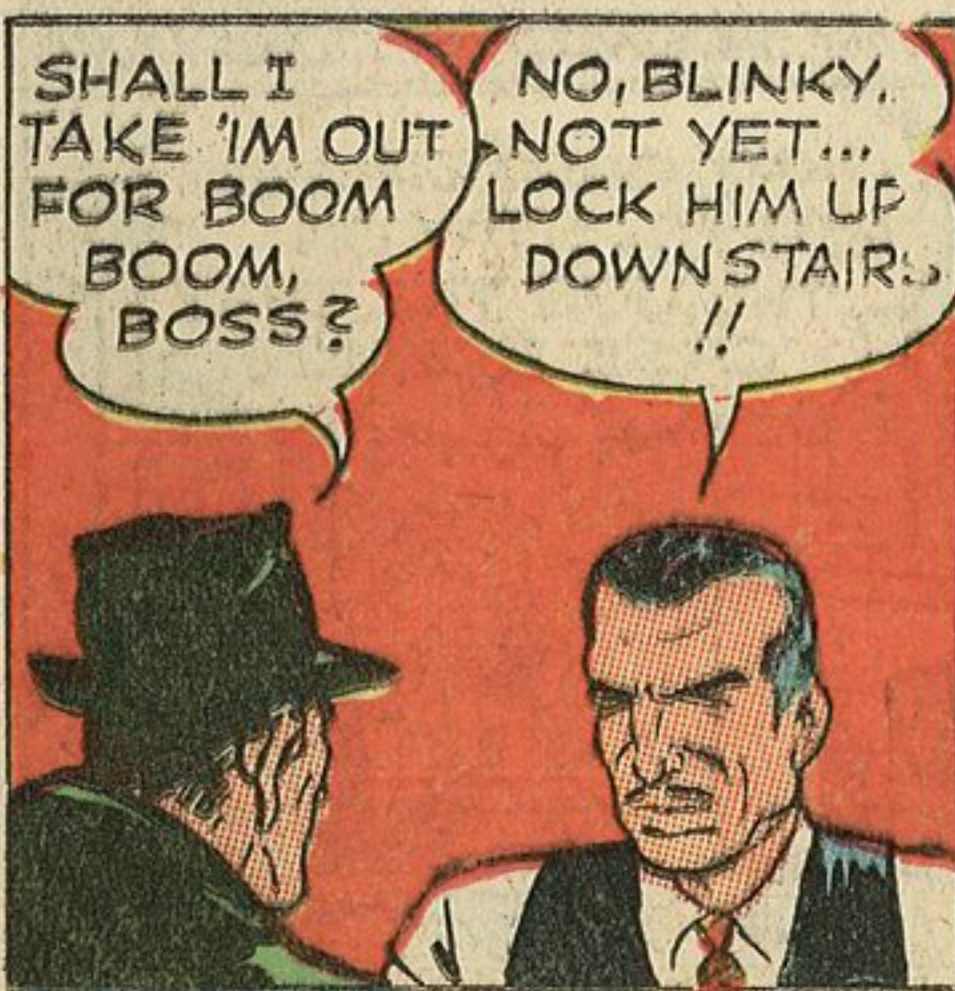
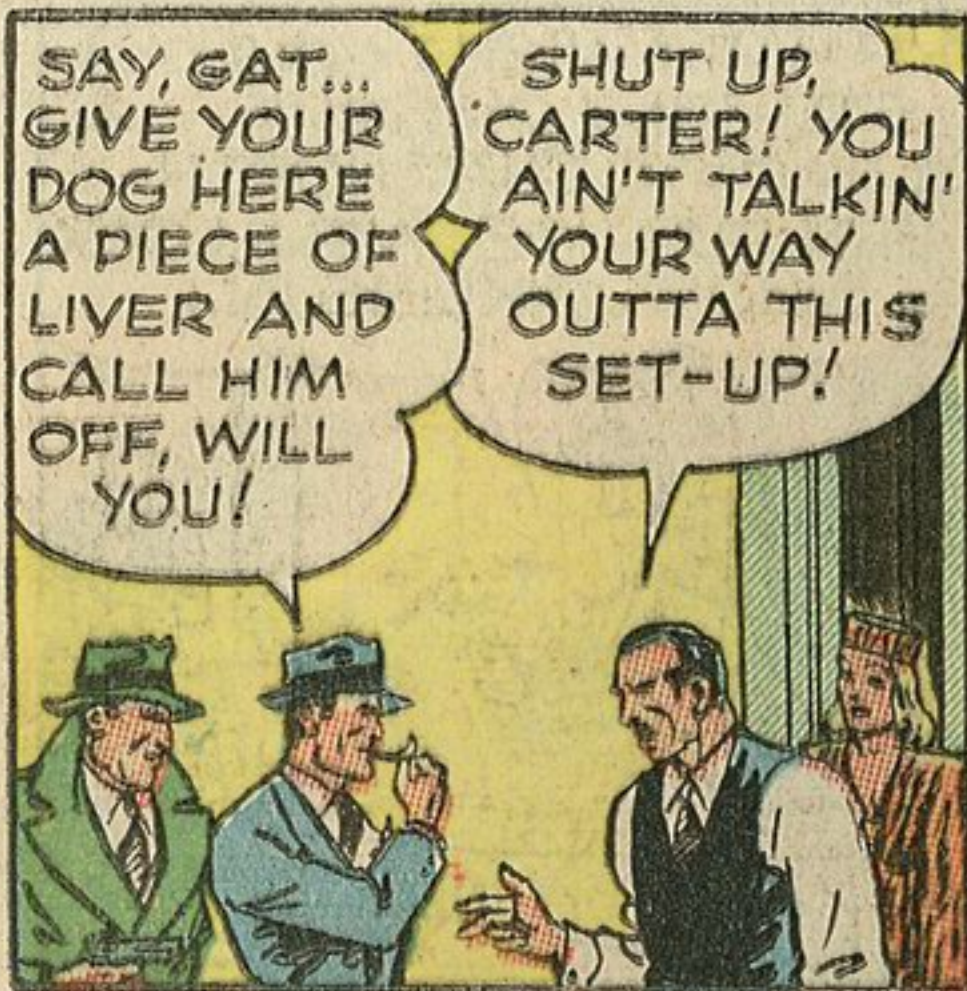


AND SLUGS FROM THE THIEVES' GUN FIND THE POLICE CAR'S TIRES..



THE CAR CAREENS WILDLY AND THEN...





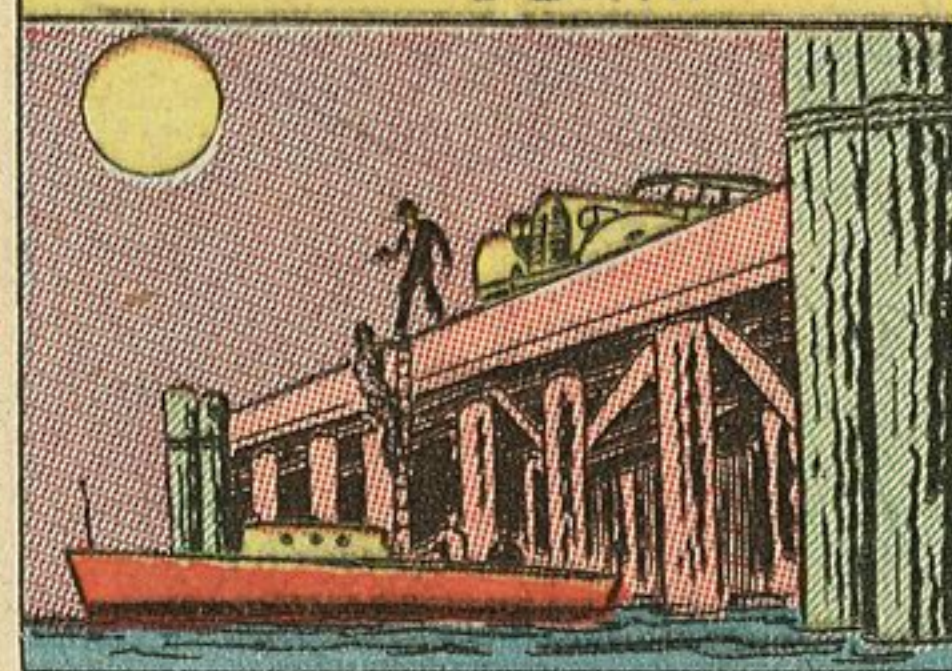
NIGHT. AND THE SLINKING FIGURES OF THE UNDER-WORLD GO FORTH TO PLY THEIR TRADE...



WITH A GUN AT HIS BACK, CHIC IS FORCED INTO A HIGH-POWERED CAR...



AFTER A SHORT RIDE THE CAR STOPS AT A DARK, DESERTED PIER... CHIC IS HUSTLED TO A SPEED BOAT...



ACROSS THE RIVER, THE BOAT SLIDES INTO AN ABANDONED FERRY SLIP.



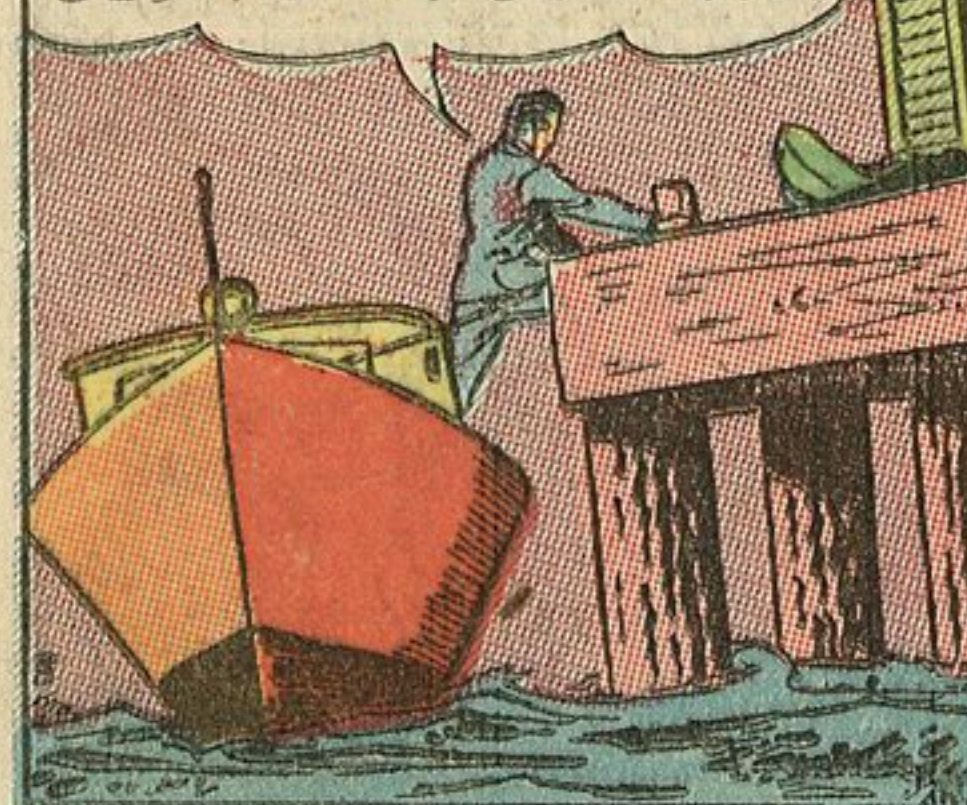
...I'M TIRED OF YOUR COMPANY!



CHIC'S VICTIM TUMBLES OUT ONTO THE LOW WHARF. THE THUG AT THE BOAT'S WHEEL IS AN EASY PREY...



I'LL BET THOSE FURS ARE RIGHT HERE IN THIS OLD FERRY BUILDING!



..AND FROM WHAT I OVERHEARD IN THE CLUB, GRIFFIN AND HIS "RODS" WILL BE A'OUND HERE...



SLIPPING QUIETLY THROUGH THE DARK, MUSTY BUILDING, CHIC SEES A LIGHT COMING FROM A PARTLY OPENED DOOR...



INSIDE THE ROOM WHICH CHIC APPROACHES.. GAT SPEAKS..

OKAY..TH' FURS ARE LOADED ...I'LL TAKE 'EM OVER AN' COLLECT...WE'LL SPLIT WHEN I GET BACK!



CHIC BOUNDS INTO THE ROOM..

WAIT A MINUTE, GRIFFIN! THE ONLY PLACE YOU'RE GOING IS UP THE RIVER TO THE BIG HOUSE!



AND LEAD WHISTLES THROUGH THE ROOM AS CARTER RETURNS THE THUGS' FIRE...THE LIGHTS GO OUT...



C'MON, MONKEYS! DON'T QUIT...OR IS MY LEAD COMING TOO CLOSE!?



AT THIS POINT THE YELLOW GAT GRIFFIN MAKES A BREAK FOR FREEDOM...

I'M GETTIN' OUTTA HERE! IF I CAN ONLY REACH THAT BOATLOAD OF FURS...



CHIC SEES THE ATTEMPTED GETAWAY...HE SHOUTS...



THROW DOWN YOUR GUNS! YOUR OWN LEADER IS RUNNING OUT ON YOU!



DO YOU GUYS KNOW WHERE YOUR LOYAL BOSS IS GOING?



SOON AFTER..CHIC PULLS A SPEED BOAT UP TO THE SEA HORSE..



SIME FRANE, BUYER OF STOLEN GOODS, AND GAT GRIFFIN SIT IN THE YACHT'S LOUNGE ROOM..

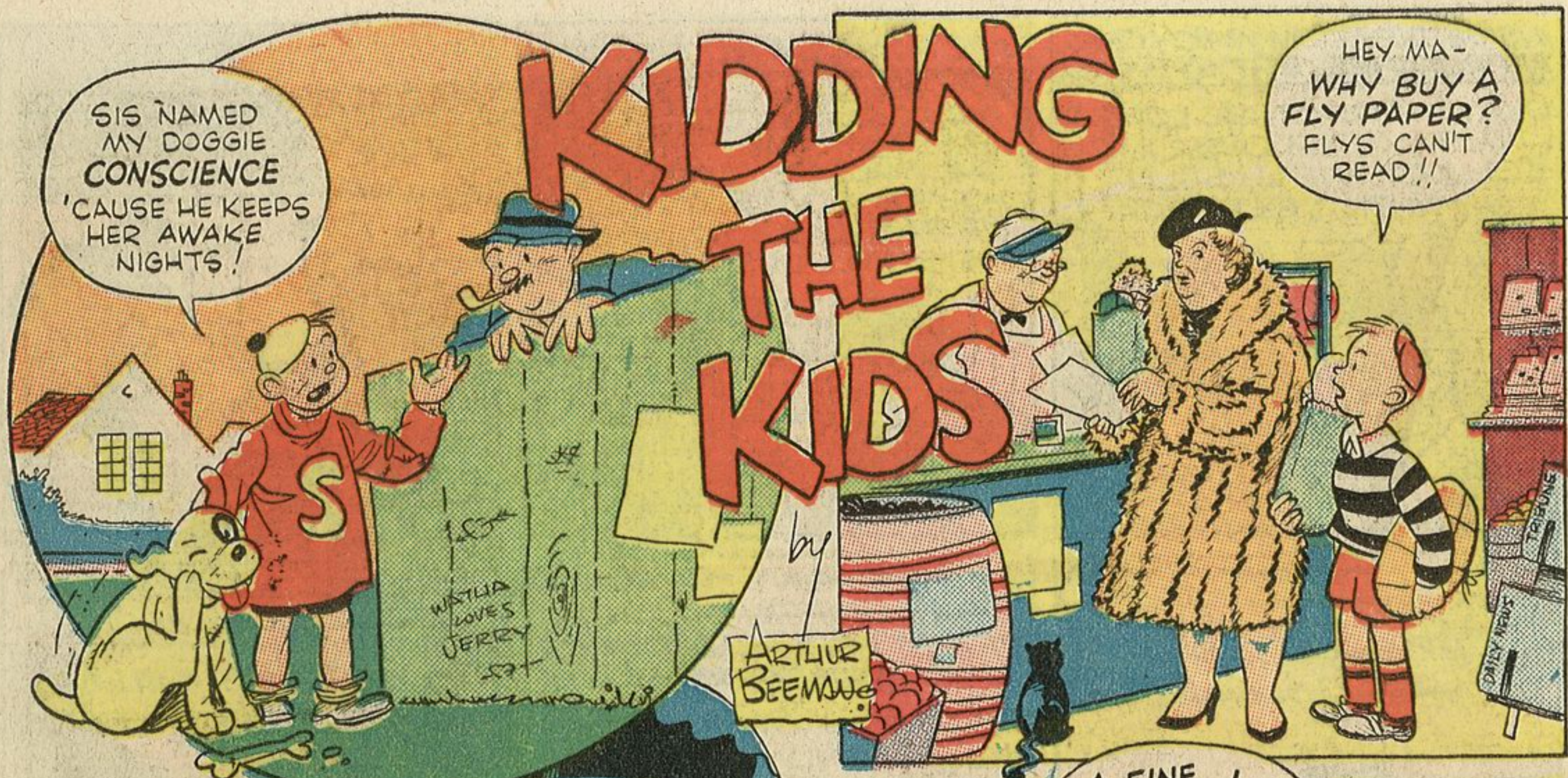


YOU ONLY THINK YOU'RE SAILING! YOU'RE STAYING RIGHT HERE TILL THE POLICE ARRIVE!



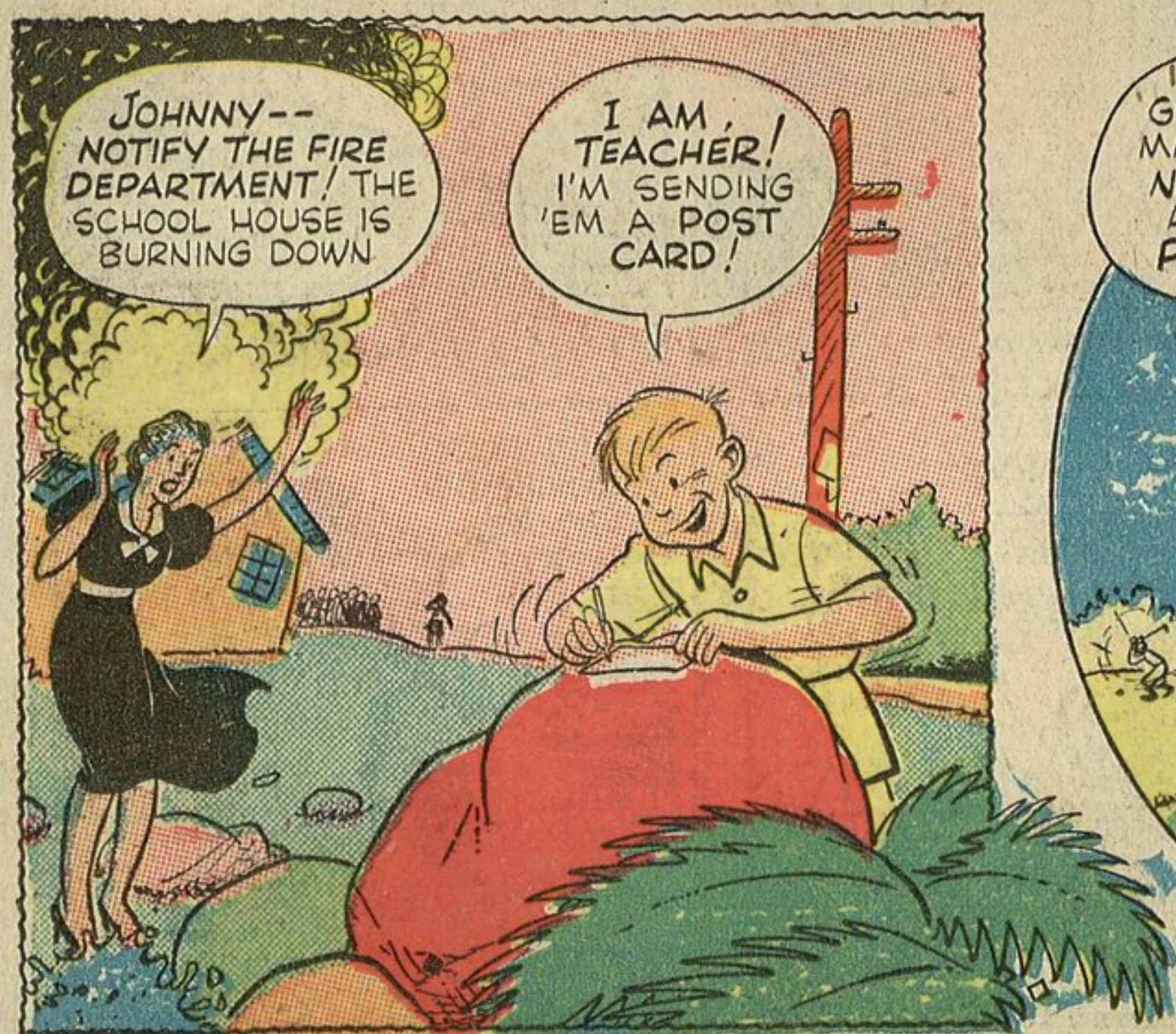
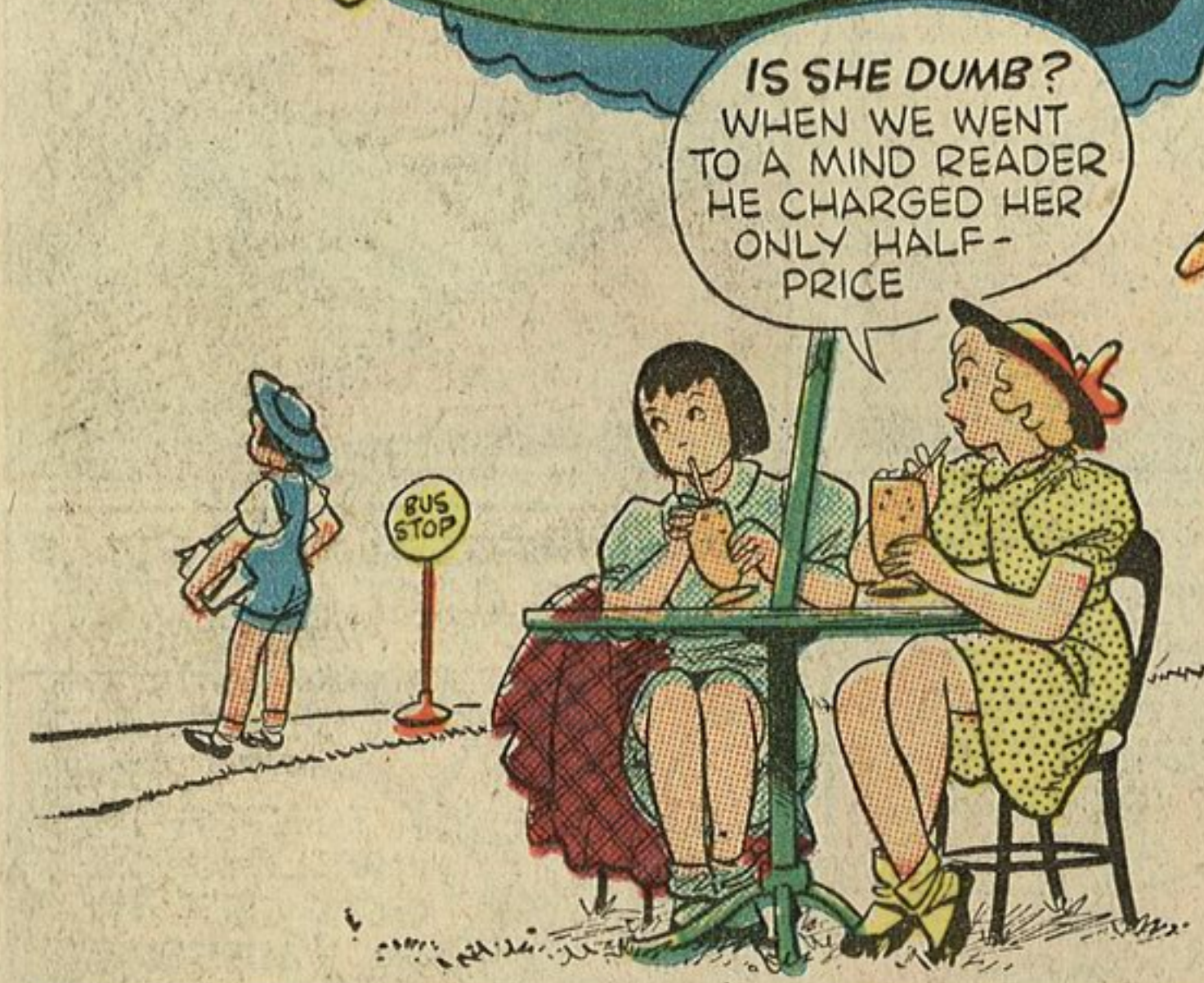
LATER.. NICE WORK, CHIC! YOU'RE SO GOOD YOU SHOULD'A BEEN A COP!





KIDDING THE KIDS

by
ARTHUR BEEMAN



INVISIBLE JUSTICE

by
ART GORDON

ALONG A DARKENED STREET IN THE HEART OF CHINATOWN A MAN WALKS...SUDDENLY SEVERAL FIGURES DART OUT OF A NEARBY ALLEY....



THE NEXT DAY-

HMM...SOUNDS MIGHTY QUEER-WHO IN CHINATOWN WOULD WANT TO KIDNAP CLARK....

IN A RESTAURANT IN CHINATOWN...

THE DINER IS KENT THURSTON, THE INVISIBLE HOOD AND ENEMY OF CRIME...



...IT CERTAINLY BEARS LOOKING INTO - SAY... WHAT TH'-! THAT FELLOW OVER THERE....



EXTRA!!
THOMAS CLARK
DISAPPEARS
MUNITIONS KING
LAST SEEN IN
CHINATOWN



THAT PANEL OPENED UP BEHIND HIM AND HE DISAPPEARED LIKE MAGIC-I'VE GOT TO HELP HIM!

THURSTON DONS HIS HOOD WHICH IS COVERED BY A SECRET CHEMICAL THAT MAKES ITS WEARER INVISIBLE...



IT SHOULD BE HERE... AH-IT'S MOVING...



NO ONE AROUND... NOW TO CLOSE IT AGAIN--



GOSH-WHAT A GLOOMY PASSAGE-- THERE'S A LIGHT JUST AHEAD! OH-OH....FOOTSTEPS... SOMEONE'S COMING!!



I WONDER WHO IT... GREAT SCOTT!! IT'S A CHINESE GIRL--



I'LL FOLLOW HER... Hmm-THIS IS BEGINNING TO LOOK LIKE AN INTERESTING CASE!

CLARK—YOUR FACTORIES ARE PRODUCING MUNITIONS FOR DIFFERENT POWERS AS WELL AS YOUR OWN COUNTRY. YOU WILL CANCEL ALL OF THEIR ORDERS—HEREAFTER YOU WILL PRODUCE FOR ME, **THE GOLDEN DRAGON!!**

THE HOOD FOLLOWS THE GIRL TO THE THRONE ROOM OF THE GOLDEN DRAGON...

...IN MY COUNTRY I HAVE ARMIES OF MILLIONS WAITING TO FOLLOW ME TO CONQUER THE WORLD—ALL THEY NEED IS MODERN EQUIPMENT...THAT IS WHY I HAVE KIDNAPPED YOU...

...YOU WILL ORDER ALL SHIPS LOADED WITH MUNITIONS TO SAIL TO MY COUNTRY...WITH YOUR HELP I SHALL BECOME **MASTER OF THE WORLD!**

YOU FIEND!! I'LL NEVER HELP YOU.. **NEVER!**

WE SHALL SEE.... LUAN—DRAW BACK THAT CURTAIN!

YES, MASTER!

WHY—IT'S DAN, MY NEPHEW! YOU'VE BROUGHT HIM HERE --

YOU WILL DO AS I SAY, EH??

HE'LL TORTURE YOU...I'VE GOT TO GIVE IN—THERE'S NO OTHER WAY OUT, DAN!

NO, UNCLE! DON'T DO IT...HE'LL KILL US BOTH ANYWAY!

MEANWHILE, IN AN ART SHOP ABOVE THE RESTAURANT...

THIS LOOKS LIKE A BARGAIN, AH SIN!

IS SO, MR. HARPER!

SUDDENLY A GUN APPEARS IN HARPER'S HAND...

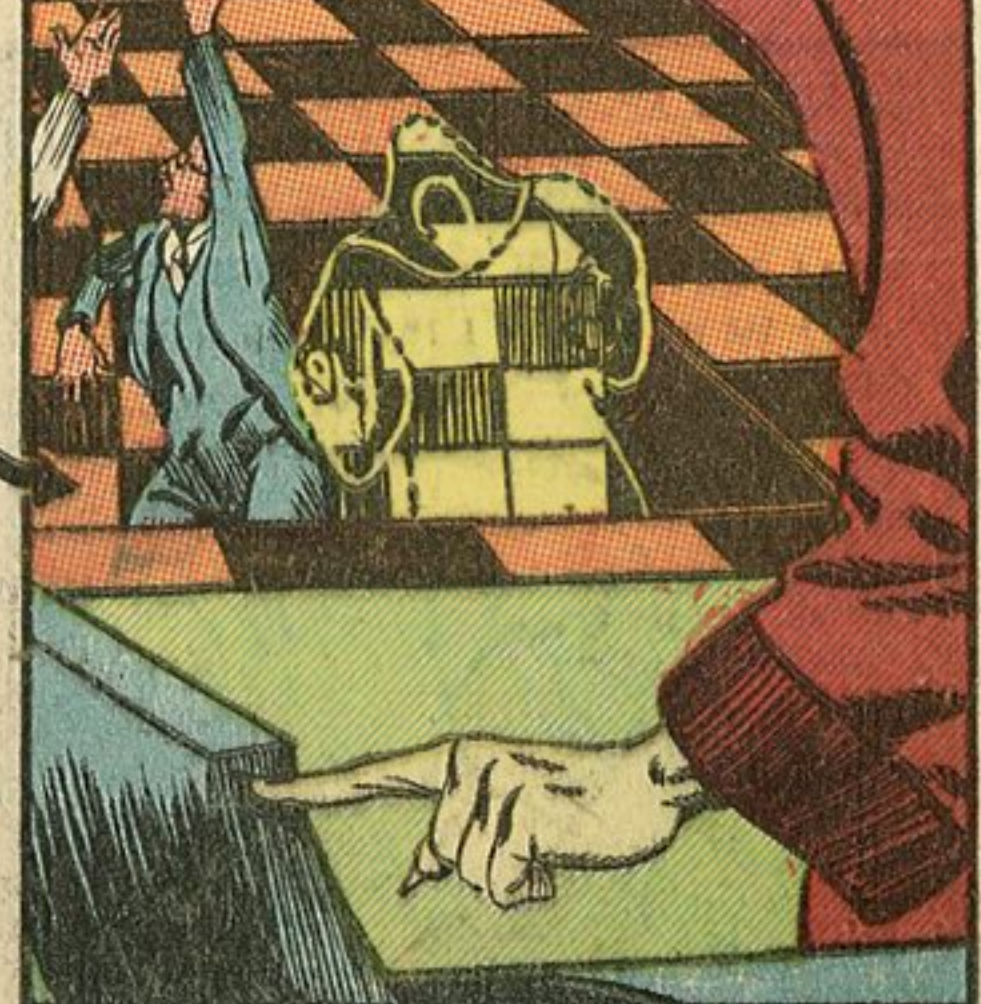
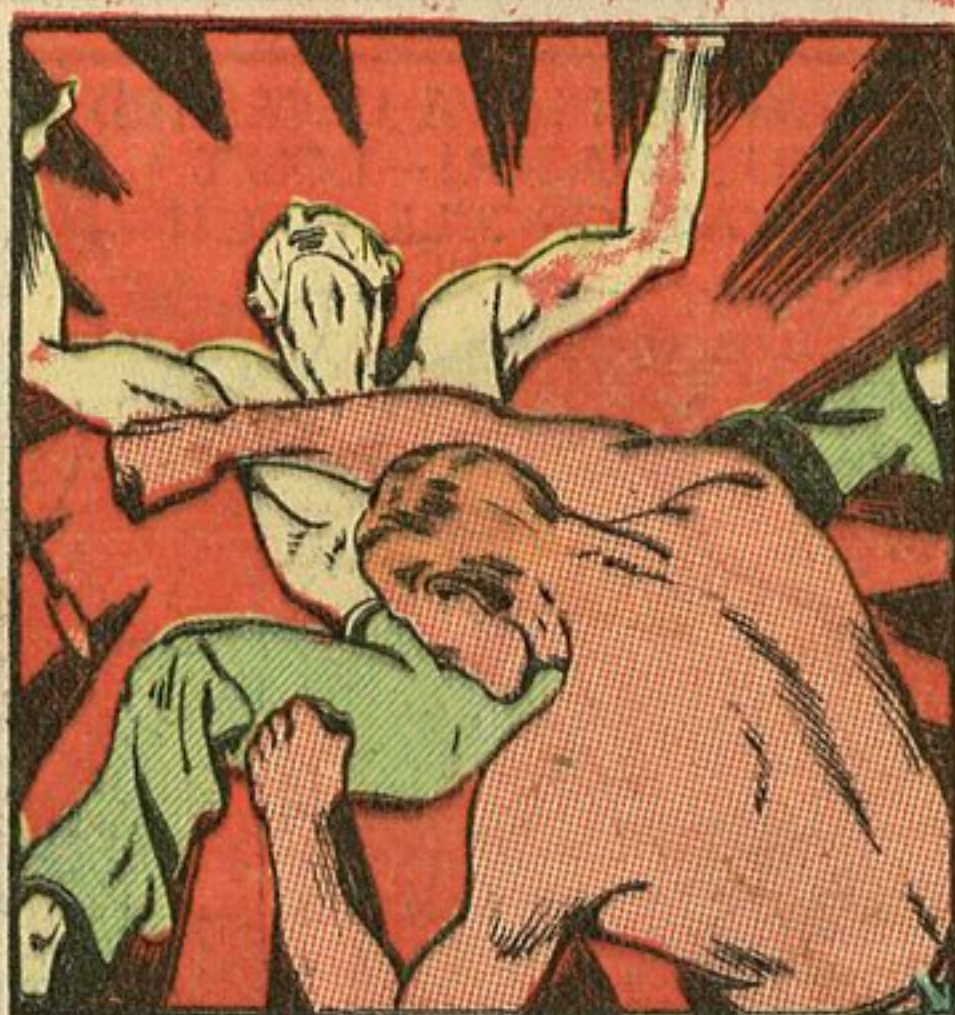
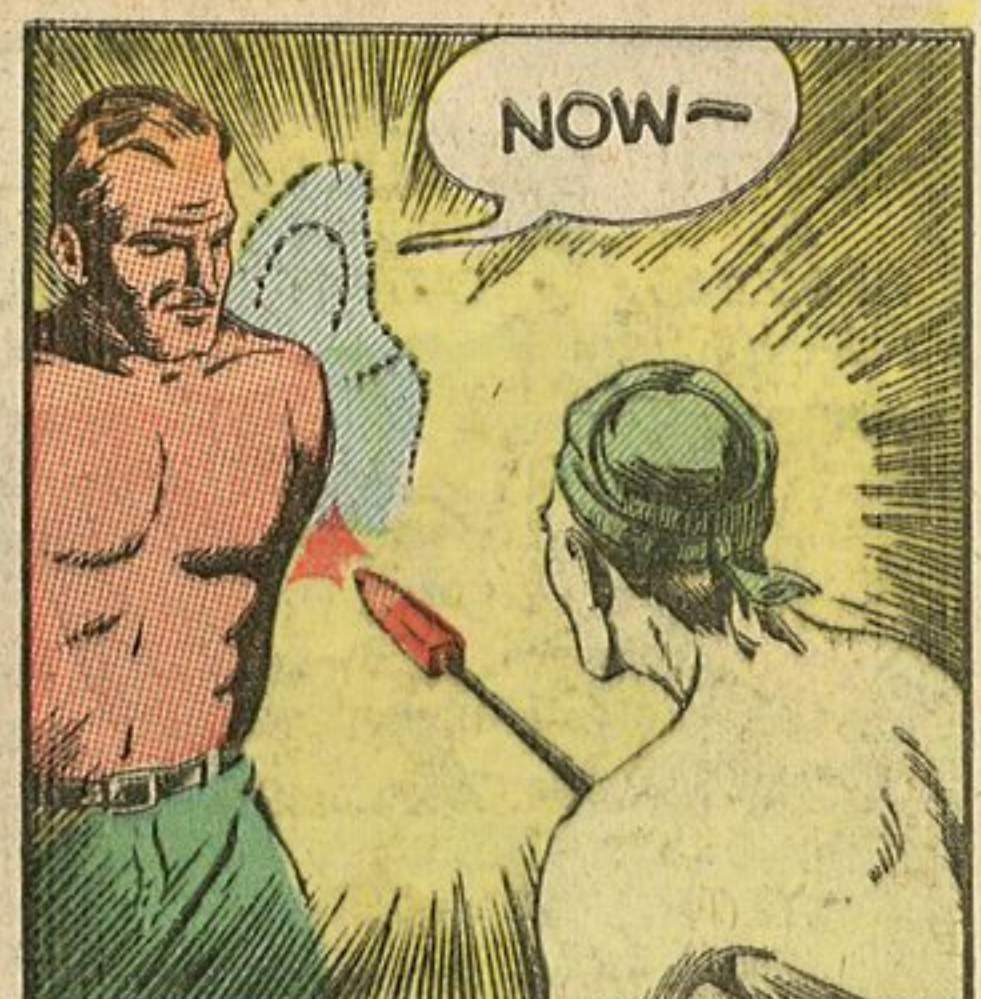
QUICK—TAKE ME TO YOUR MASTER, THE GOLDEN DRAGON!!

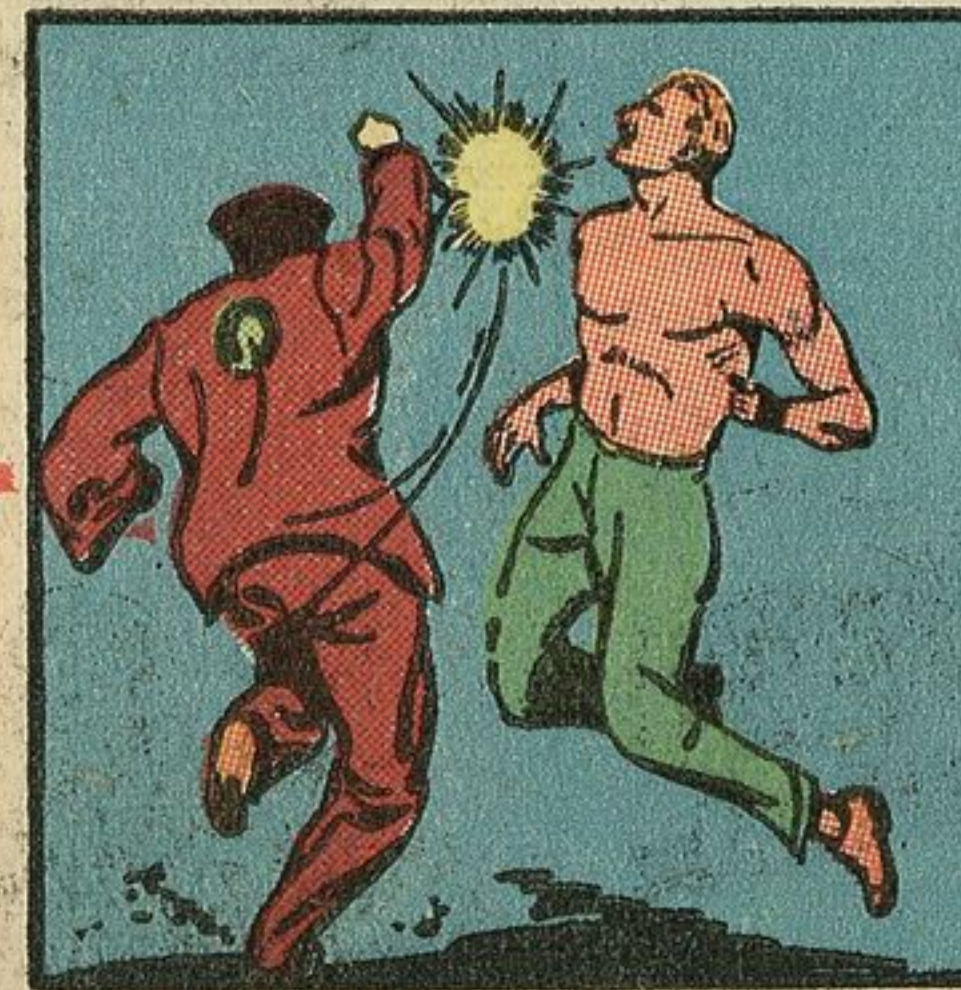
NO CAN DO!!

BEHIND HARPER A PANEL OPENS...

I MUST SEE HIM.... I KNOW HE'S HERE!

UGH!







I HEREBY DEDICATE THIS FINE NEW RAILROAD TO THE GOOD SUBJECTS OF PYROMANIA

Archie O'TOOLE

by BUD THOMAS

KING O'TOOLE CHEERFULLY RIDES OVER ITS SHINY NEW TRACKS

I HAVEN'T HAD AS MUCH FUN SINCE I PLAYED WITH MY TOY TRAIN I GOT LAST CHRISTMAS!

TOOT TOOT

AS THE TRAIN RUNS SMOOTHLY ALONG GATHERING SPEED, THERE LURKS BEHIND THE SCENE THE EVIL GIL O'TEEN.

AND THERE'S DIRTY WORK AT THE CROSSROADS!

HEH HEH! THE GOLDEN SPIKE! IT OUGHTA BRING AT LEAST 50 BUCKS AT UNCLE BENNY'S!

NOW TO SPOIL ARCHIE'S DAY, I'LL SWITCH THIS SO THE TRAINS WILL MEET HEAD ON! HEH HEH!

BEFORE THE TRAINS CAN STOP, THEY CRASH WITH A MIGHTY IMPACT

POW! BAM CRASH

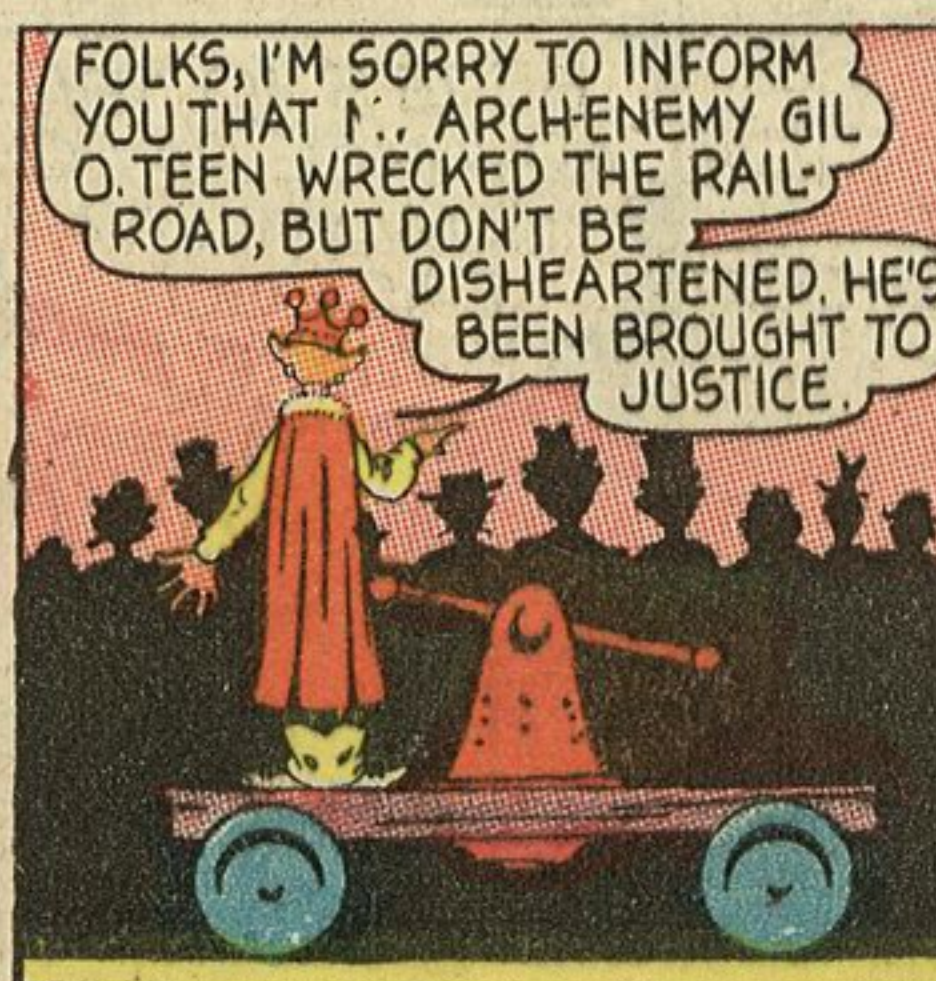
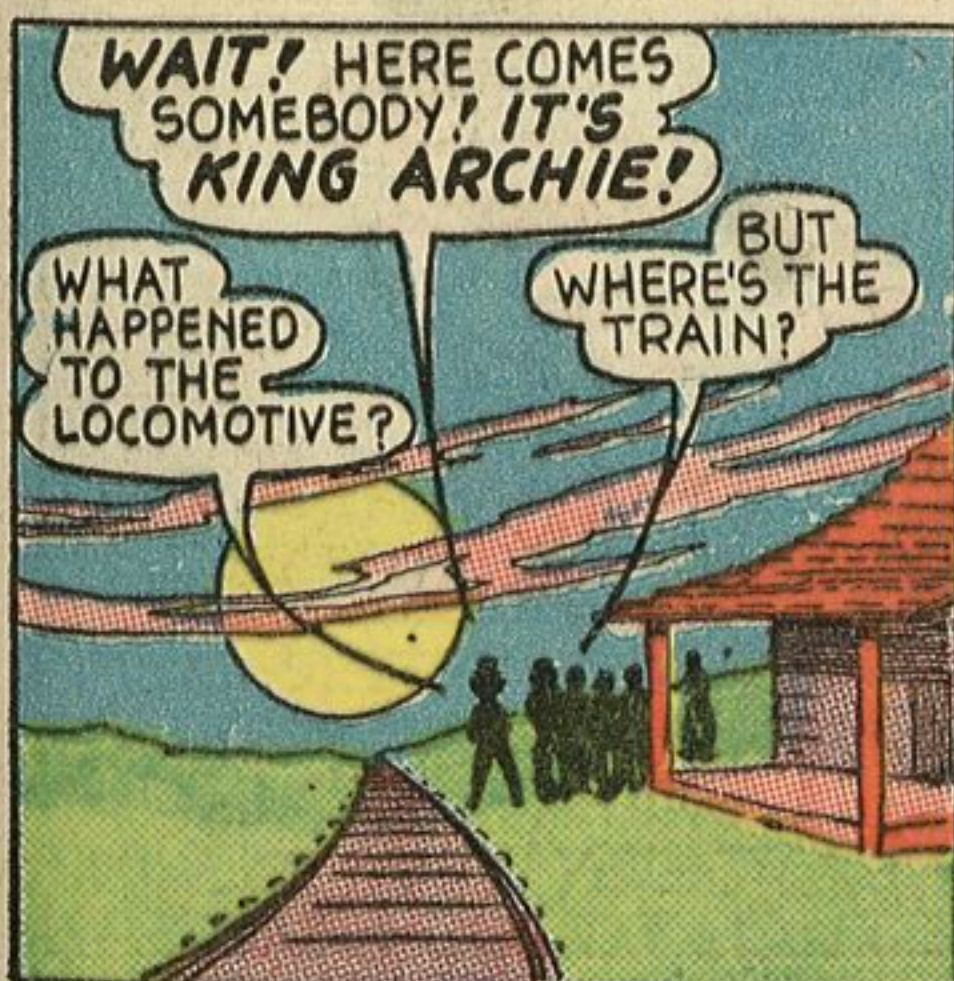
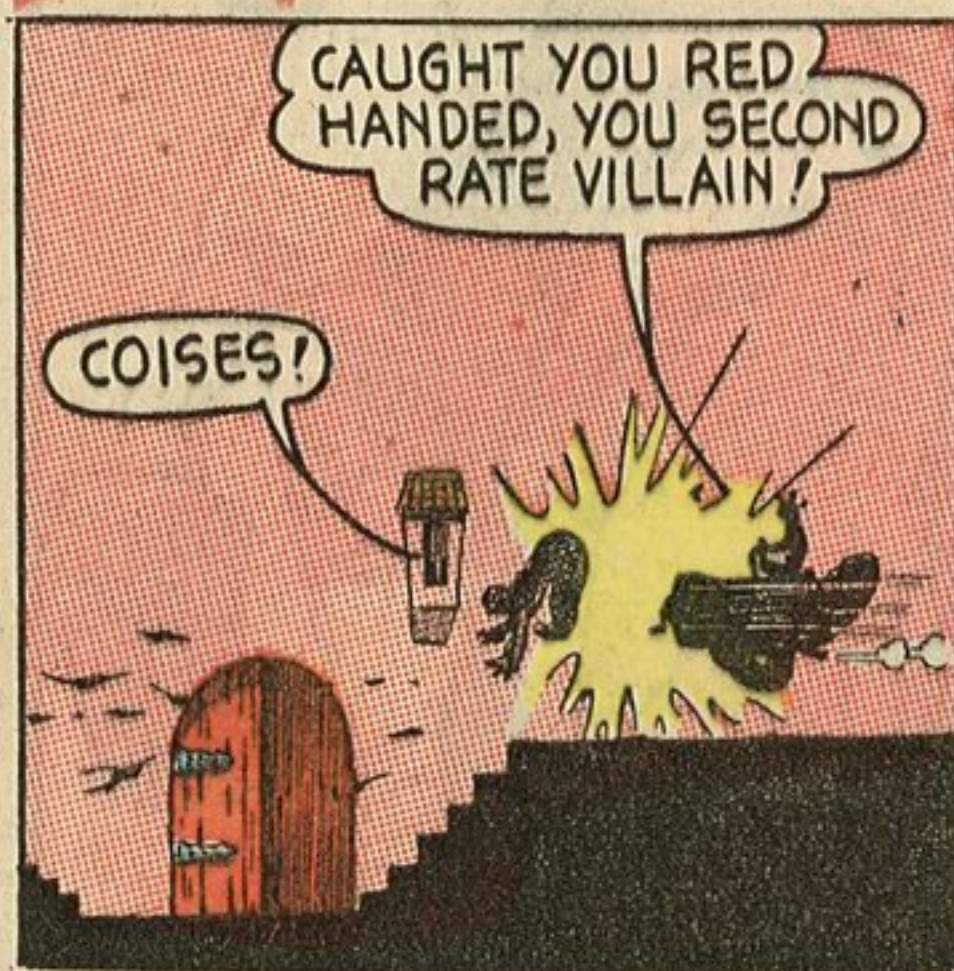
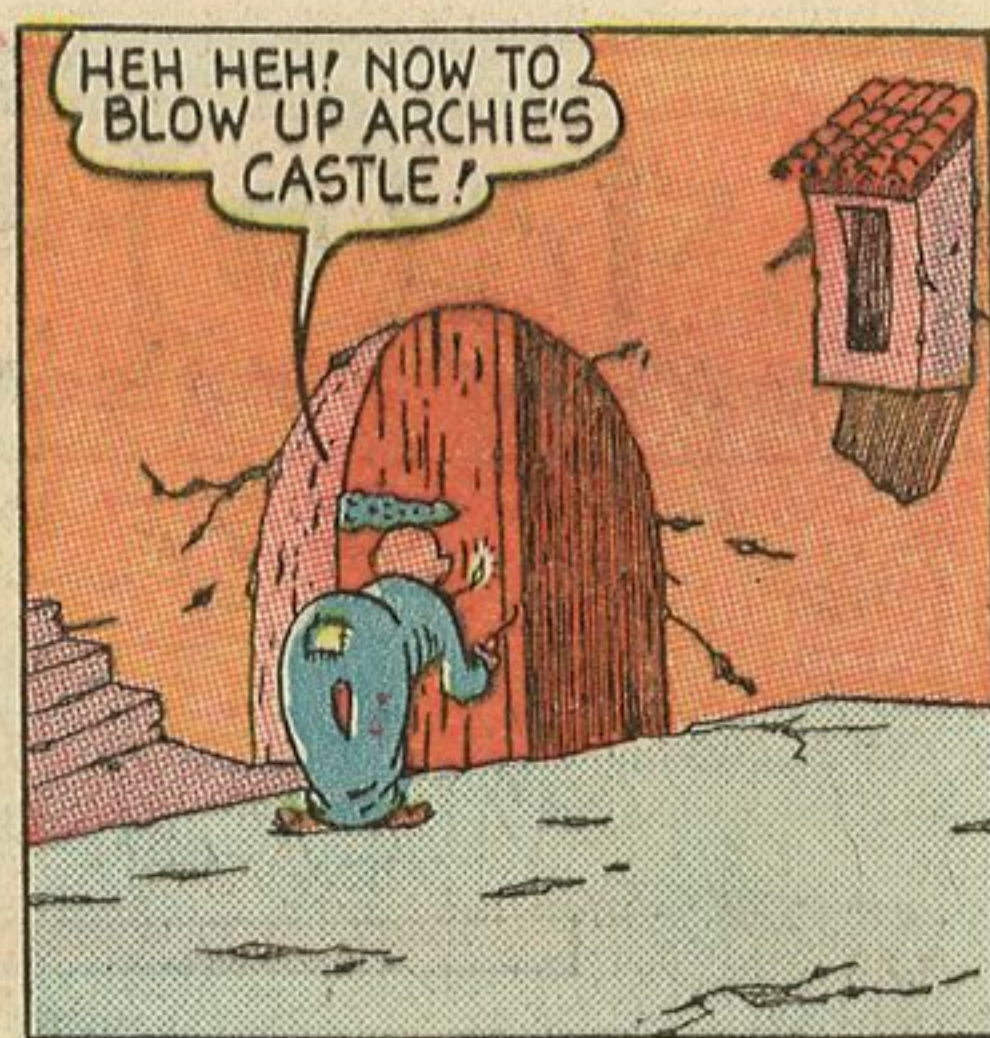
OOPS! THE RIDES OVER. MY GOSH! THE GOLDEN SPIKE IS GONE!

NOW-WHO COULD HAVE BEEN SO MEAN AS TO STEAL THE GOLDEN SPIKE?

M-MM. IT'S ONLY A HUNCH, BUT...

UNCLE BENNY

YES, KING O'TOOLE, IT WAS GIL O'TEEN WHO BROUGHT IN THE GOLDEN SPIKE... MY BEST CUSTOMER. ONLY LAST WEEK HE PAWNED HIS GRANMA'S FALSE TEETH!

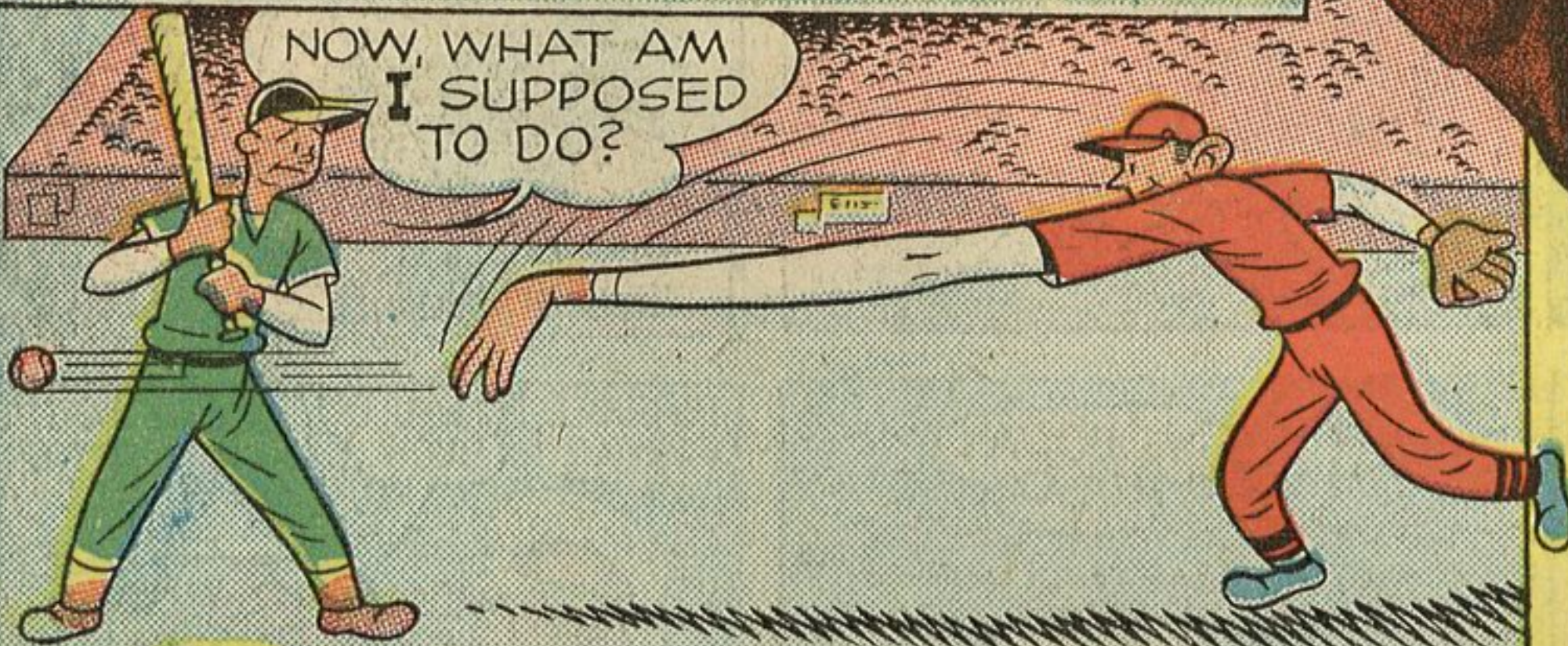


SPORTTRAITS

by GILL FOX

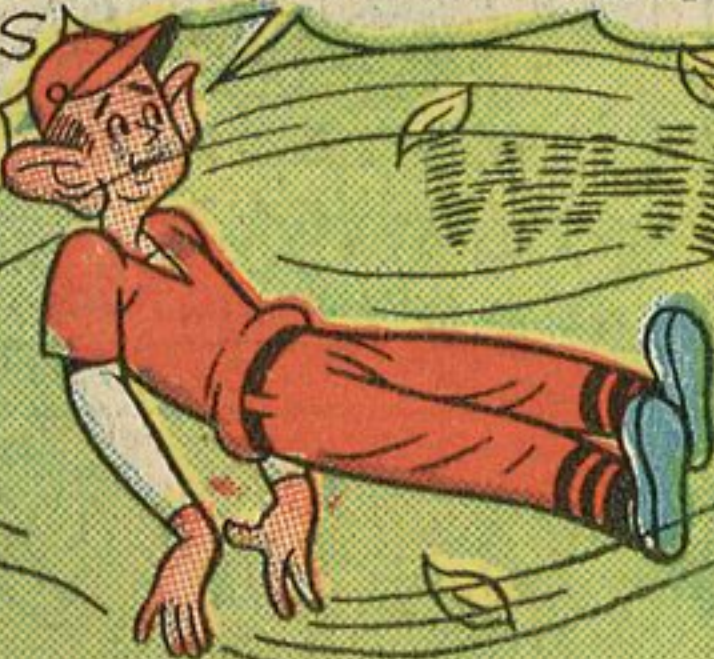
CLIFF MELTON

ONE OF THE NEW YORK GIANTS' PITCHING MAINSTAYS WHO IS A HARD MAN TO BEAT WHEN HE IS RIGHT... CLIFF SHOWED PLENTY OF STUFF IN HIS FIRST MAJOR LEAGUE CAMPAIGN- HE WON 20 GAMES THAT SEASON...



CLIFF IS SO TALL THAT WHEN HE DELIVERS THE BALL, IT SEEMS AS THOUGH HE'S SLAPPING THE BATTER IN THE FACE!

I JUST CAN'T STAY ON THE MOUND WHEN THE WIND CATCHES IN MY EARS!



HERE'S 10 YEARS ADVANCE PAY, CLIFF... NOW, WILL YA PLEASE GO HOME?!



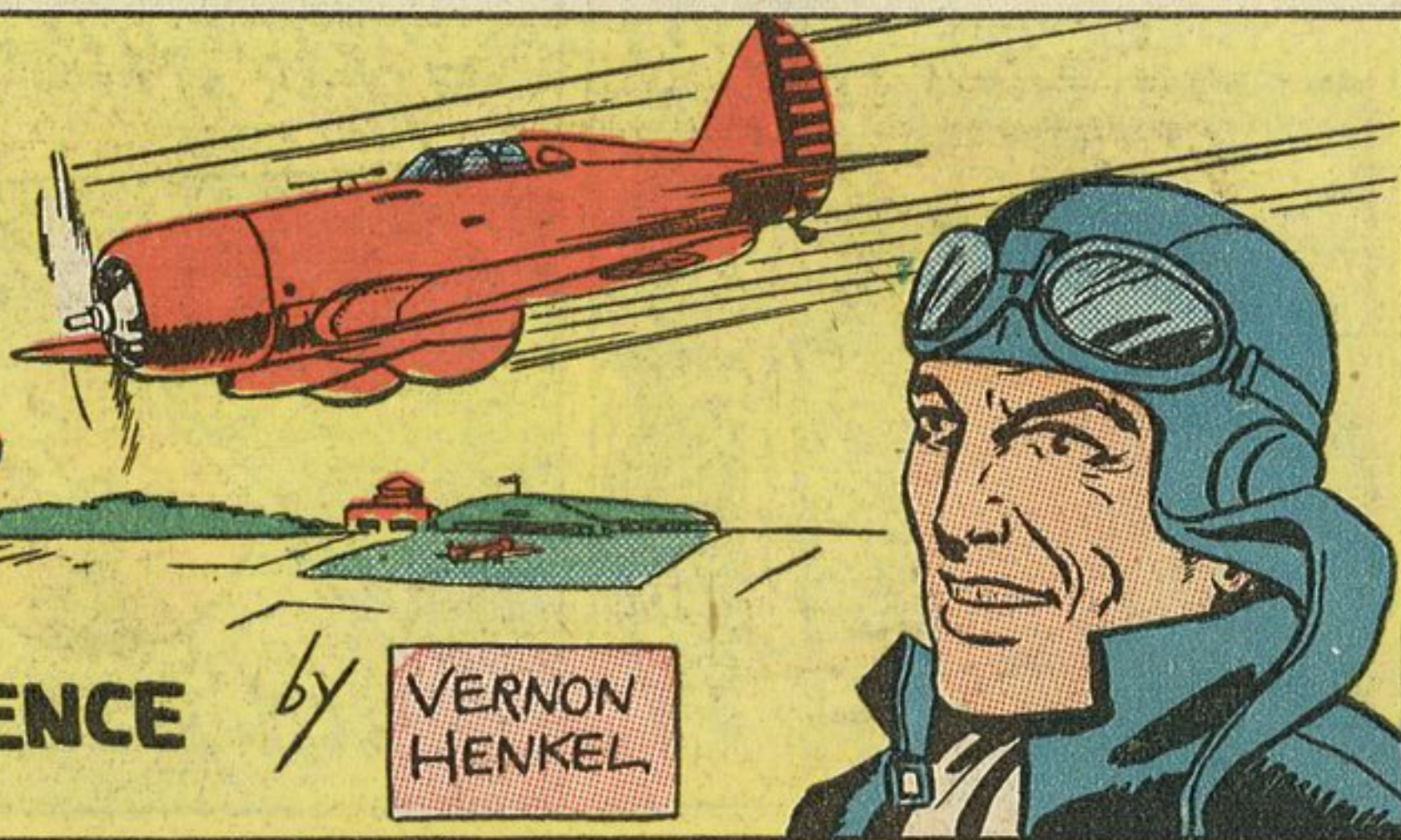
MELTON ACQUIRED THE NICKNAME "MICKEY MOUSE" BECAUSE OF HIS "LOVING CUP" EARS... THIS GOOD-NATURED "HANDLE" HAS STUCK WITH HIM...

A SHORT TIME AFTER CLIFF CAME OUT OF THE SMOKEY RIDGE HILLS, NATIONAL LEAGUE BATTERS WERE WISHING HE'D RETURN TO HIS HOME!

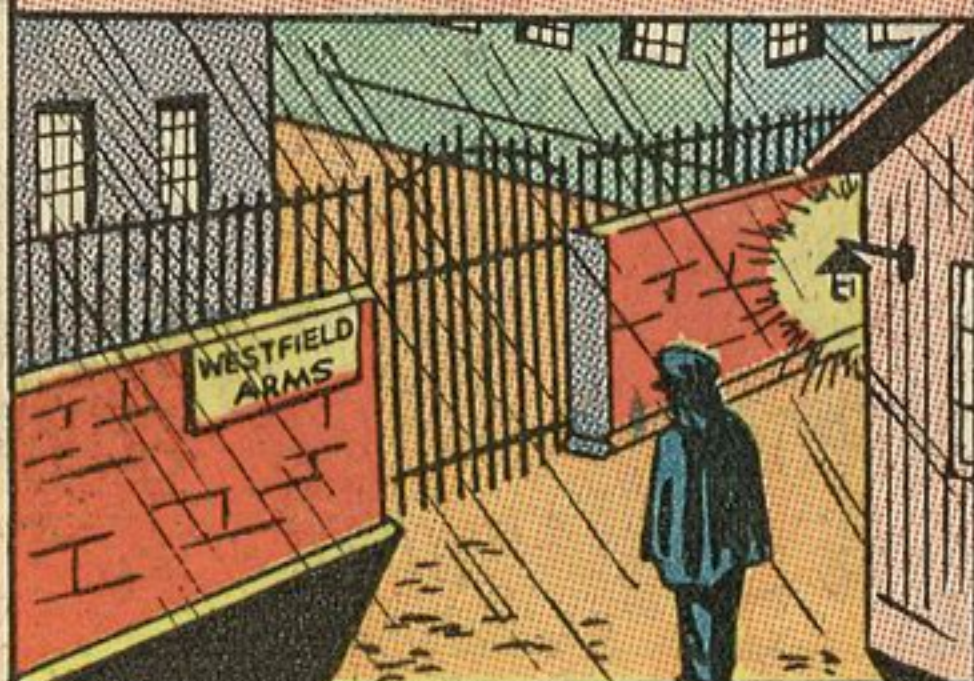
WINGS WENDALL

OF THE
MILITARY INTELLIGENCE

by VERNON
HENKEL



A DREARY RAIN BEATS ON THE WESTFIELD ARMS COMPANY..PROVING GROUNDS FOR THE UNITED STATES ARMY WEAPONS...



AS A SENTRY WALKS HIS POST, A MYSTERIOUS FIGURE SLINKS BEHIND HIM AND APPROACHES A LIGHTED OFFICE WINDOW..



INSIDE THE ARMS OFFICE...

SO YOU SEE, TODAY'S TESTS PROVE THAT THIS NEW WESTFIELD AUTOMATIC RIFLE IS THE BEST IN THE WORLD!



YOU ARE RIGHT, MR. WESTFIELD, AND THIS GUN WILL LURE SPIES OF EVERY NATION..WE MUST TAKE EVERY PRECAUTION TO GUARD IT!



YES! AND THAT IS WHY I HAVE SENT FOR CAPTAIN WINGS WENDALL OF THE G-2 OFFICE!



SUDDENLY WITH A CRASH OF GLASS, THE LISTENING FIGURE LEAPS INTO THE OFFICE..



CONRAD GUNTHER, THE INTERNATIONAL SPY!

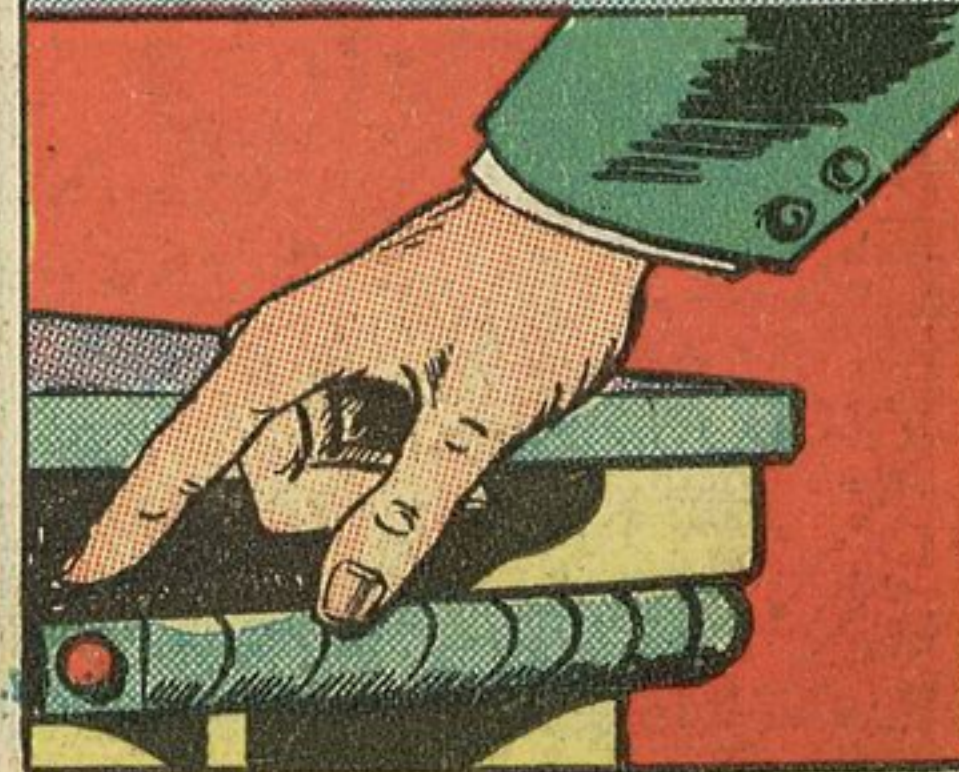
QUITE RIGHT.. AND JUST IN TIME IT SEEMS!

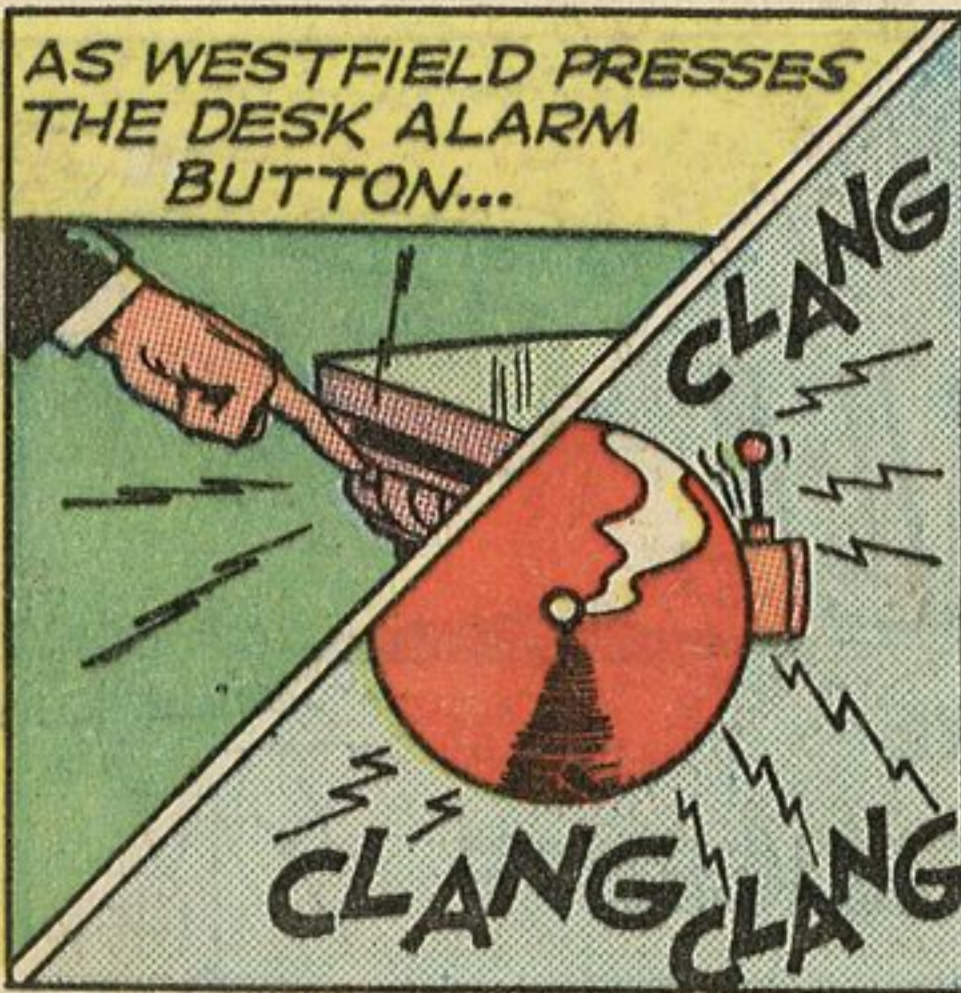


I'LL TAKE THESE PLANS.. AND THE RIFLE..IT WILL MAKE A COMPLETE WORKING MODEL FOR MY GOVERNMENT!



AS THE SPY PREPARES TO LEAVE, WESTFIELD REACHES FOR A HIDDEN ALARM BUTTON...







AM I SEEING THINGS?
IT LOOKED LIKE A MAN
HANGING BENEATH
THAT AUTOGIRO!



AS WINGS WENDALL LANDS.

WENDALL! THE NEW
RIFLE AND PLANS...
THEY'VE JUST BEEN
STOLEN!



BUT HOW COULD THE THIEF
GET OUT OF THESE
FENCED GROUNDS?

WE CORNERED
HIM ON THE ROOF.
THEN SOMEHOW
A LADDER WAS LOWERED
AND...



THAT'S IT! THAT AUTO-
GIRO! I'LL SEE YOU
LATER!



WITH THROTTLE WIDE OPEN,
WINGS ROARS THROUGH
THE RAINY NIGHT IN PURSUIT



I SHOULD SOON OVER-
TAKE THEM IF I'M
FLYING IN THE RIGHT
DIRECTION... AH!
THERE IT IS!

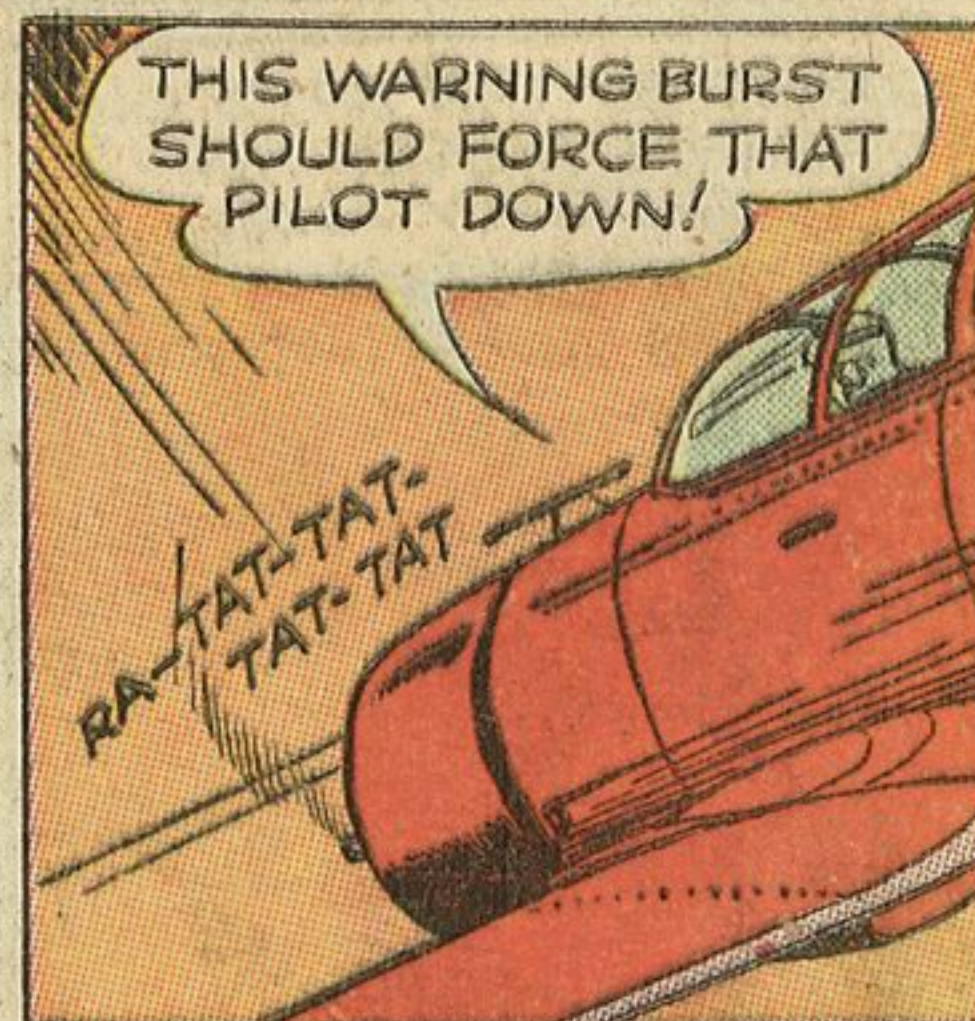


GUNTHER SPYS WINGS'
FAST APPROACHING PLANE

WE'RE BEING
FOLLOWED! CONTINUE
YOUR COURSE..I'M
BAILING OUT!



AS WINGS OVERTAKES THE
SLOW AUTOGIRO, HE FAILS
TO SEE A BLACK PARA-
CHUTE DRIFTING
EARTHWARD



THIS WARNING BURST
SHOULD FORCE THAT
PILOT DOWN!

RA-TAT-TAT-
TAT-TAT

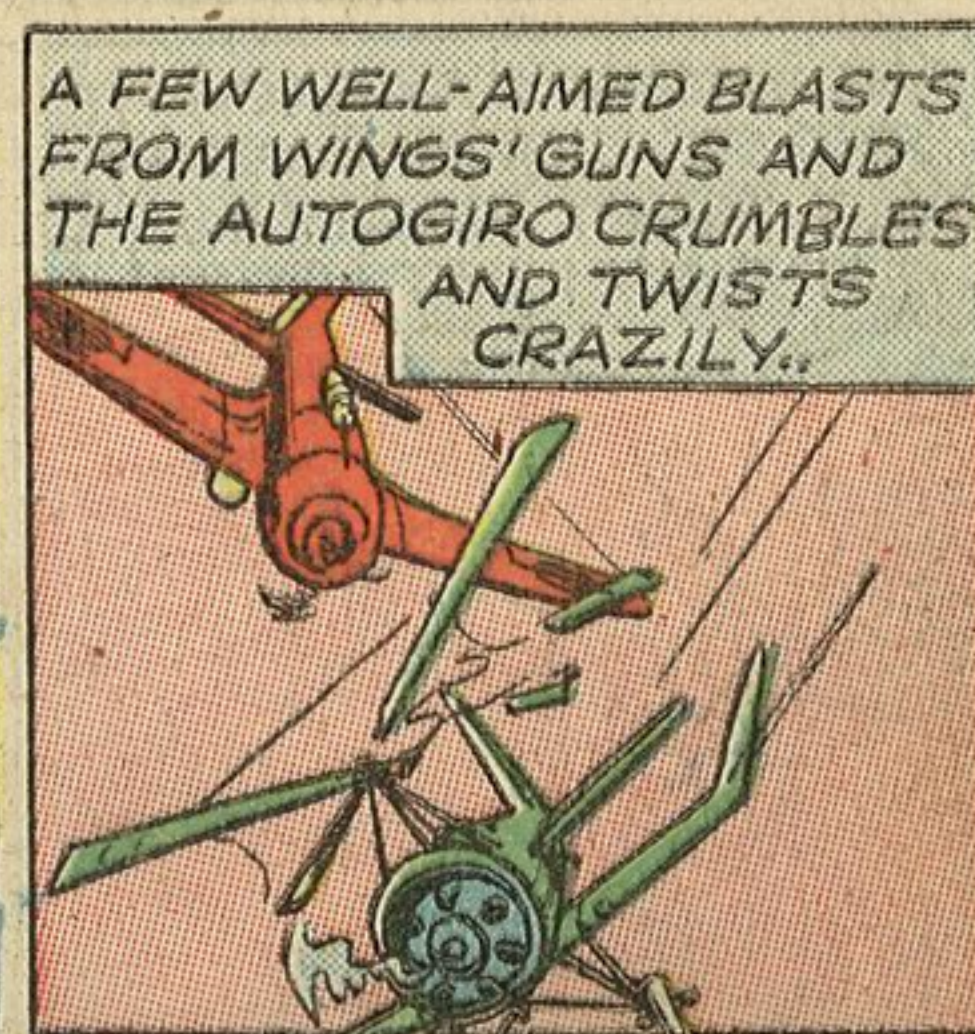


BUT THE AUTOGIRO FLYER
BANKS SHARPLY AND CUTS
LOOSE WITH A MOUNTED
MACHINE GUN!

AND HOW DO
YOU LIKE
IT, FRIEND
?!



A RECEPTION COMMITTEE,
EH? OKAY... THE
BATTLE'S ON!



A FEW WELL-AIMED BLASTS
FROM WINGS' GUNS AND
THE AUTOGIRO CRUMBLES
AND TWISTS
CRAZILY..

WINGS GLIDES LOW OVER
THE WRECKED PLANE...

WHY! THERE'S ONLY
ONE MAN IN THAT
AUTOGIRO.. GUNTHER
MUST HAVE BAILED
OUT!

AND A FEW MILES AWAY...
THE BLACK PARACHUTE
LOWERS GUNTHER TO EARTH..



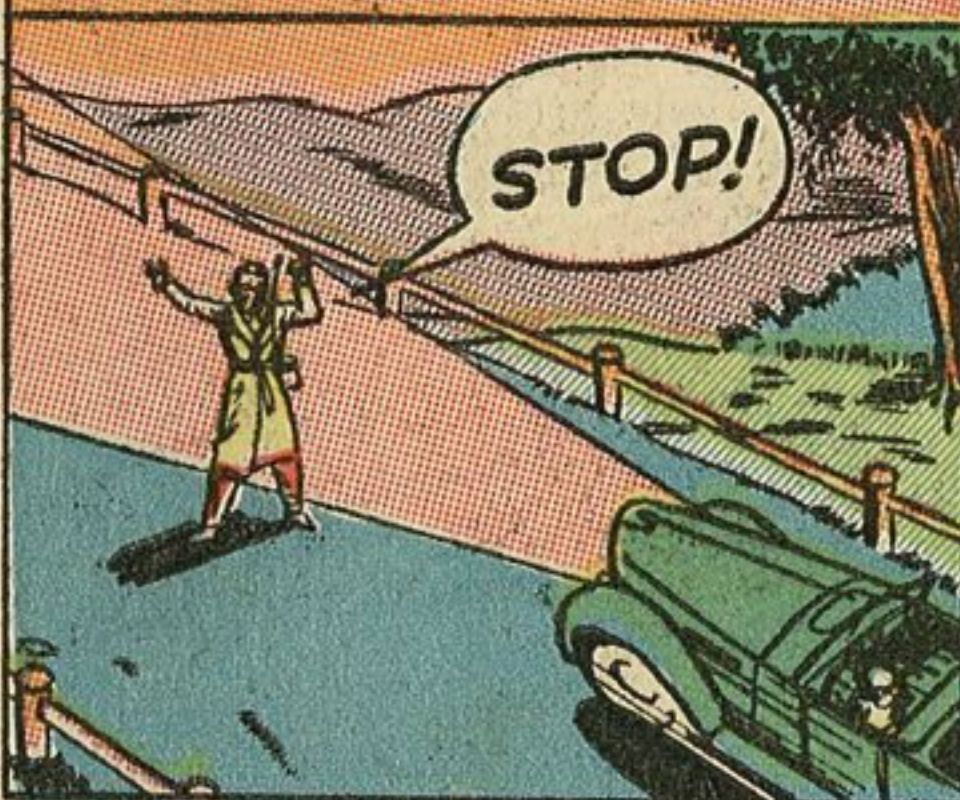
SAFE! BUT I'M OVER
A HUNDRED MILES FROM
HEADQUARTERS- THAT
AMERICAN PILOT ALMOST
RUINED MY PLANS!



THE GODS ARE WITH
ME! A ROAD...AND HERE
COMES A
CAR!



STEPPING BOLDLY INTO
THE ROAD, GUNTHER
BLOCKS THE CAR...

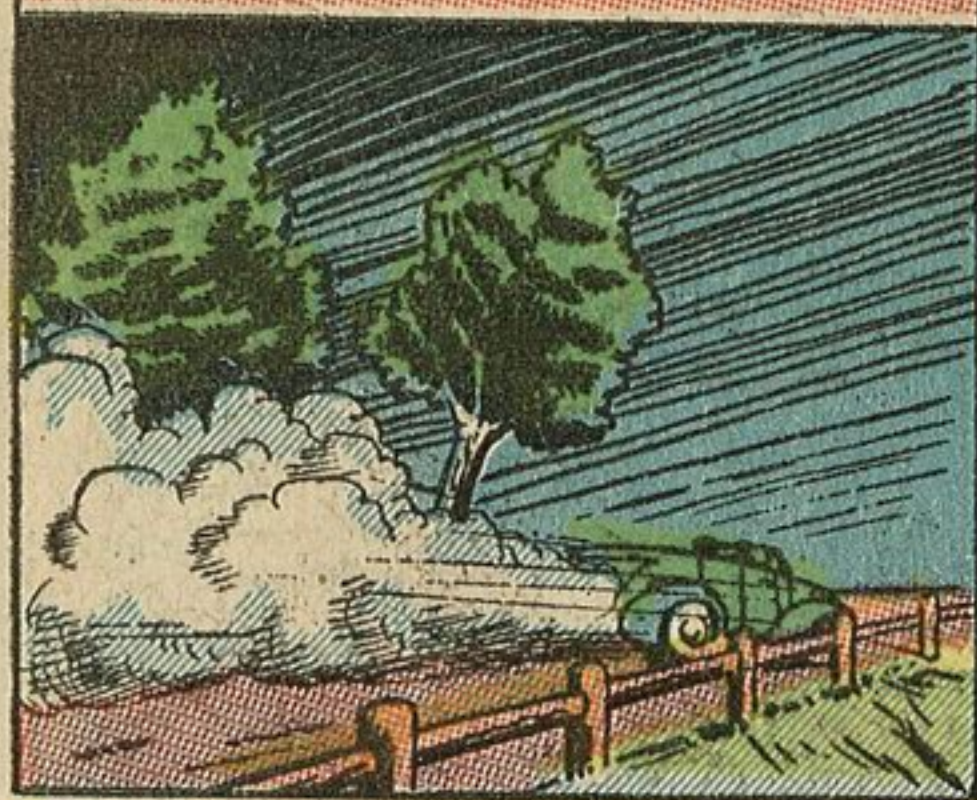


WHAT'S THE
MATTER..
HAS THERE
BEEN AN
ACCIDENT?

NO..BUT
THERE MIGHT
BE,IF YOU
DON'T DO AS
I SAY,MISS!



COWED BY THE SPY'S GUN,
THE GIRL DRIVES HIM
SPEEDILY AWAY...



LATER.. WINGS WENDALL
NOW USING A CAR HOPES
TO PICK UP THE LANDED
GUNTHER'S TRAIL..

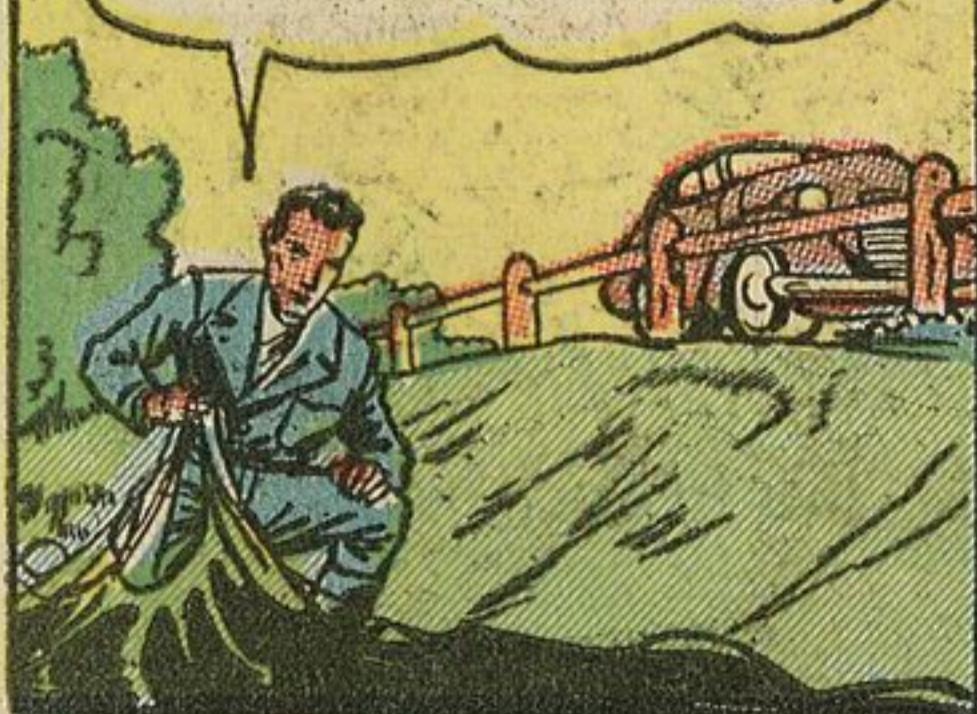
THAT'S THE SECOND
TIME HE'S GIVEN ME
THE SLIP...HE'S SURE
AN EXPERT AT
THIS STUFF!



IF THOSE PLANS
GET OUT OF THE
COUNTRY, THAT GUN
MAY SOMETIME BE USED
AGAINST US...SAY..WHAT'S
THAT AHEAD...?



GUNTHER'S PARACHUTE!
AND BLACK!NO WONDER
I DIDN'T SEE IT IN
THE AIR LAST NIGHT!



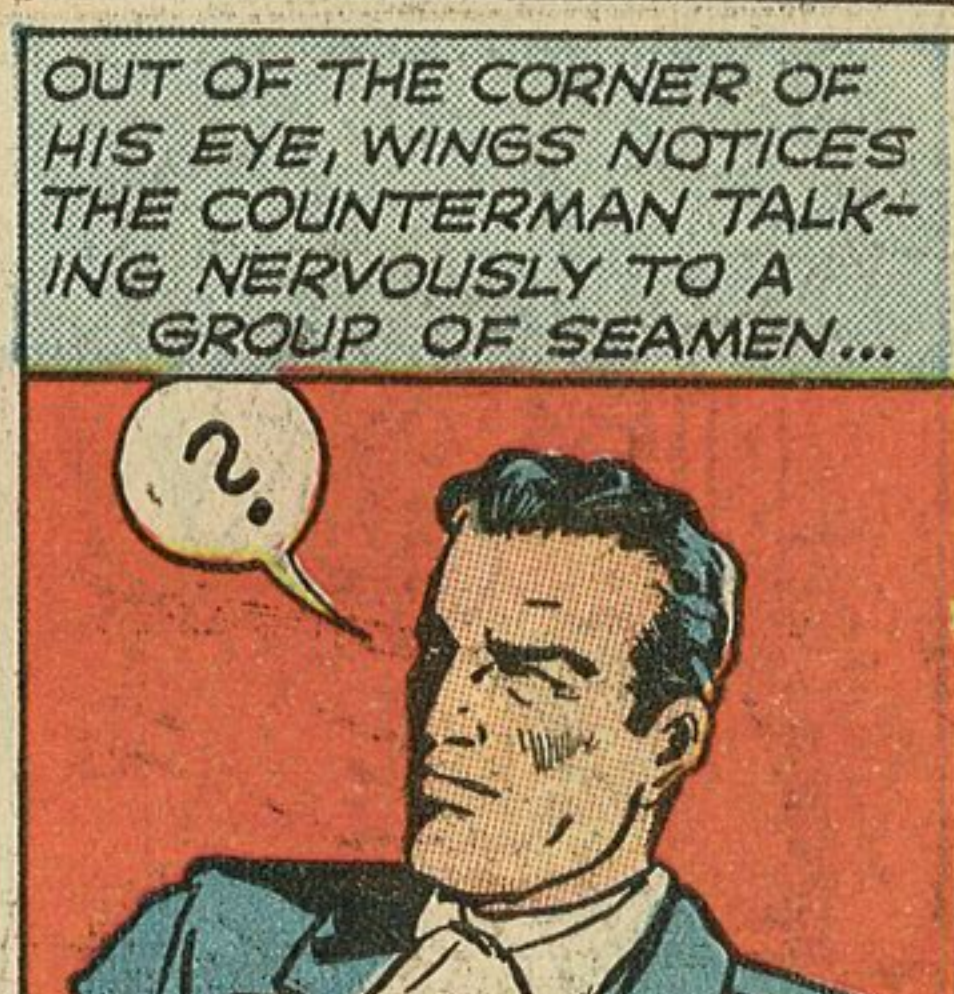
THIS FILLING STATION
ATTENDANT MAY HAVE
SEEN SOMETHING OF
HIM!



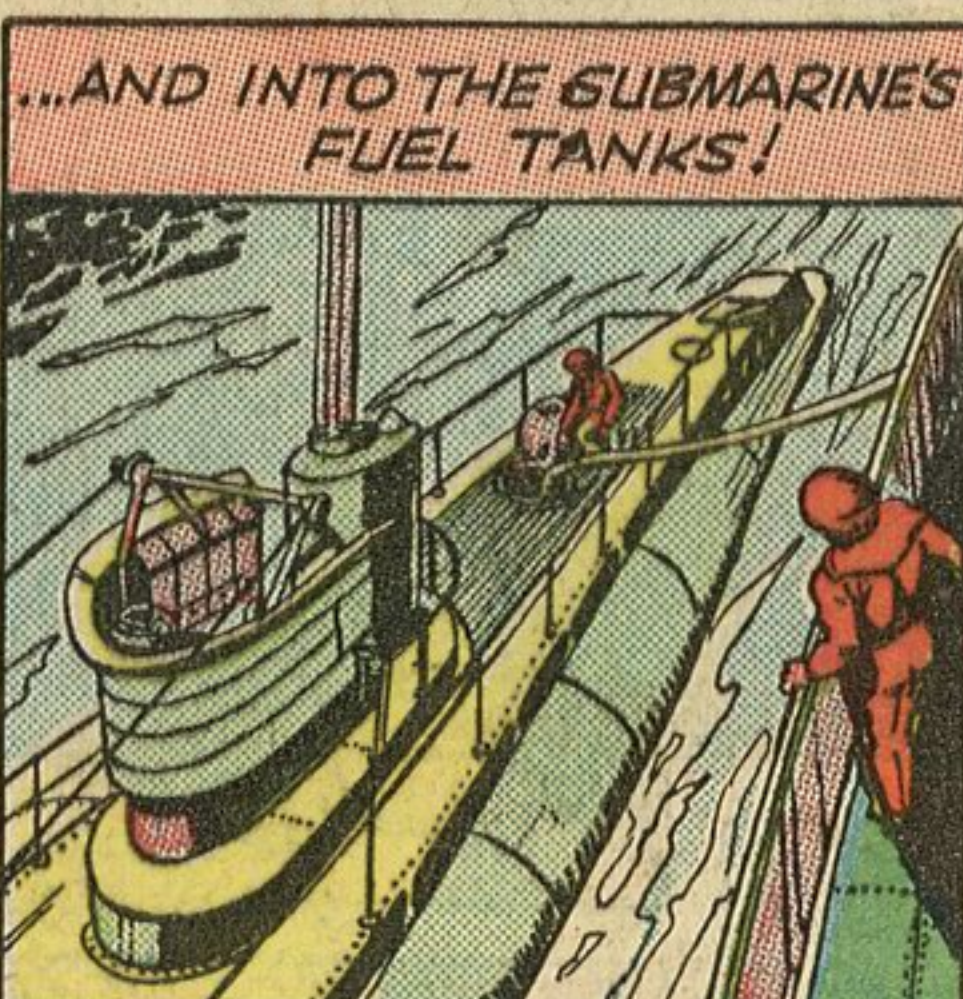
YEAH! I SEEN A
FOREIGN-LOOKING GUY
WITH A MONOCLE LAST
NIGHT...WAS WITH A
GIRL IN A BIG
'ROADSTER!

THANKS!





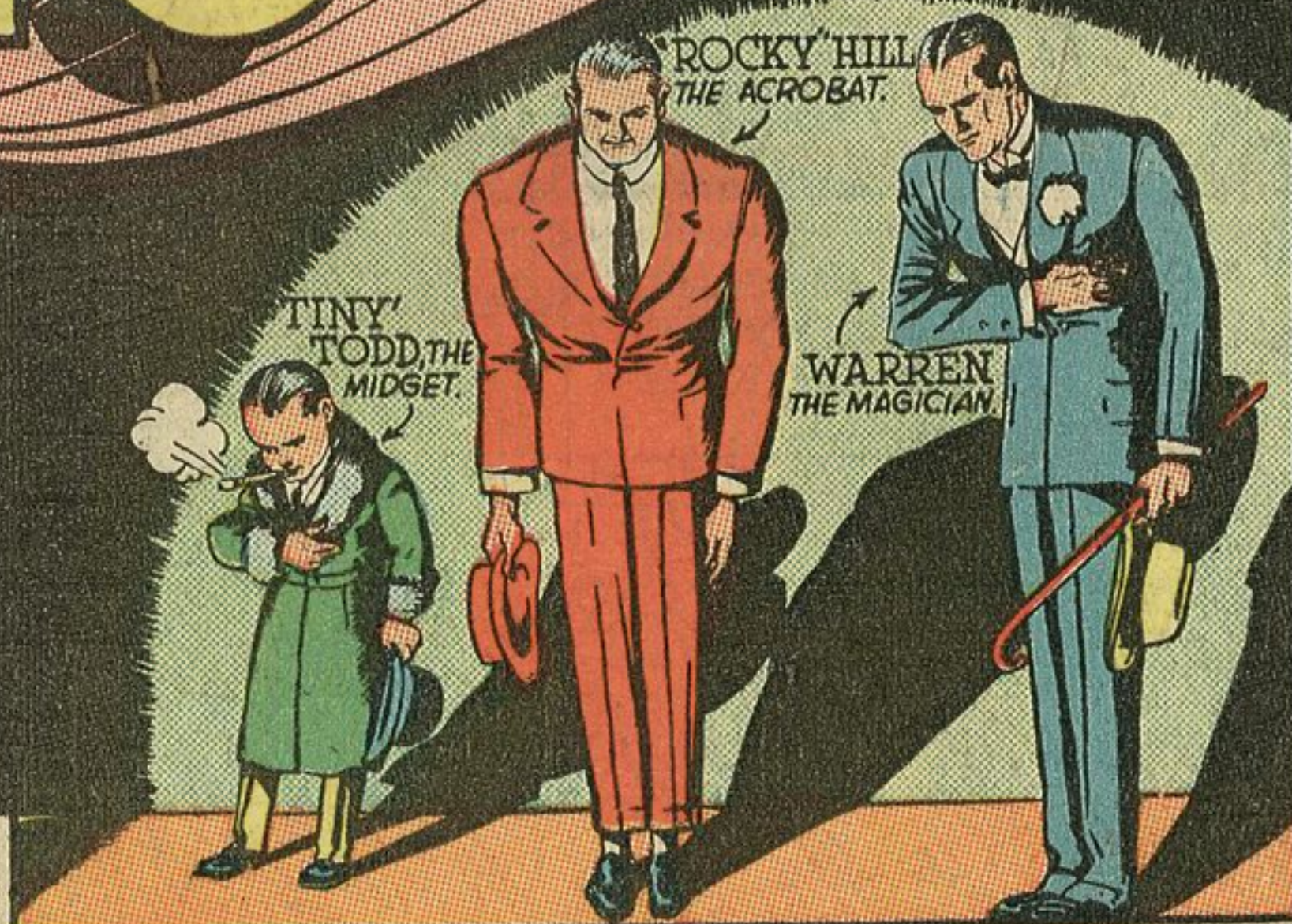




The PURPLE TRIO

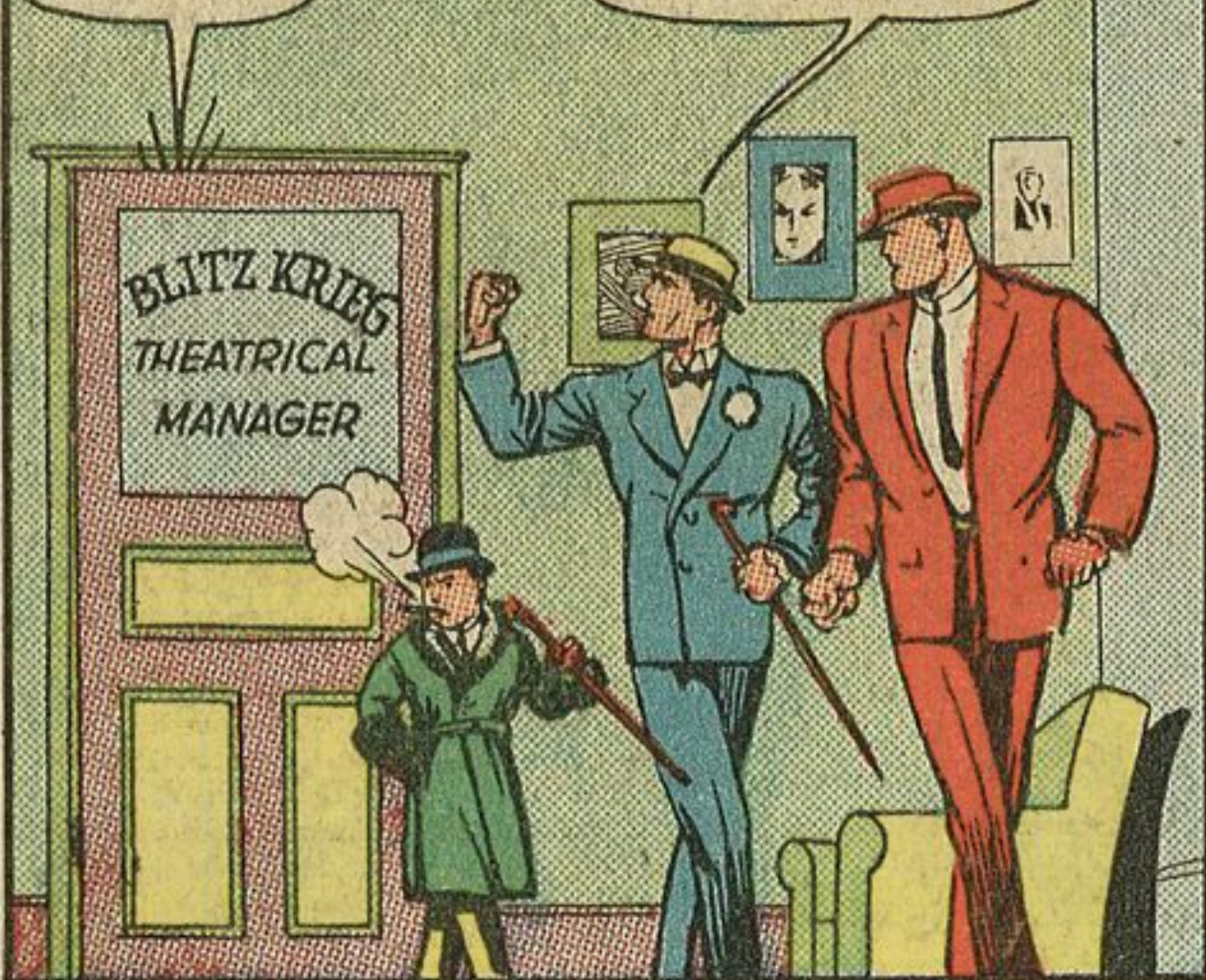
By
S.M. REGI

INTRODUCING:
TINY, ROCKY, AND
WARREN
VADEVILLIANS "AT
LIBERTY," COMBIN-
ING THEIR TALENTS
IN A THREE MAN
WAR AGAINST
CRIME!



VAUDEVILLE IS
DEAD! NOW GET
OUT... AND
STAY OUT!

WELL, WE AIN'T DEAD!
WE'LL SHOW YOU! YOU...
YOU... YOU... DON'T
SAY IT, FELLAS!



IN THE MIDST OF THE COM-
MOTION, A YOUNG GIRL EN-
TERS KRIEG'S OFFICE...



WHATTA WE
DO NOW?
WHEN DO
WE EAT?

MAYBE WE'RE
TOO TALENTED
FOR VAUDEVILLE
ANYWAY!



A MOMENT LATER...

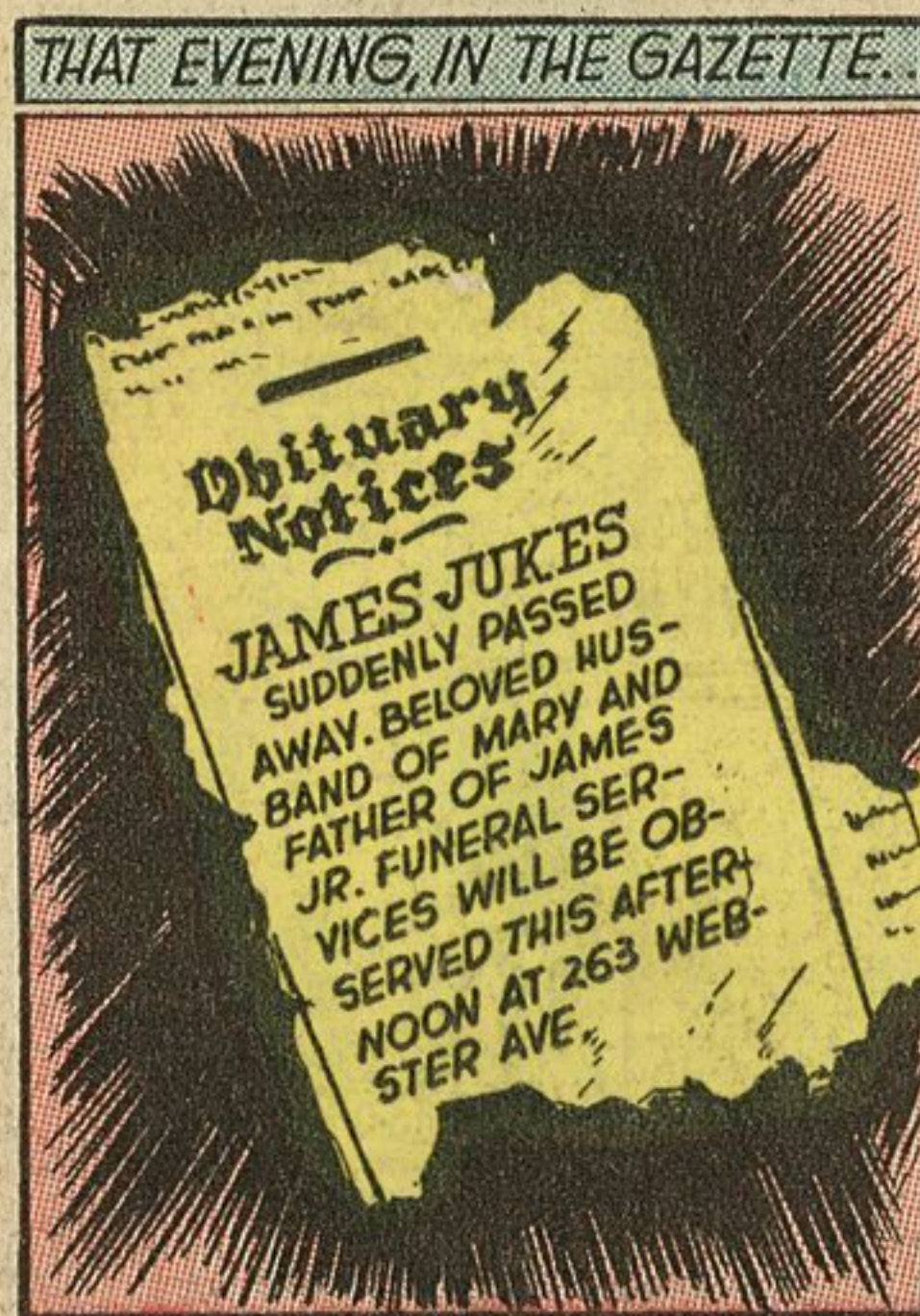
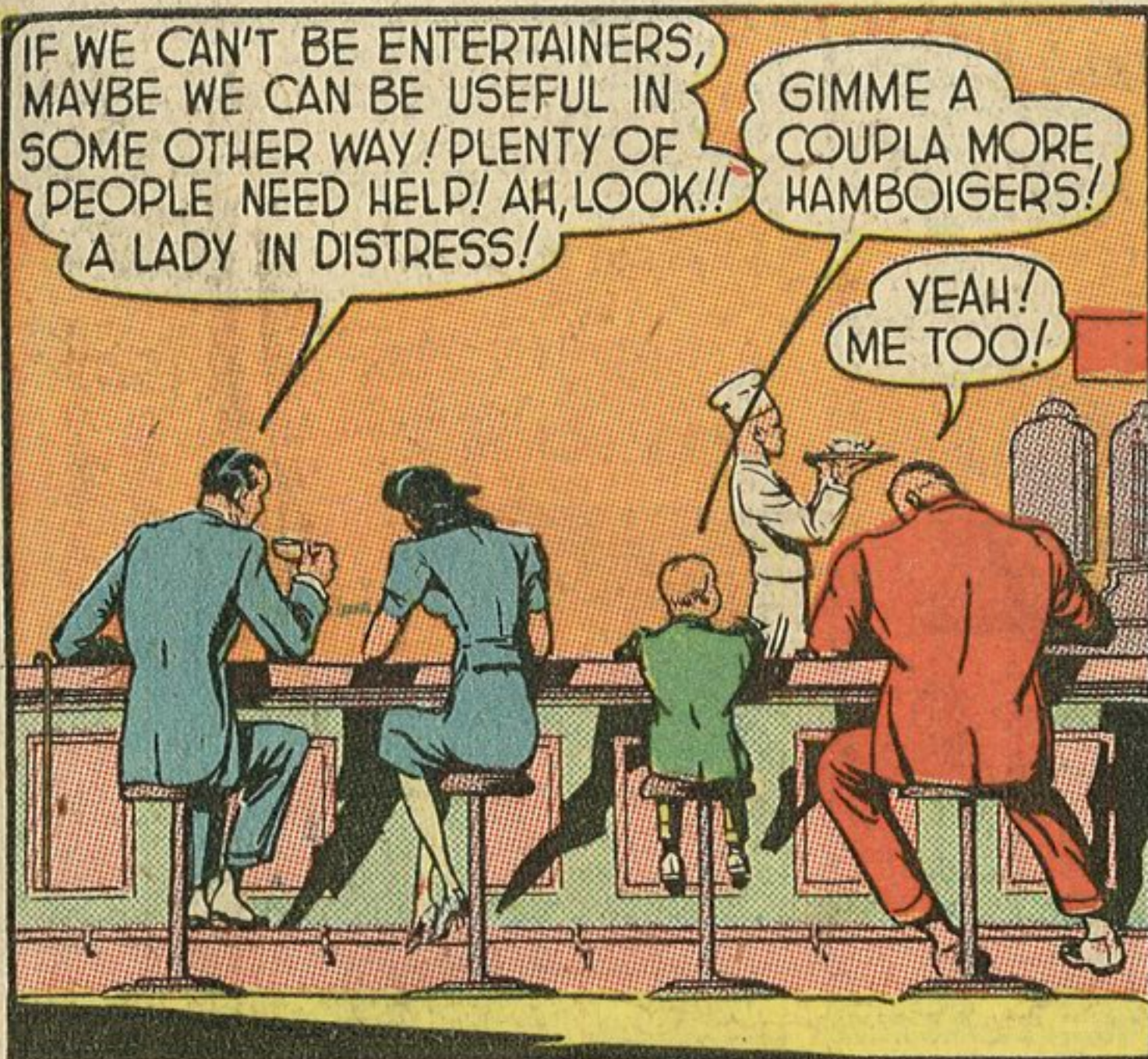


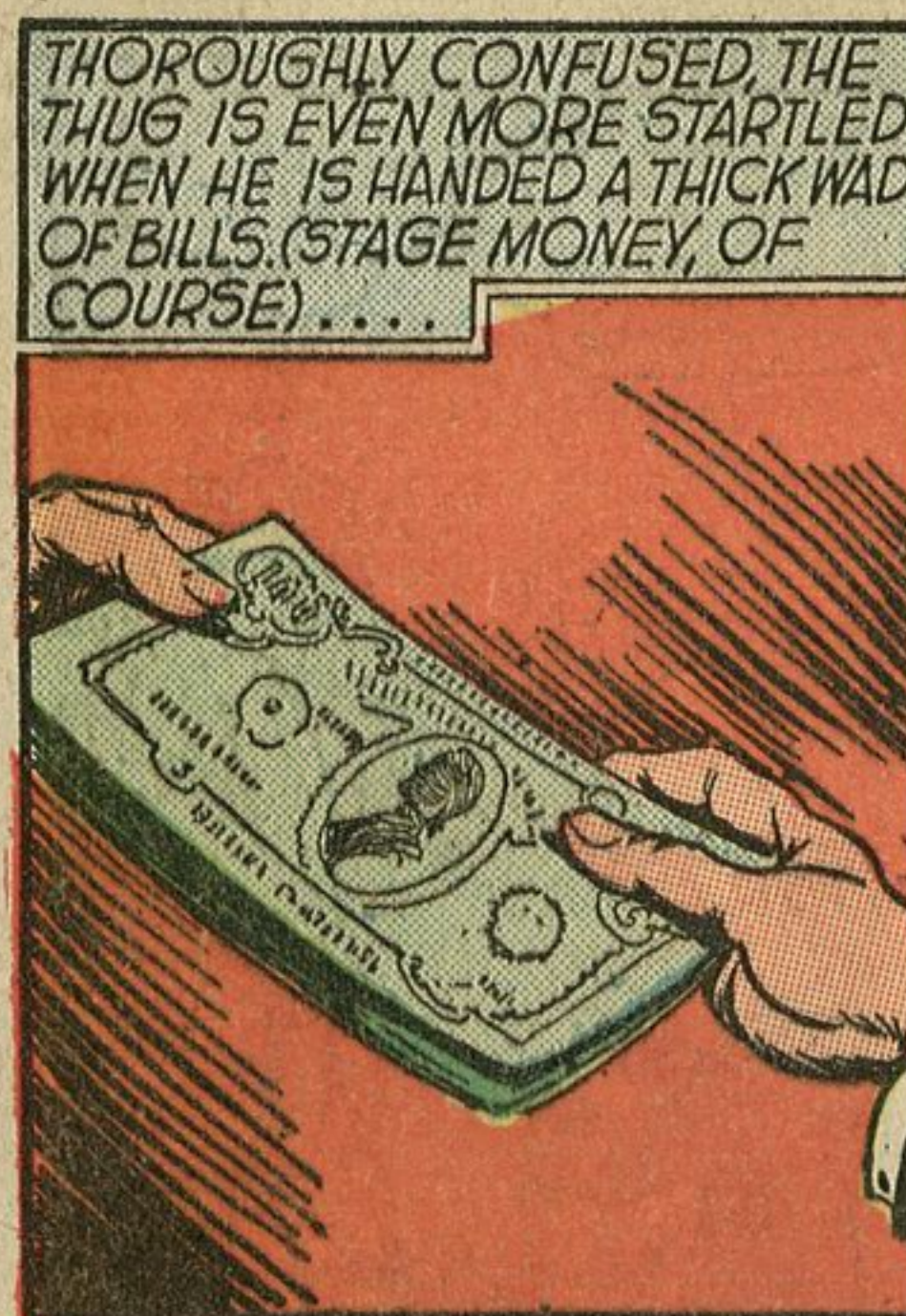
DON'T LET HIM
GET YOU DOWN,
MISS. WHAT'S
YOUR ACT?

I'M AN
ACROBATIC
DANCER.

WON'T YOU JOIN US?
WE'VE GOT IDEAS
FOR UNAPPRECIATED
GENIUS!

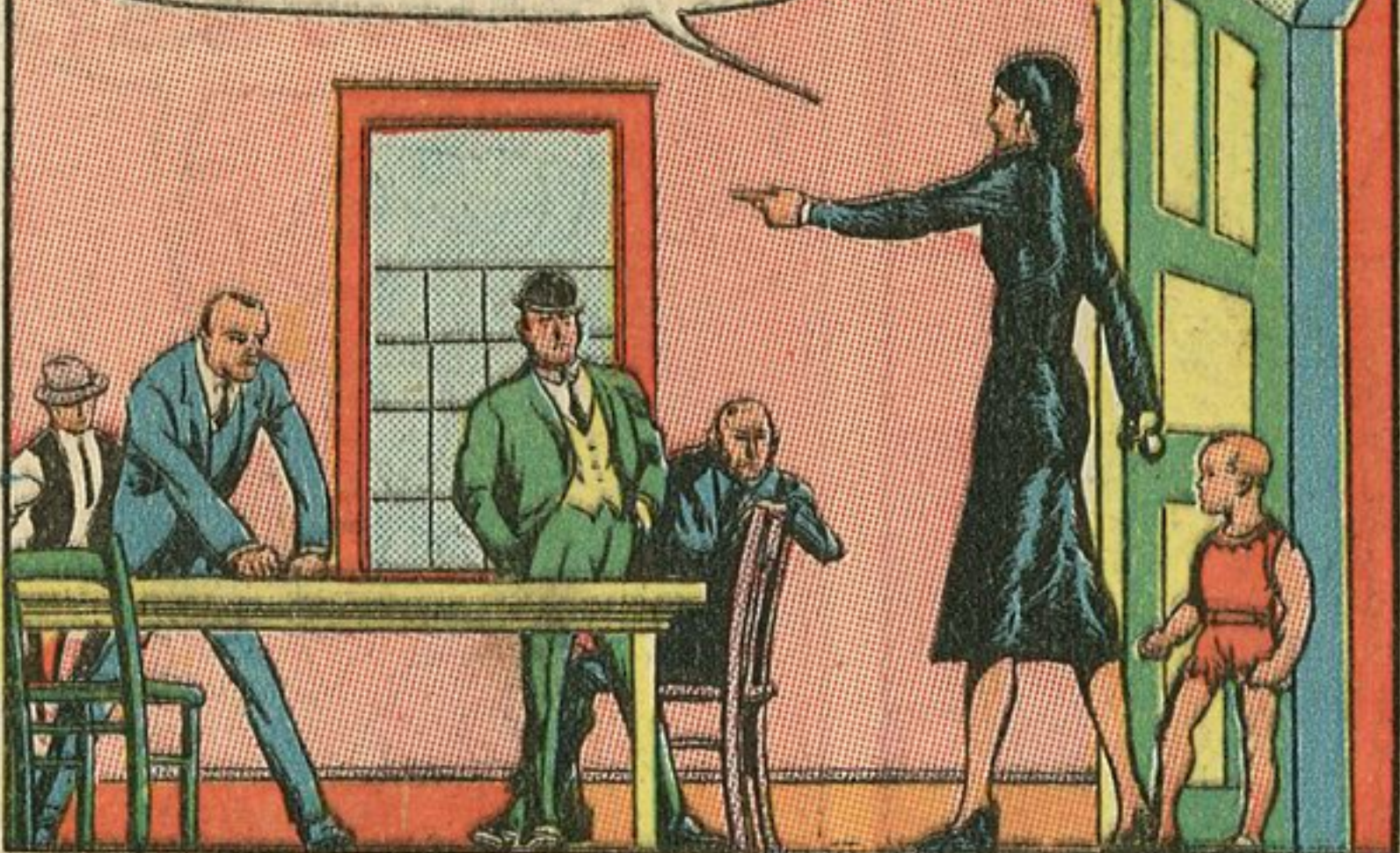






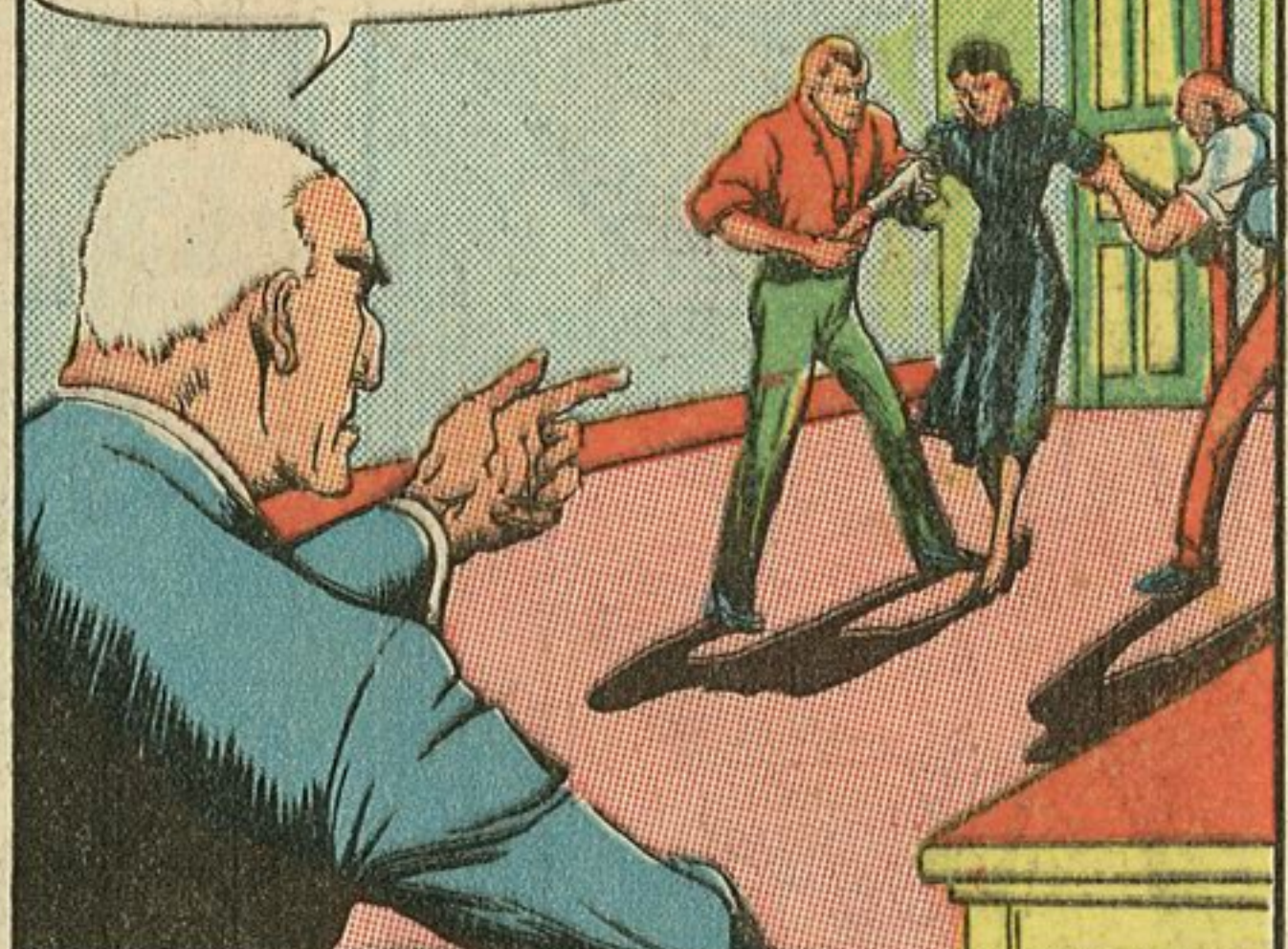
JUST THEN, THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN....

THIEVES! ROBBERS! THE LOWEST KIND OF CRIMINALS! YOUR GAME IS UP! YOU'RE GOING TO GIVE BACK ALL THE MONEY YOU STOLE FROM HELPLESS WIDOWS!



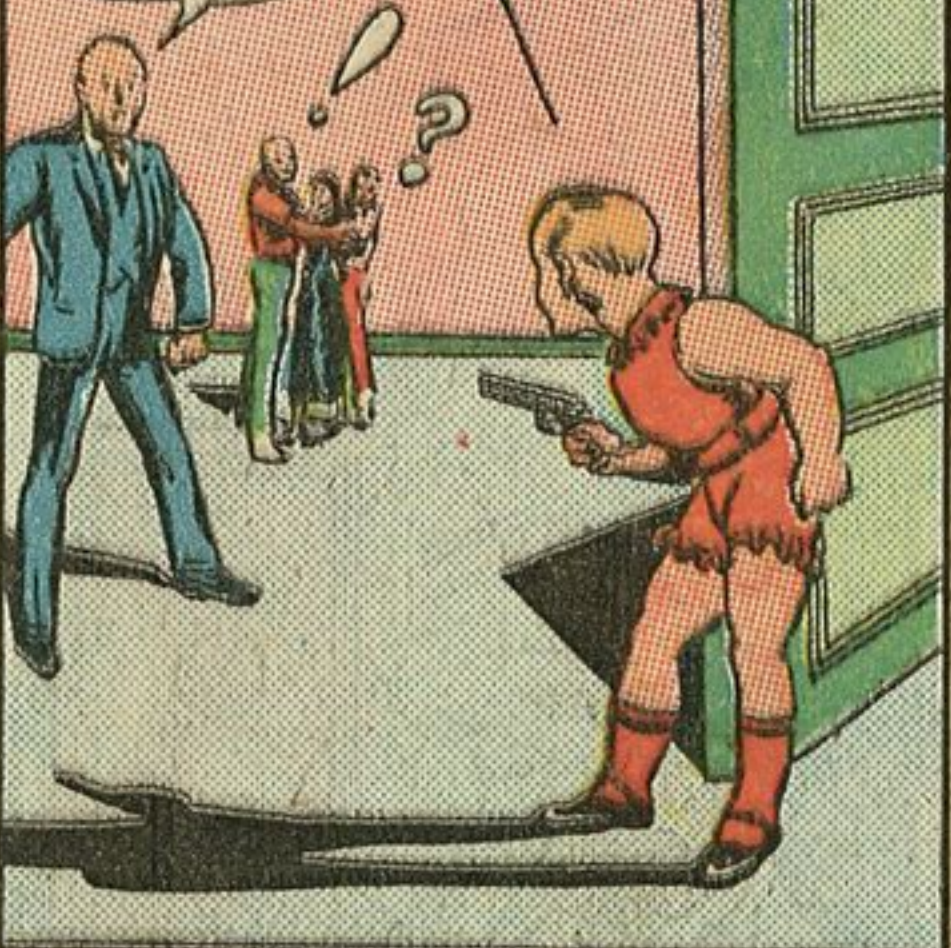
TIE HER UP! WE'LL SHOW HER WHAT WE DO WITH SQUAWKING FEMALES!

COME ALONG, JUNIOR DEAR!



OKAY, YOU LUGS, REACH FOR THE STARS!

WHY YOU...!



THE THUGS ARE ASTOUNDED!

DID DAT KID SAY DAT?

Y-YEAH! AN' HE MEANS BUSINESS!



SURE HE SAID IT!

WARREN BEGINS TOSSING "HER" VOICE...

LET MY WIFE ALONE, YOU MUGS, THIS IS JUKES TALKIN'!



HOLY CHEE!

SPOOKS!

YOU STOLE FROM HELPLESS WIDOWS!

YOU'RE GONNA PAY FOR THAT!



I'M COMIN' BACK TO HAUNT YOU!

AND ROCKY BURSTS IN....

I'M JIM JUKES! RETURN ALL THE MONEY YOU'VE STOLEN FROM WIDOWS AND ORPHANS!



THE CROOKS COWER IN MORTAL TERROR.

B-BOSS, IT'S A GHOST AND I AIN'T DREAMIN'!

PLEASE, MISTER! WE'LL DO IT, ONLY DON'T COME NEAR US!



THE TREMBLING LEADER BACKS TOWARD THE SAFE...

O.K. J-JUKES, I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU... JUST HOLD ON A SECOND!



NOW! PUT 'EM UP! I SEEN YOUR ACT ONCE, ON THE STAGE... STRONG MAN, YOU AIN'T NO GHOST! YOU'RE ROCKY HILL!



SUDDENLY, TINY LEAPS THROUGH THE AIR WITH THE SPEED OF A RIFLE BULLET...

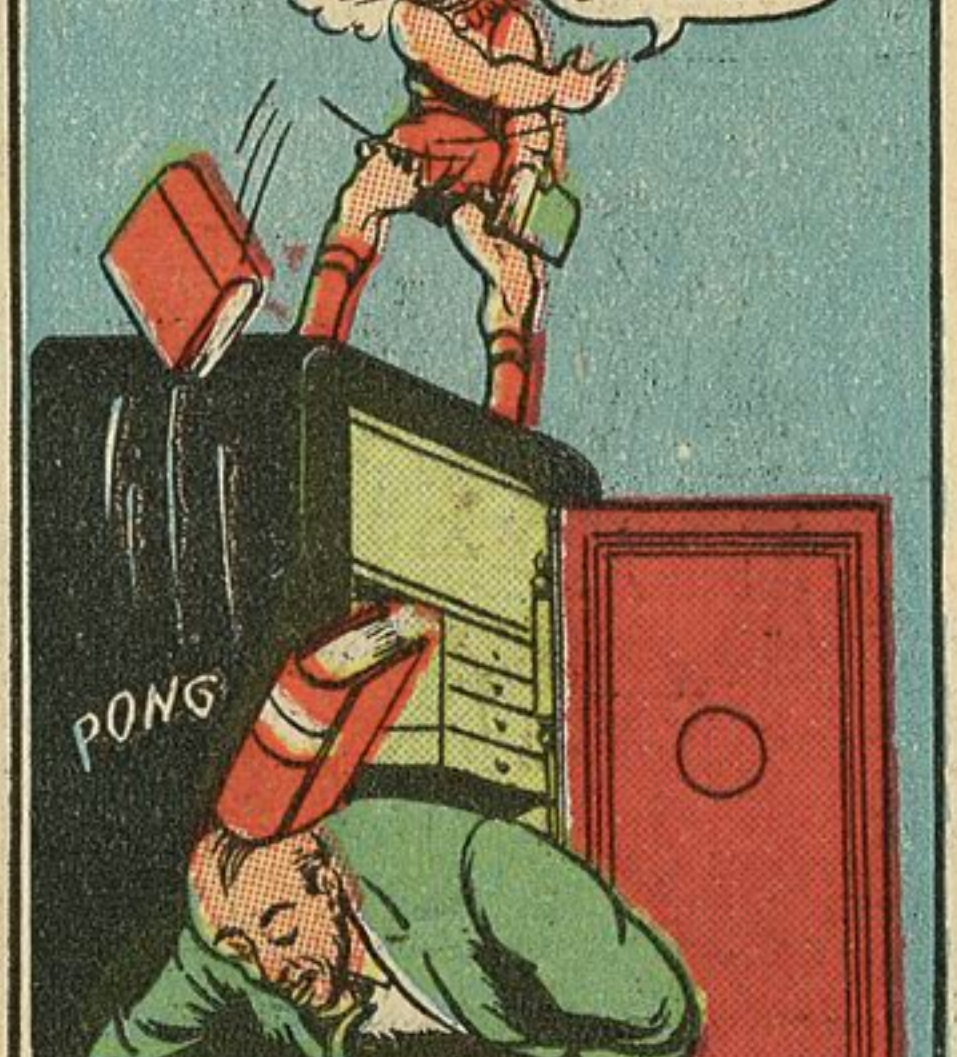


THE CROOKS ARE SOON ON THE RECEIVING END, AS THE PURPLE TRIO GOES INTO ACTION.

CURTAIN GOING DOWN ON THIS LITTLE ACT!



AND THIS IS MY CUE! I HOPE YOU'RE PLENTY "STAGE STRUCK!"



WITH THE MOB SUBDUED, WARREN REVEALS HIS IDENTITY...

SH-SHE'S A HE!



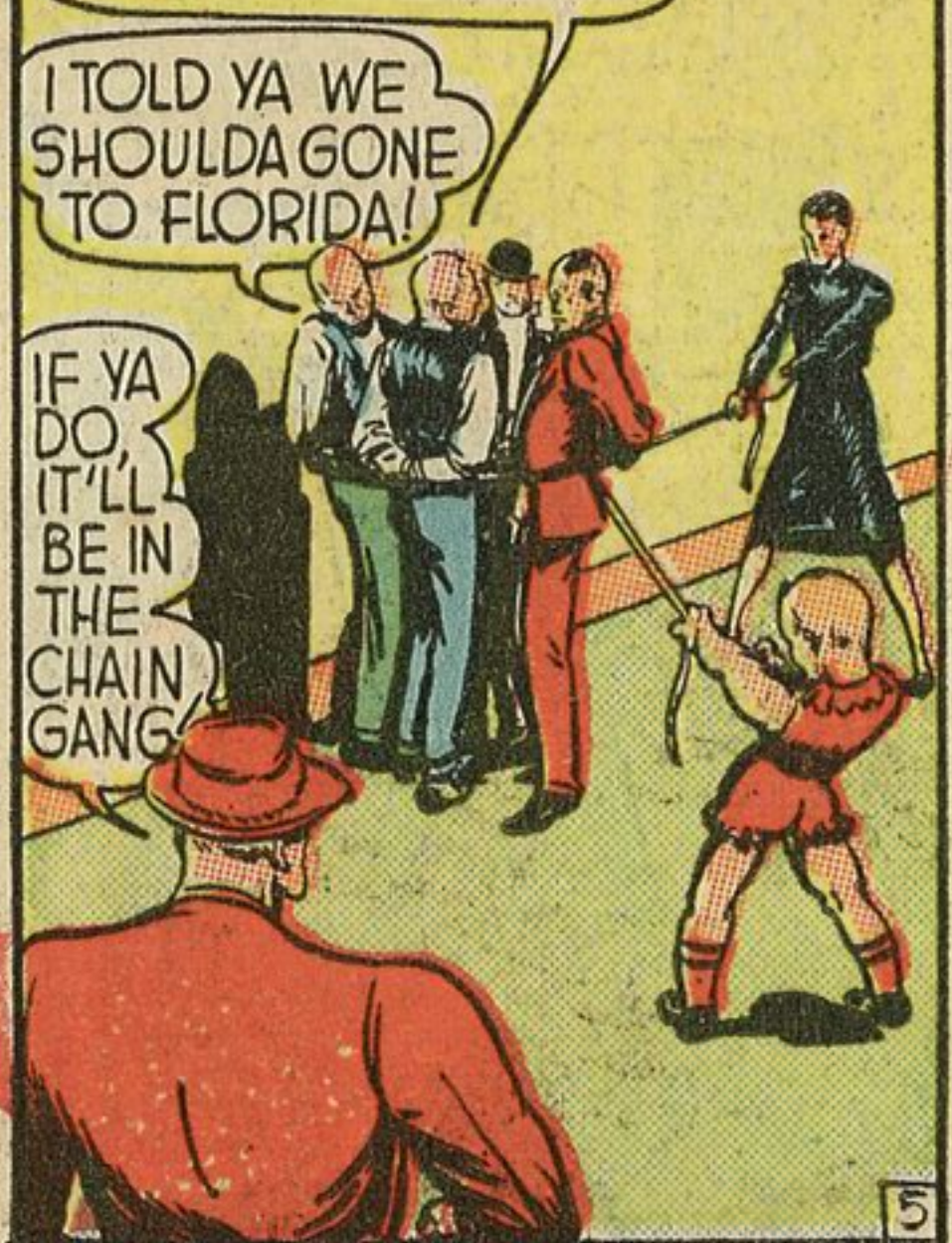
THAT'S RIGHT, WISE GUY! NOW TALK! WHERE'S THE DOUGH?

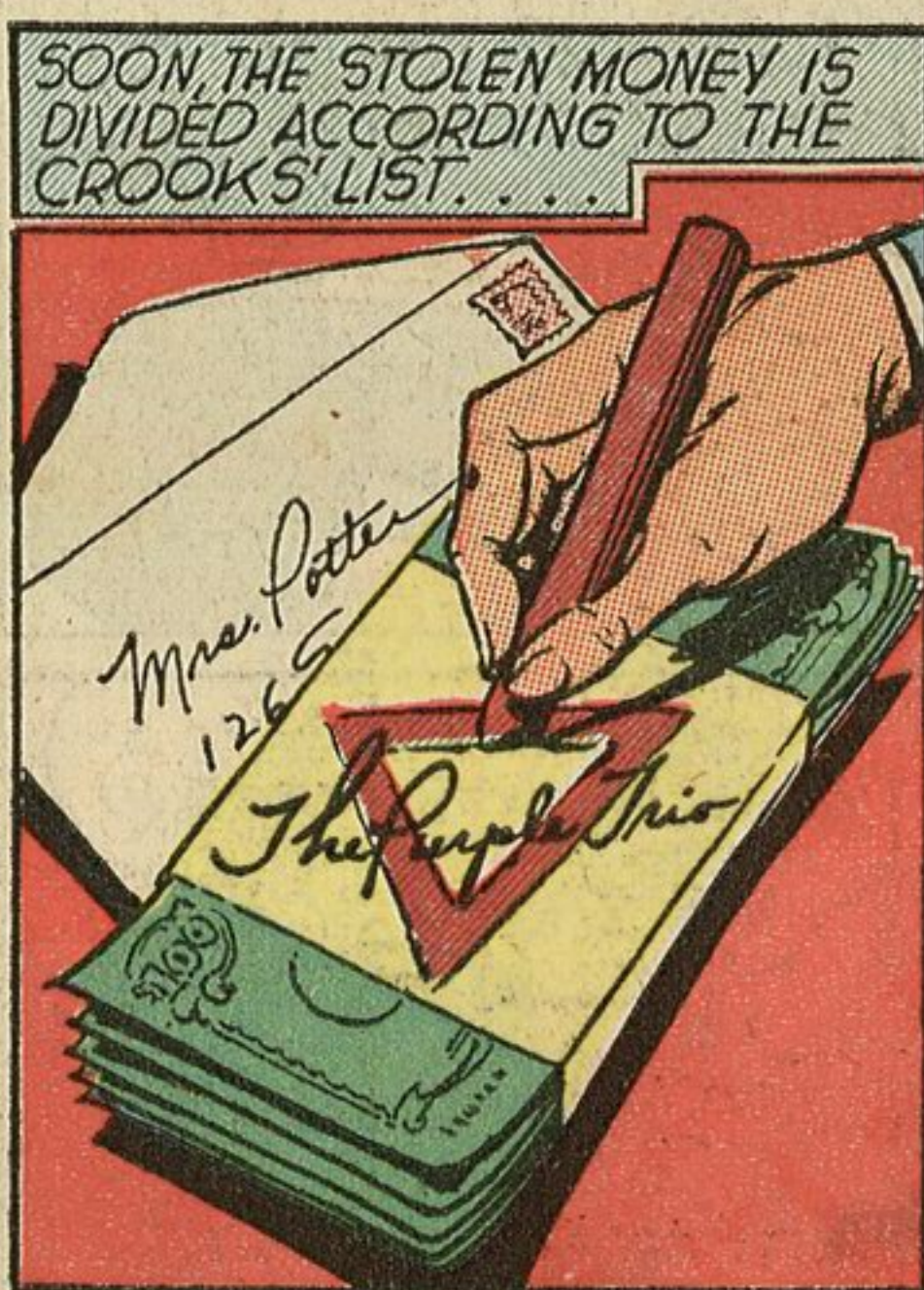
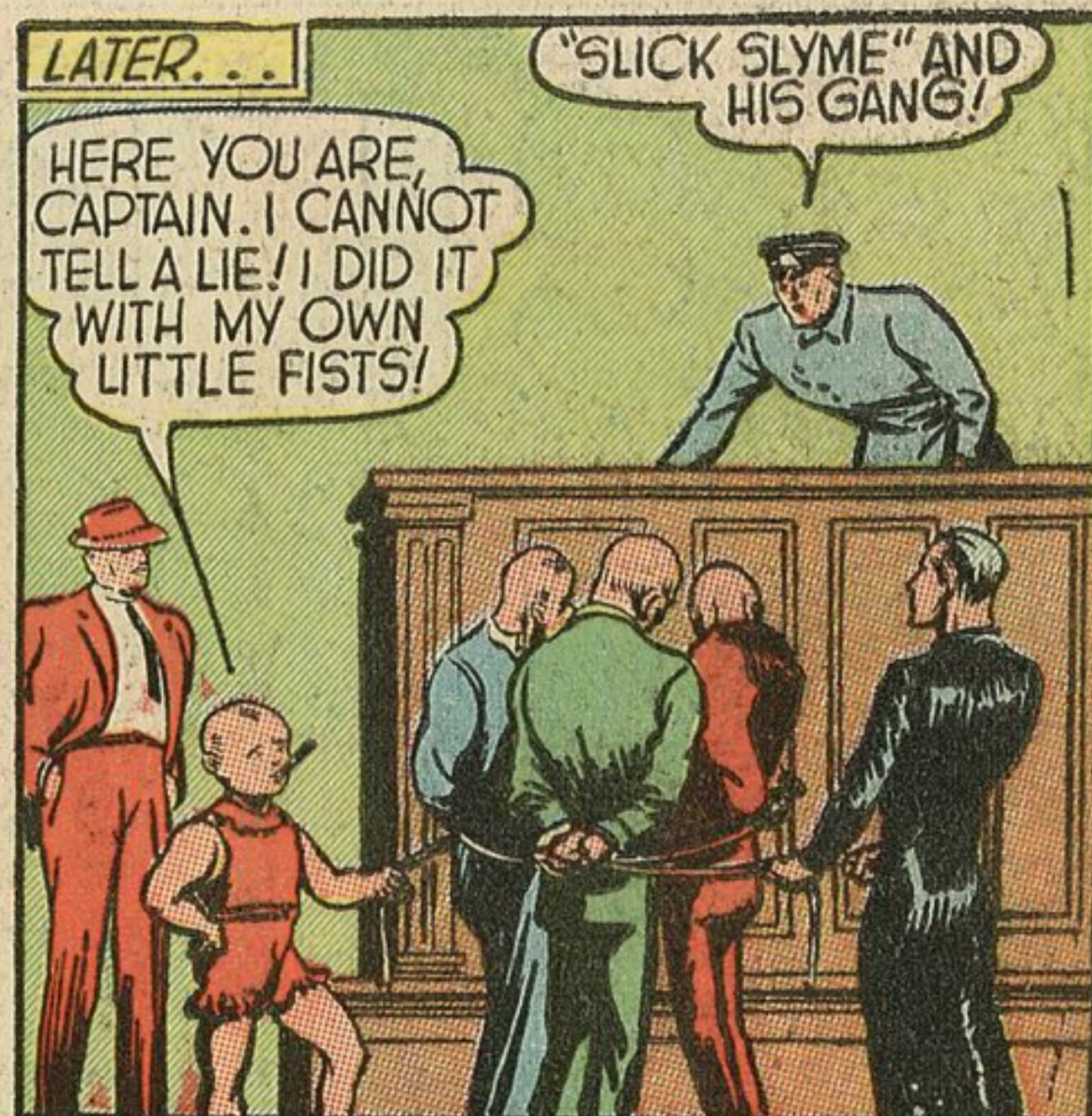
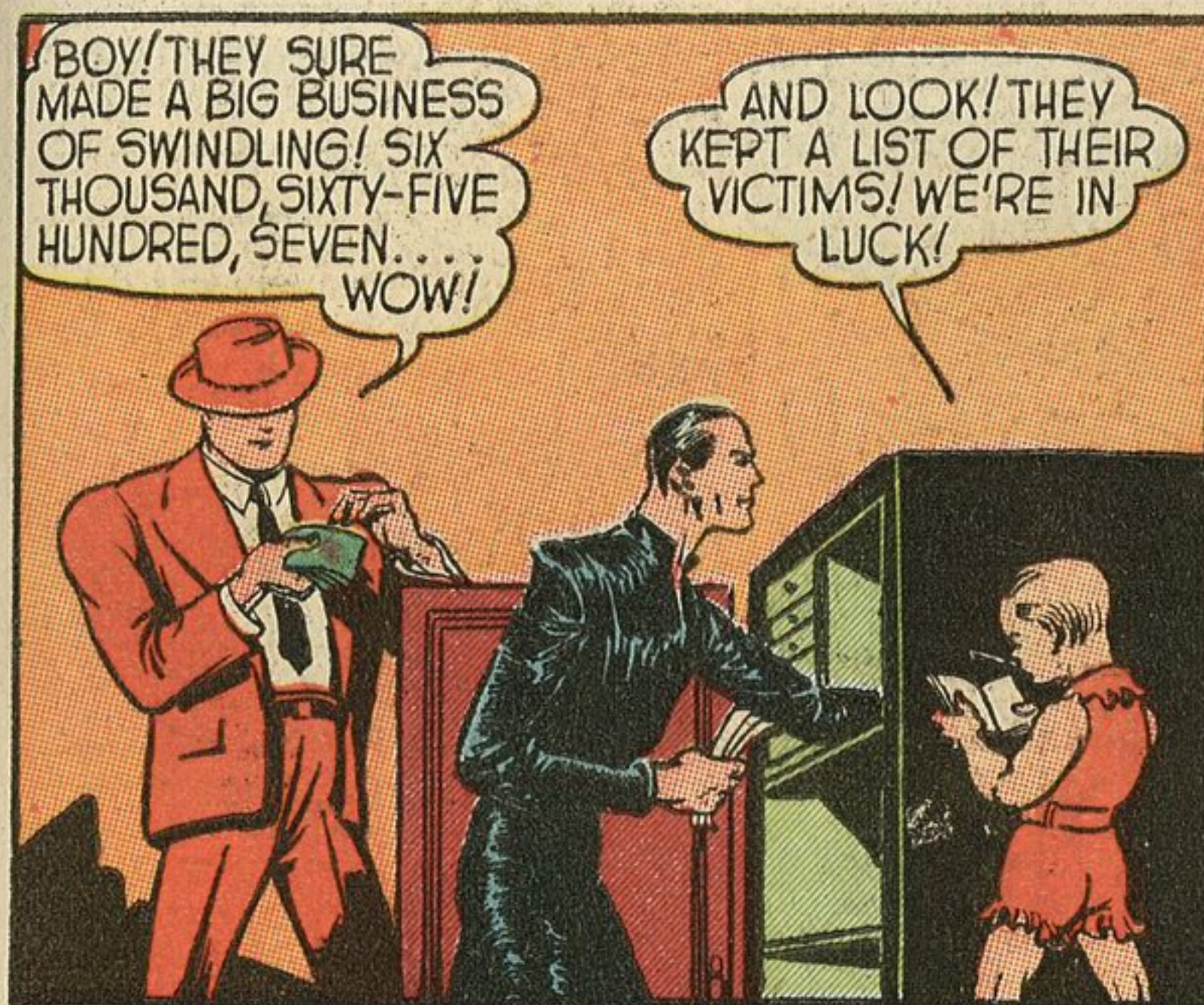


IT'S ALL IN THE SAFE!

I TOLD YA WE SHOULDA GONE TO FLORIDA!

IF YA DO, IT'LL BE IN THE CHAIN GANG!



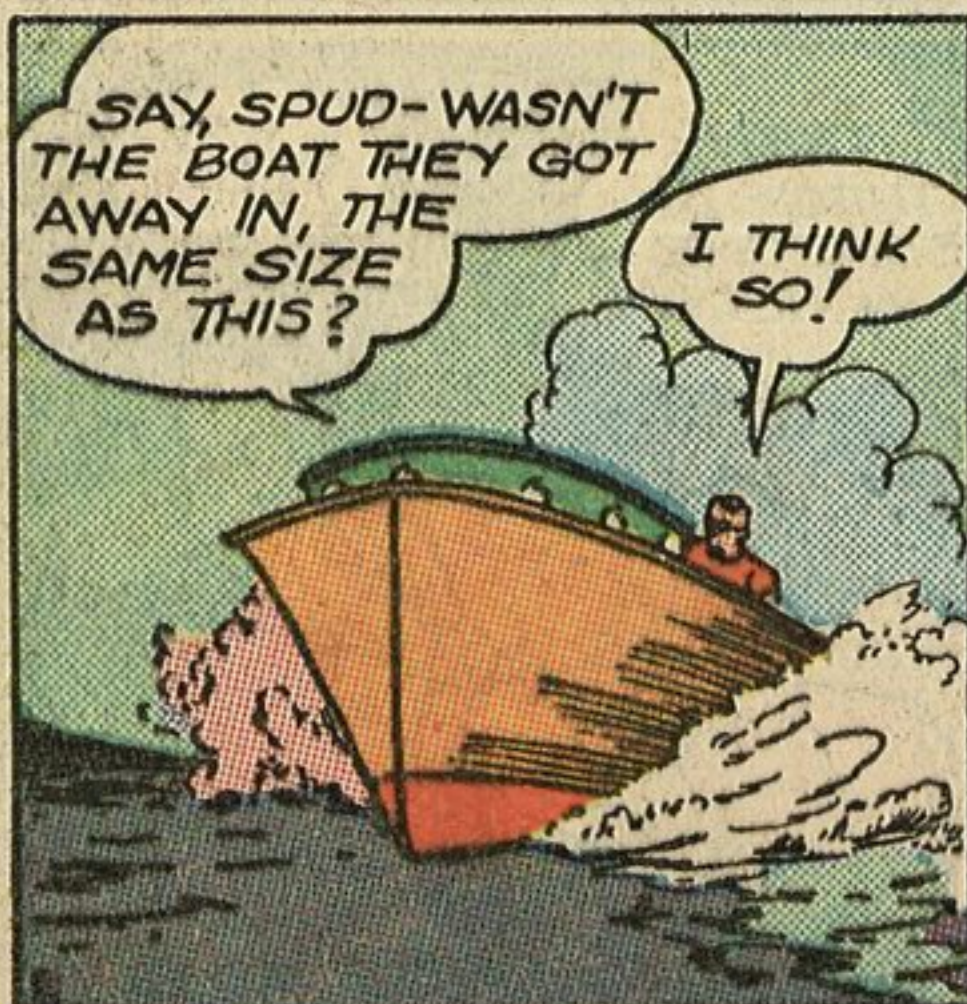
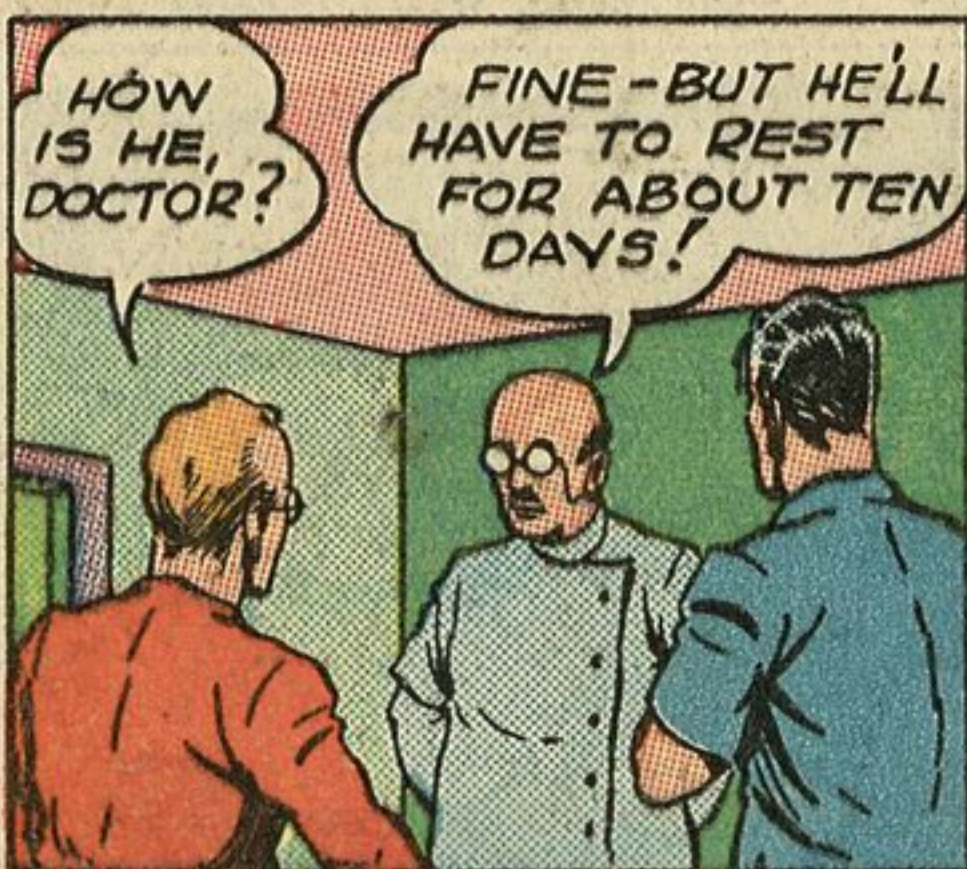


CLIP CHANCE



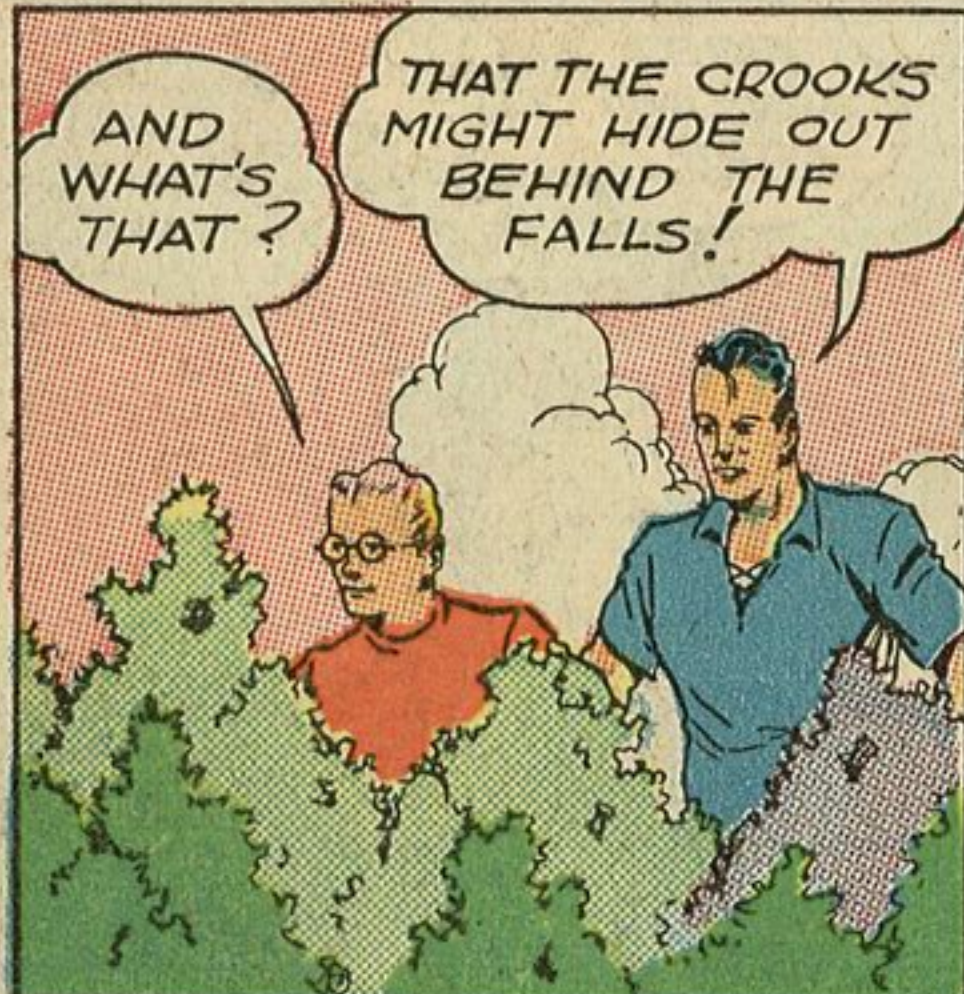
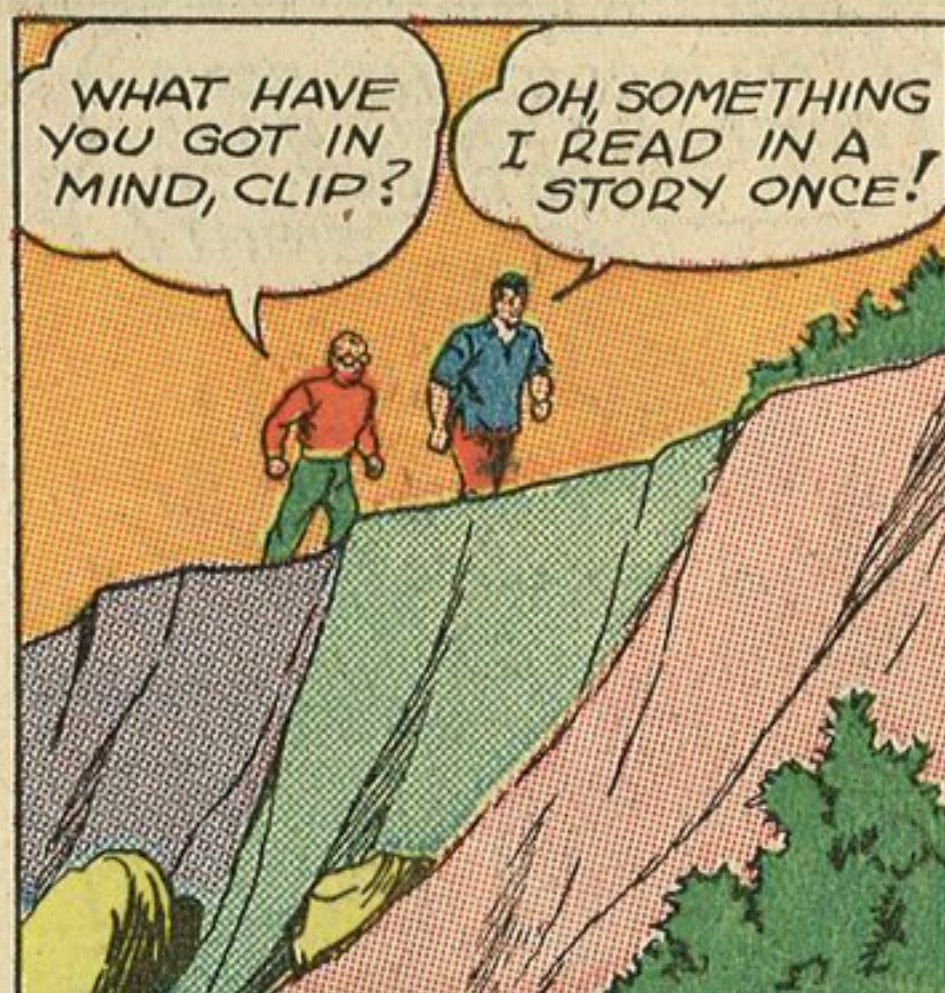


A HALF HOUR LATER---





THE BOAT SLOWLY WINDS ITS WAY UP THE STREAM---



THE TWO BOYS SLIP BEHIND THE CURTAIN OF WATER---



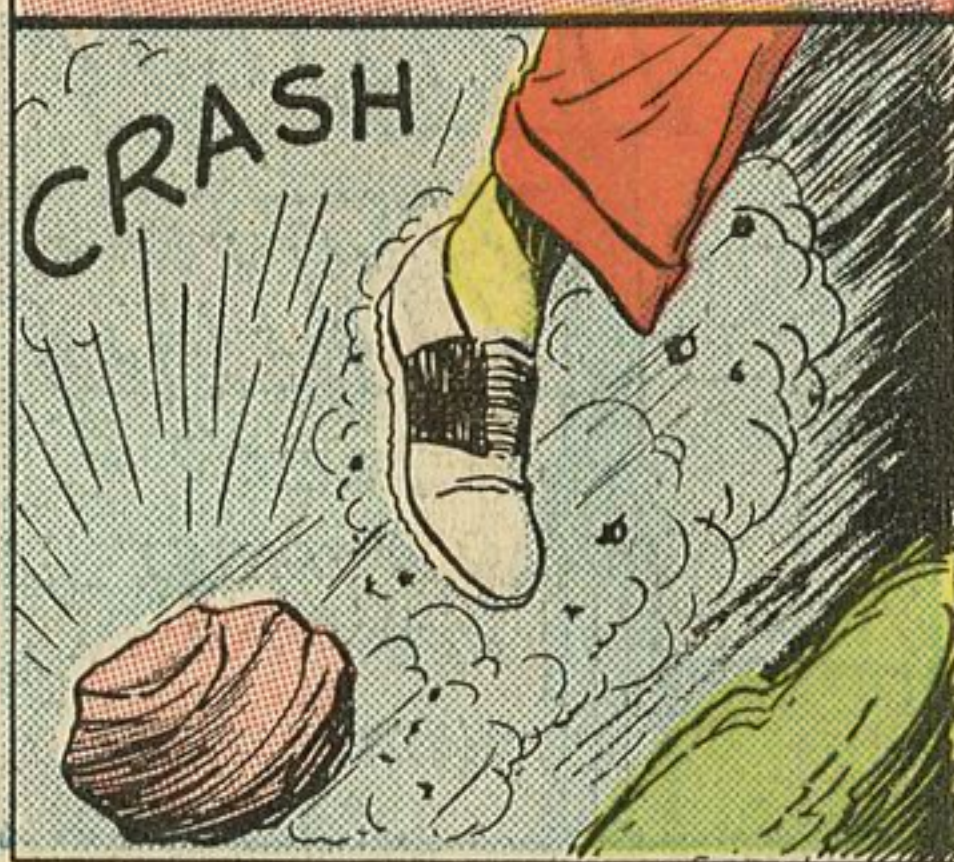
QUIETLY, CLIP AND SPUD GO DEEPER INTO THE MUSTY CAVE----



SPUD!--THERE THEY ARE-- LET'S GET CLOSER!



A SLIP OF CLIP'S FOOT SENDS A ROCK CRASHING DOWNWARD--



WHO'S THERE??-- COME OUT OR I'LL BLOW YA OUT!



SPUD, YOU STAY HERE, I'LL GO OUT, AND WHEN YOU GET THE CHANCE, DO SOMETHING-- ANYTHING!

BE CAREFUL, CLIP!



AH-- HELLO!

WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' IN HERE?



EXPLORING-- I TOOK A WALK AND--

PLUG HIM, GIPP-- HE SEEN TOO MUCH!



MEANWHILE, SPUD CREEPS NEARER TO THE CROOKS---

IF THIS ROCK MISSES ITS MARK, WE'RE DONE FOR!



THE FLYING STONE FINDS ITS MARK----



AND CLIP BEATS DOWN THE OTHER CROOK----



GEE, CLIP, IF I COULD DEVELOP THAT CONTROL I COULD PITCH FOR CLIFFSIDE NEXT SEASON-- DO YOU THINK THAT WAS A CURVE OR A DROP?

NEITHER! IT WAS A BEAN BALL, AND PITCHERS DON'T THROW THEM INTENTIONALLY!



LET'S TAKE THESE BIRDS TO CHUCK-- HE'LL APPRECIATE THEM MORE THAN HE WOULD FLOWERS OR FRUIT!



PHILPOT VEEP

FOILS
AN ALMOST
PERFECT
SWINDLE

HMM--
INTERESTING,
VERY
INTERESTING!

WHAT'S
INTERESTING,
PHILPOT?

THE **SUIT** THAT FELLOW'S
WEARING — IT'S A **PRISON-
MADE SUIT!**

AH! SO YOU THINK THE
FELLOW'S JUST BEEN
RELEASED,
EH?

LOOK, PHILPOT—
HE'S GOING
INTO THAT
LITTLE
BAKE
SHOP!

SO I SEE —
LET'S LOOK
INTO
THIS,
WALDO!

CAN Y'HAVE A HUNDRED
DOUGHNUTS BAKED
FOR ME?

A
HUNDRED
DOUGHNUTS?
SURE—THEY'LL
BE READY AT
NOON—

NOW, HE'S GOING
INTO THE
**CLOTHING
STORE**
NEXT TO
THE
BAKERY—

EXACTLY!
NO DOUBT
THAT LAD IS
UP TO
NO GOOD!

FIFTY BUCKS?—OKAY, I'LL
TAKE THE **SUIT**—BUT, FIRST
I WANT T'TAKE
A LOOK AT IT
OUTSIDE IN
THE
DAYLIGHT!

SAY, BAKER—YOU'RE SURE YOU'LL
HAVE THAT
HUNDRED
FOR ME AT
NOON
T'DAY?

OH--
POSITIVELY!

BAKERY

TAILOR

FINE — WILL YOU SEND
FIFTY IN HERE TO
O'COHEN--
WILL
YA?

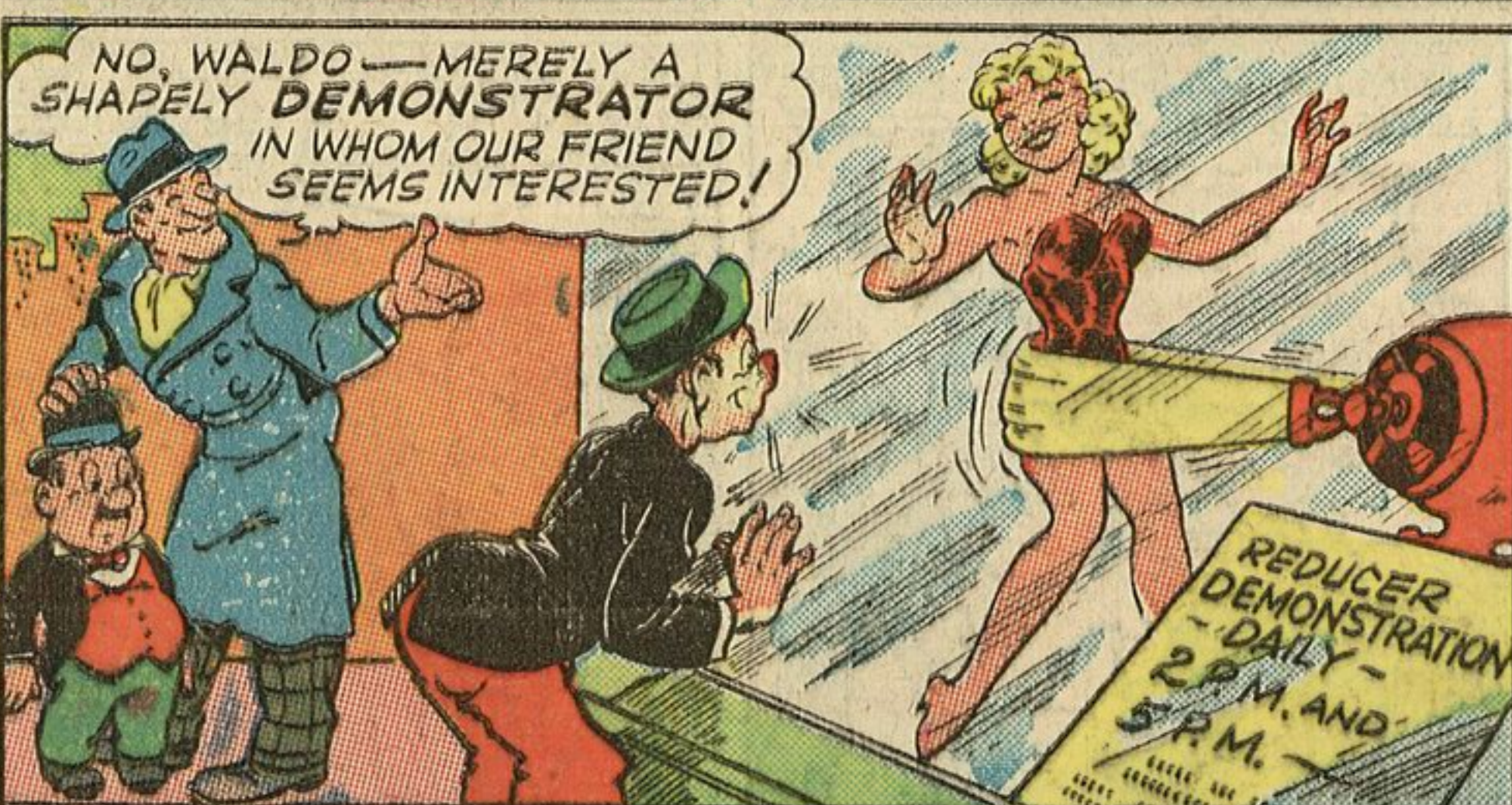
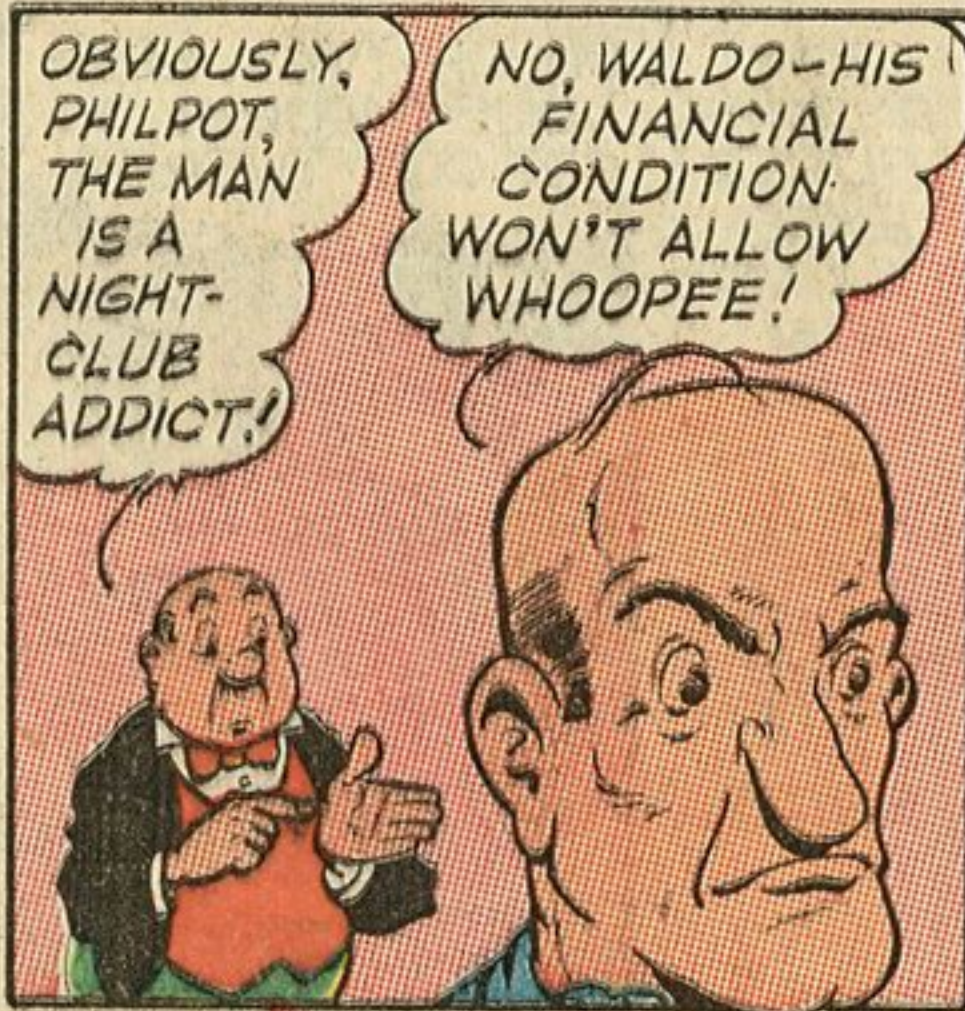
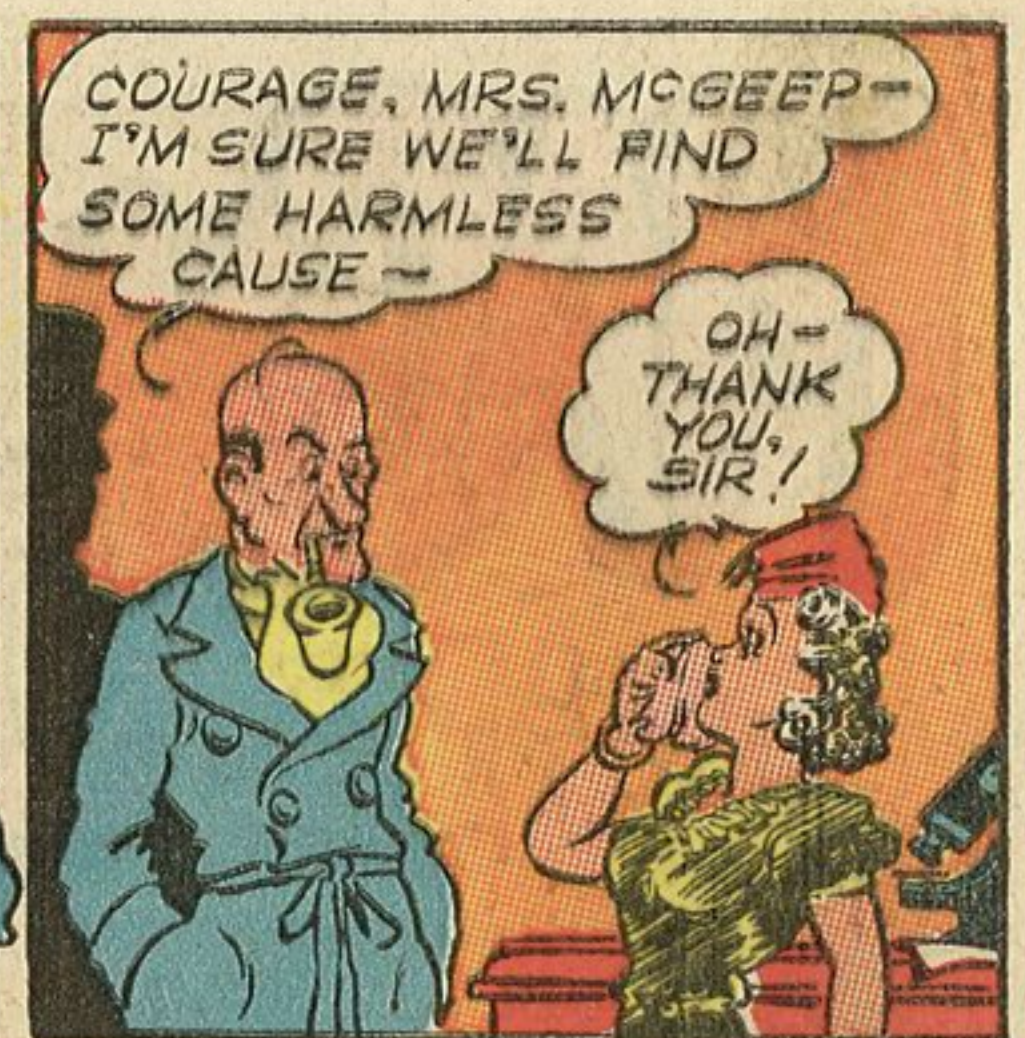
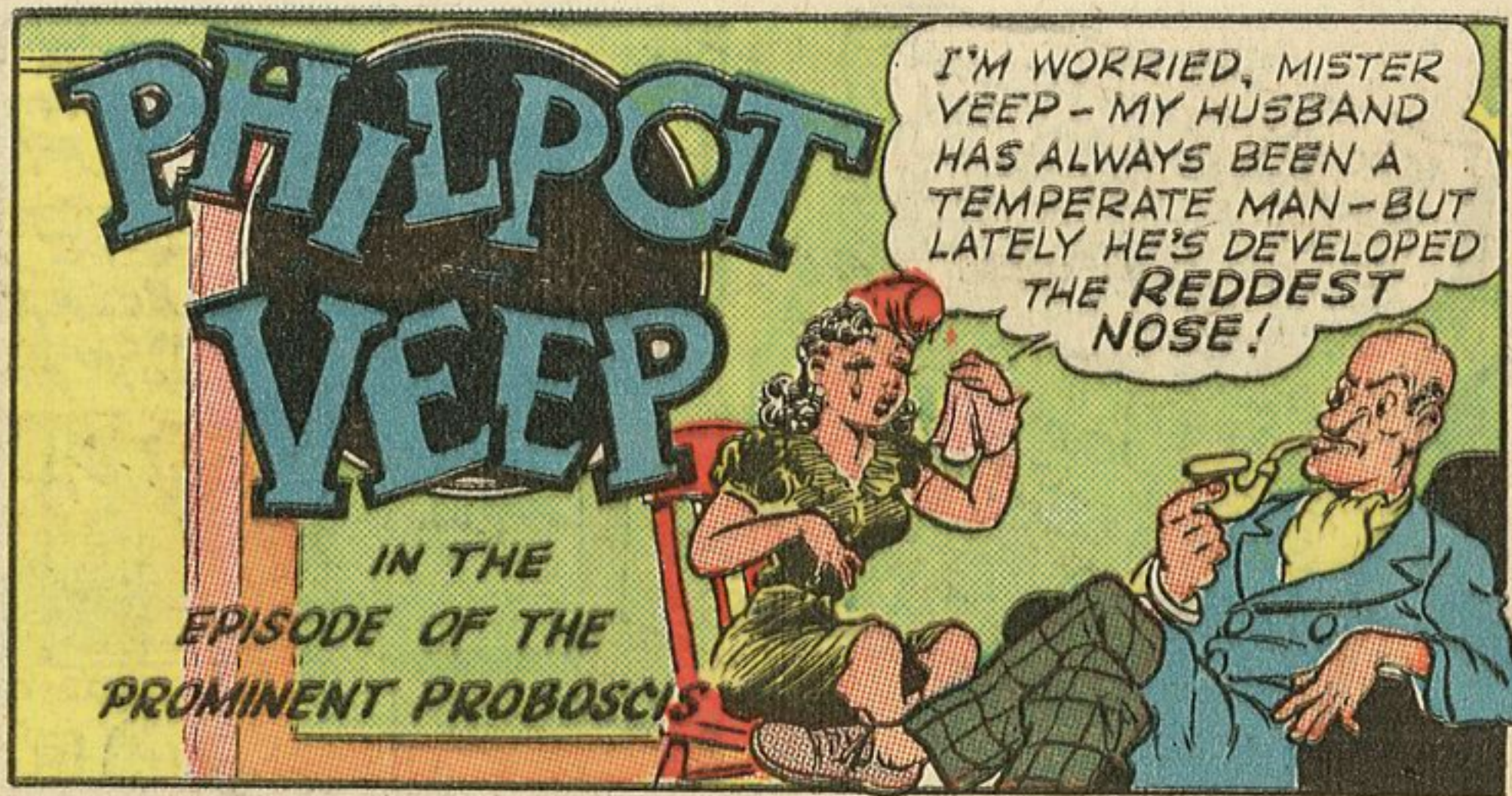
CERTAINLY!

PHILPOT.
HE'S
GOING
TO
PAY THE
TAILOR
OFF IN
**DOUGH-
NUTS!**

THAT'S WHAT **HE**
THINKS--
HELLO, SERGEANT--
SHOOT THE
WAGON TO ME,
SARG
BOY!

**POLICE
PATROL**

HOP IN, CHUM—YOU
LOOK MUCH
BETTER IN
STRIPES!!



MAGNO

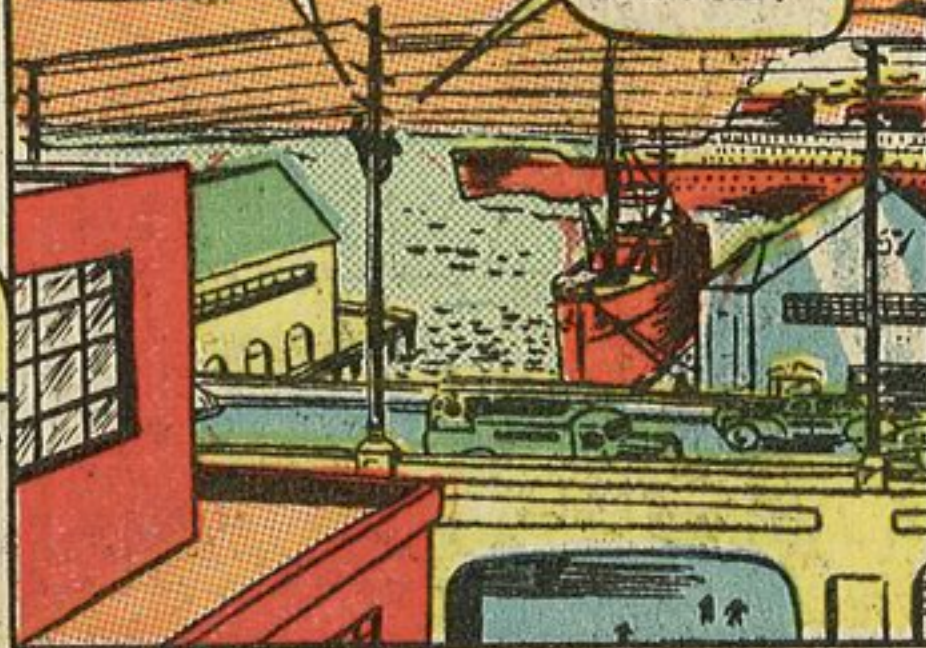
The MIRACLE MAN

BY PAUL GUSTAVSON

KNOWN TO HIS FELLOW WORKERS AS PLAIN TOM DALTON, A LINEMAN, BUT SECRETLY FIGHTING ALL CRIME AND EVIL IS MAGNO, A FABULOUS FIGURE... HIS AMAZING POWERS ARE THE RESULT OF HAVING BEEN ELECTROCUTED BY 10,000 D.C. VOLTS, THEN BEING SHOCKED BACK TO LIFE BY AN EQUAL CURRENT OF A.C. VOLTS!

TOM, I'LL BET YOU'D RATHER BE ON THAT SWELL SUPER-LINER THAN MONKEYIN' WITH POWER CABLES!

HUH? OH! YES.. SURE!



LOOKIT THAT BOAT! AIN'T SHE A HONEY? DALTON, YOU AIN'T LISTENIN'.. I NEVER SAW A GUY DREAM SO MUCH!



BUT NOW DALTON'S PIERCING EYES ARE FIXED SHARPLY ON THE DISTANT LINER....

HMM.. WHAT'S GOING ON OUT ON THAT BOAT?



FOR DALTON'S SUPER EYES BRING HIM WITHIN A FEW FEET OF THE BIG SHIP....

OH-OH-I'VE A NERVOUS IMPULSE TO GET OUT THERE!



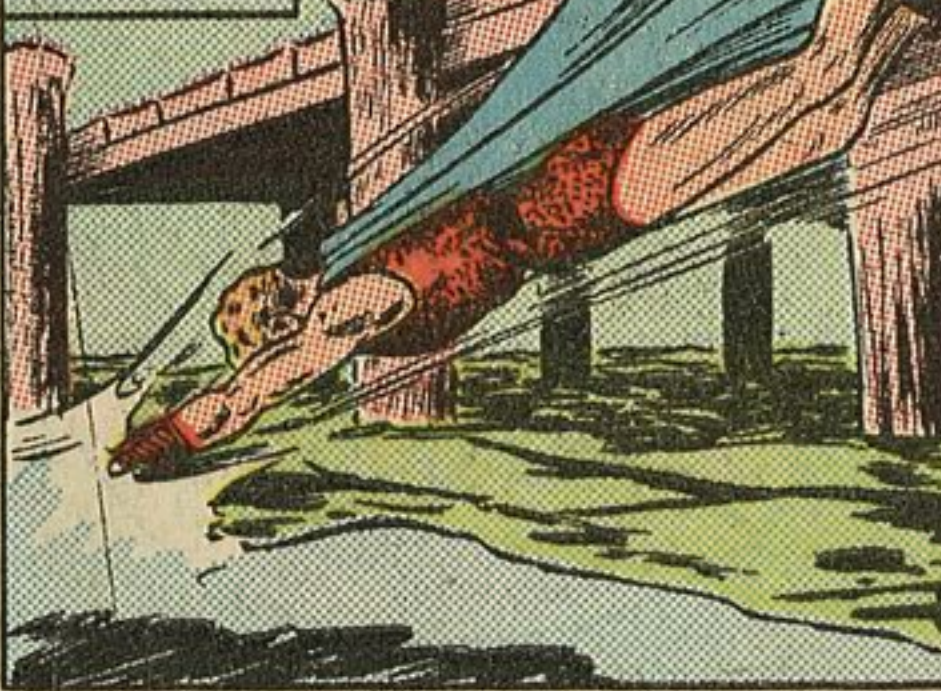
SAY, MR. HARVEY...CAN I STOP WORK FOR AWHILE? I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD..

OKAY

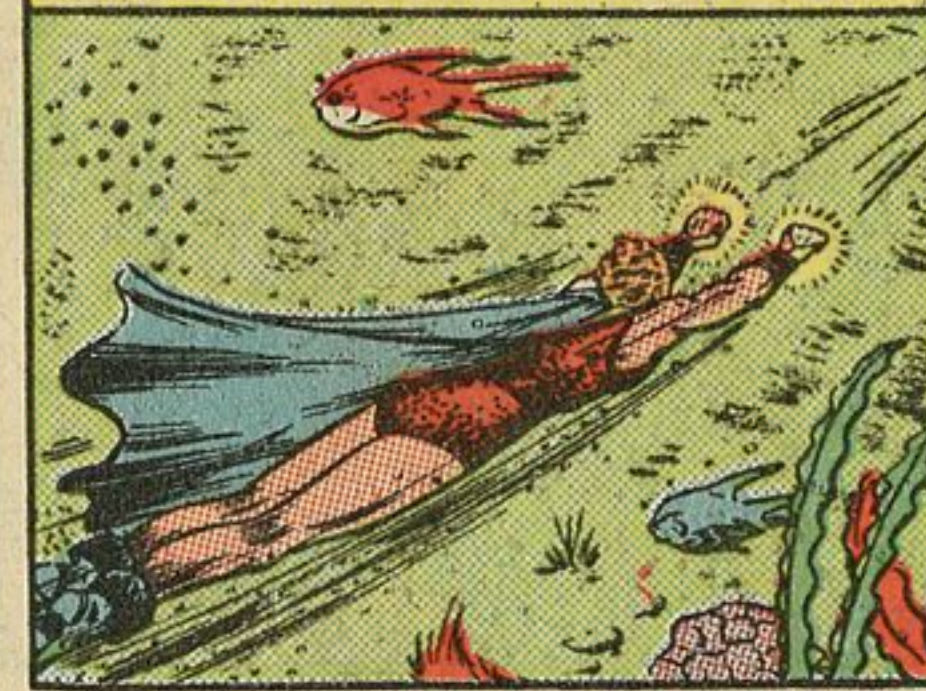
TOM.. BUT I NEVER SAW AS BAD A WEAKLING AS YER GETTIN' TO BE!



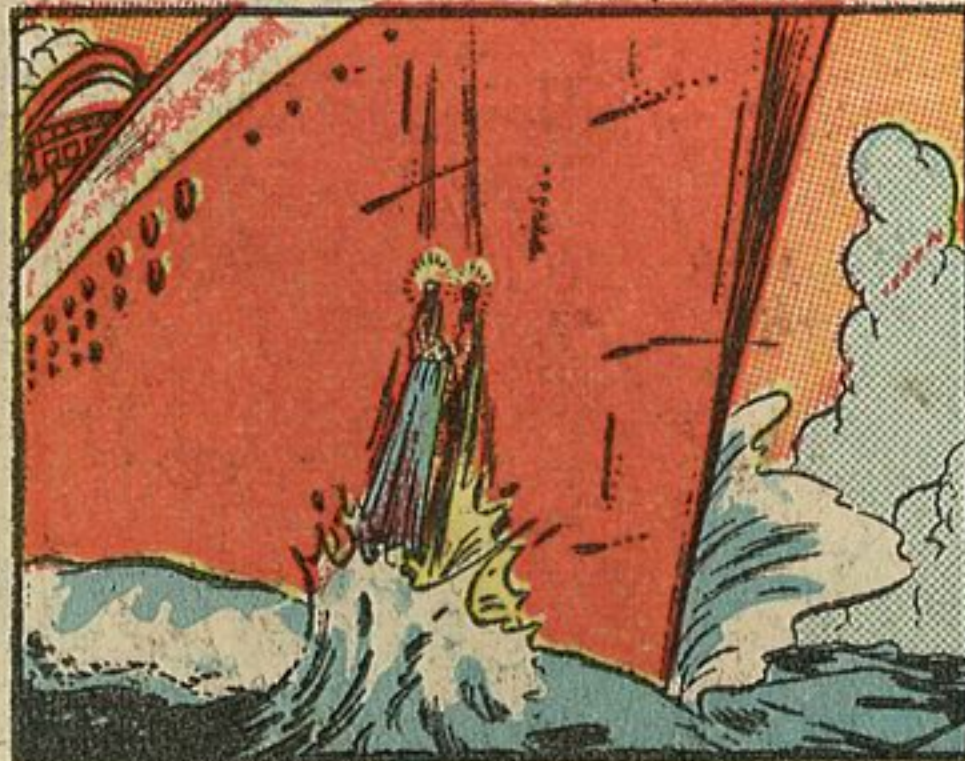
A FEW MOMENTS LATER DALTON HAS SHED HIS DRAB CLOTHES..AND AS THE GREAT MAGNO HE KNIFES INTO THE WATER...



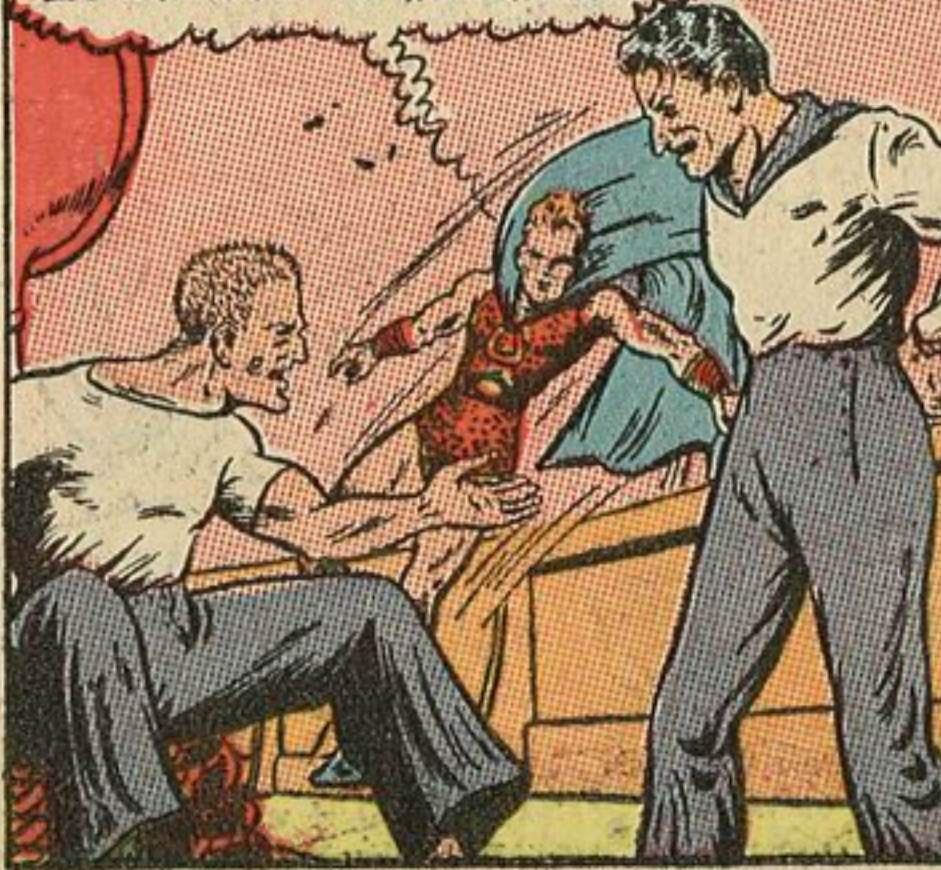
FACING THE BOAT, MAGNO'S ARMS SHOOT FORWARD... HIS HAND CLOSES ABOUT THE ENDS OF COILS ON HIS ARMS, CREATING A POWERFUL ELECTRO-MAGNET.



.. AND IN A FEW SECONDS HE SHOOTS TO THE LINER.. HAND-OVER-HAND THE CLIMB IS MADE TO THE DECK ABOVE....

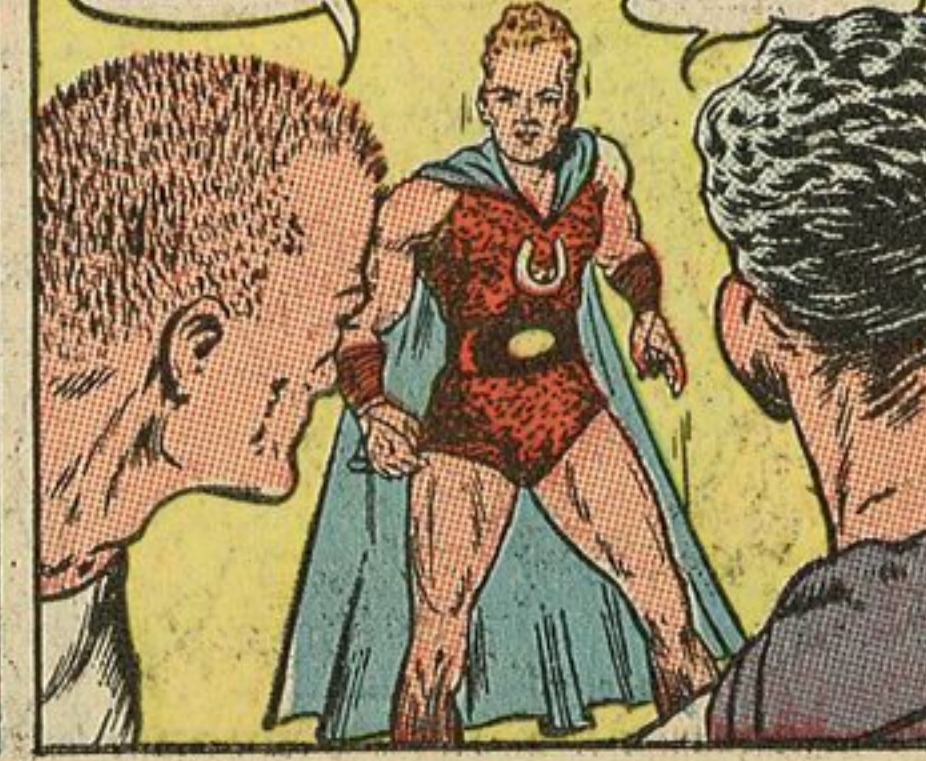


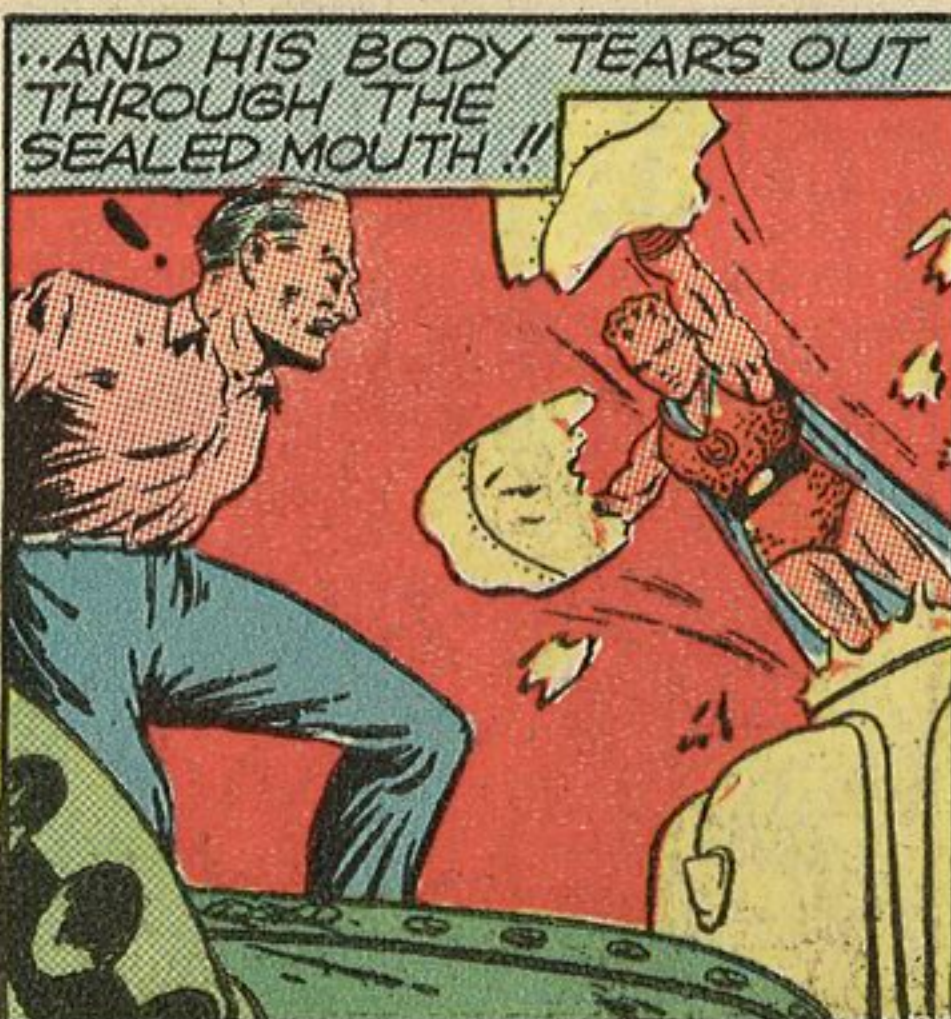
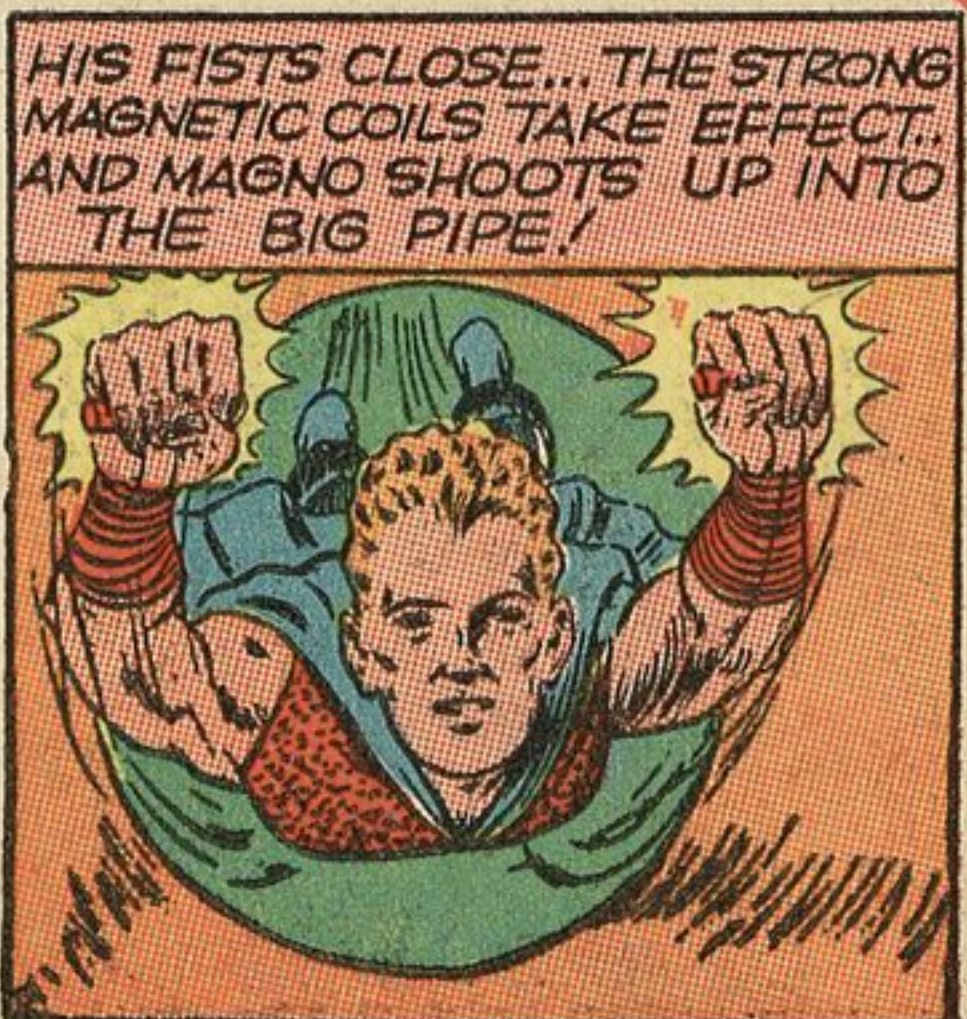
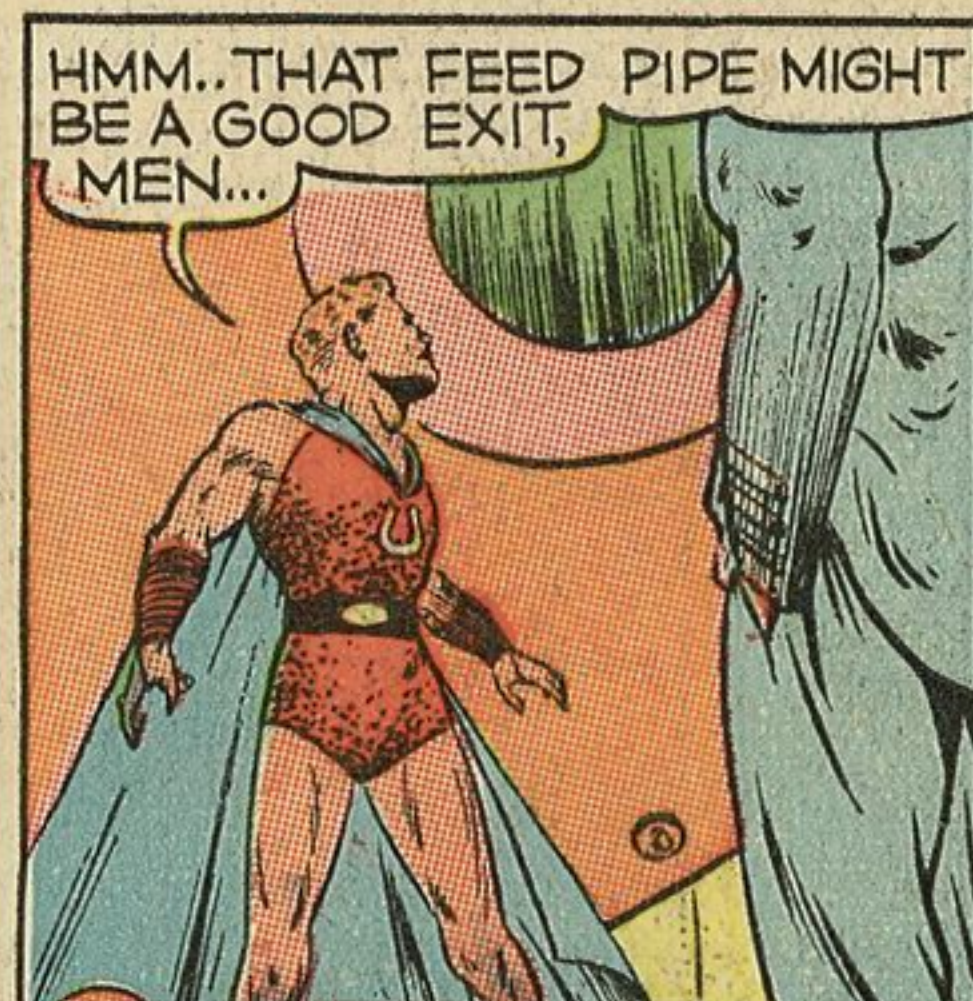
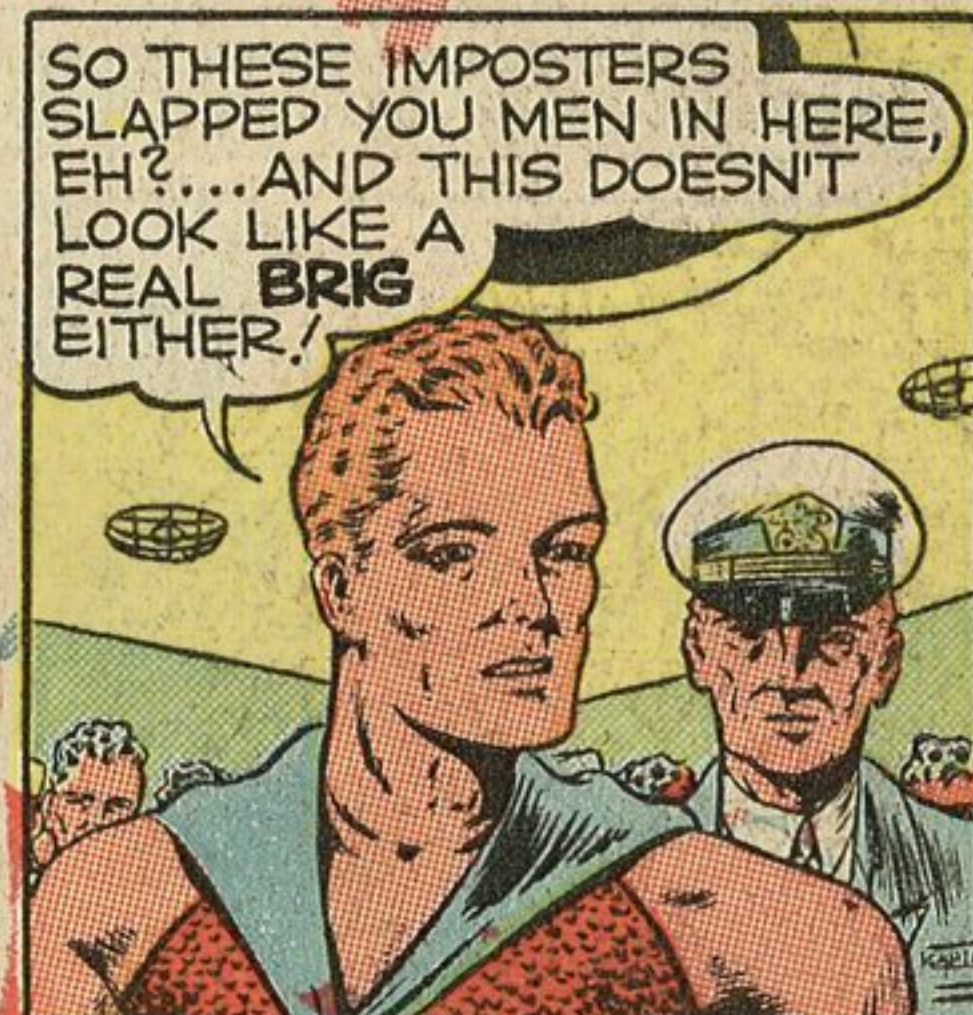
HMM.. A COUPLE OF HARD-LOOKING SAILORS...



HEY! WHO'S TH' GUY IN TH' FANCY MONKEY SUIT?

WHAT TH'!! LET'S TOSS 'IM IN TH' "DRINK"!

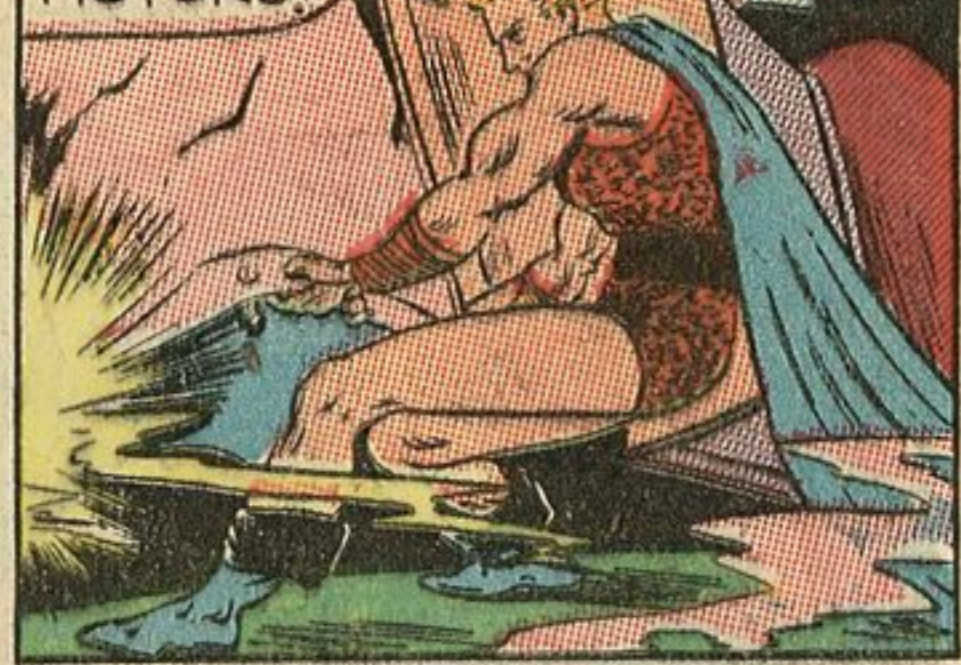




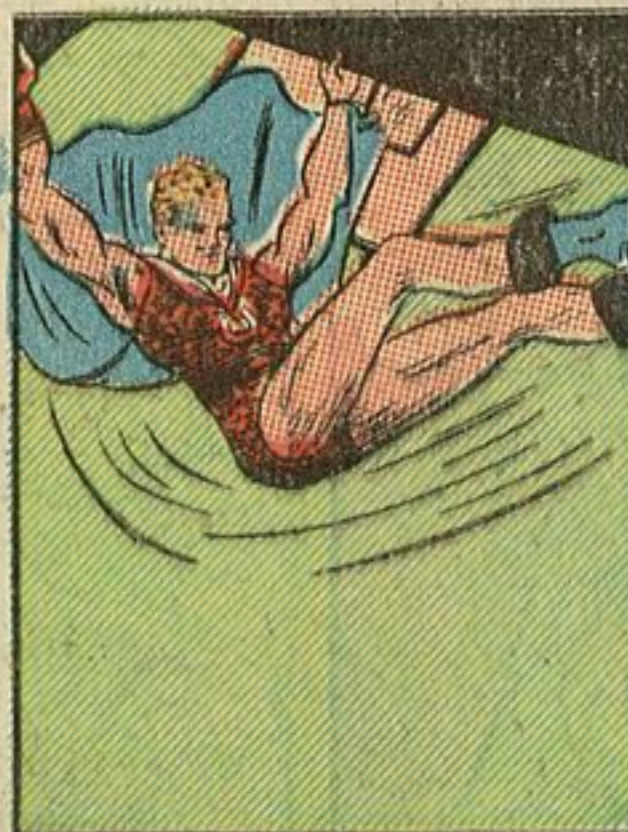
THE SAILOR FIRES AT MAGNO... BUT HIS SLUGS SPATTER AND FALL WHEN WITHIN A FOOT OF THE MIRACLE MAN, BECAUSE OF THE REPELLING FORCE AROUND HIS BODY!



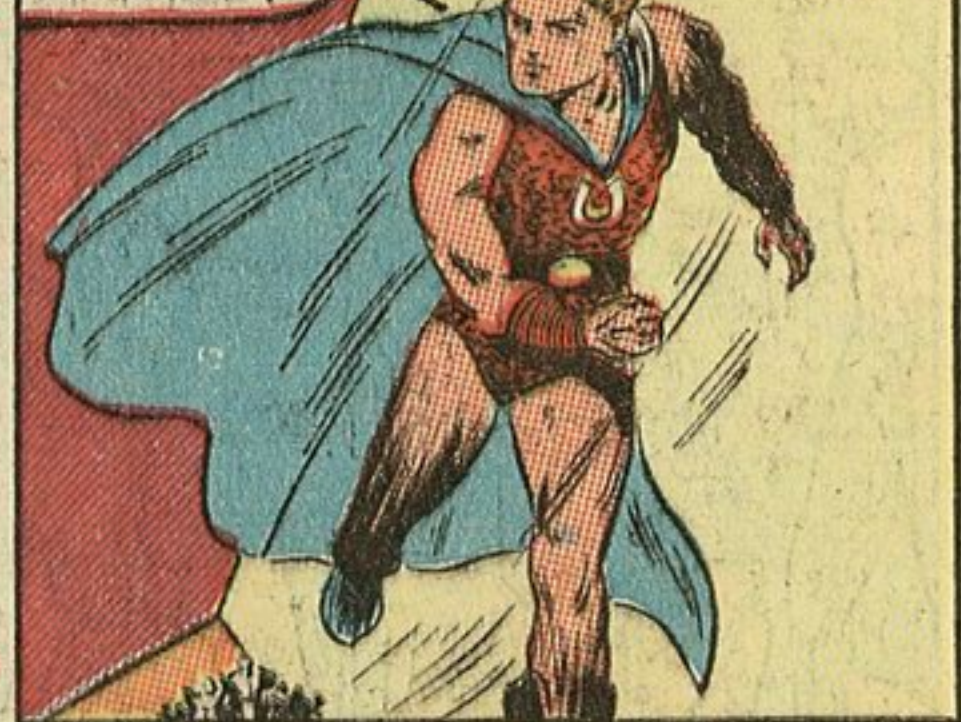
I'LL JUST MAKE SURE THESE CROOKS DON'T TRY TO DUMP THAT CREW IN THE RUBBAGE TRAPS... GOODBYE MOTORS!



AND SOON MAGNO IS BACK IN THE HOLD.. AND WITH HIS GREAT CRUSHING STRENGTH HE RELEASES THE REAL CREW.....



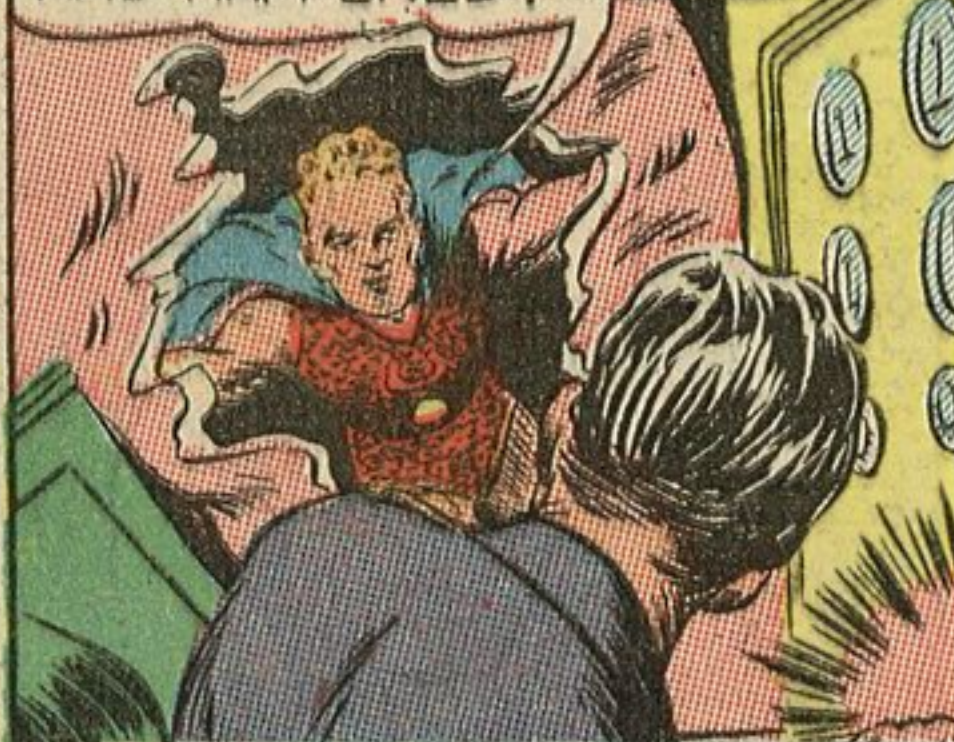
BE CAREFUL, MEN.. THESE CUT-THROAT THUGS IN CONTROL OF THE SHIP ARE WELL ARMED!



SOON THE FREED MEN FACE THE BOGUS OFFICERS AND CREW.



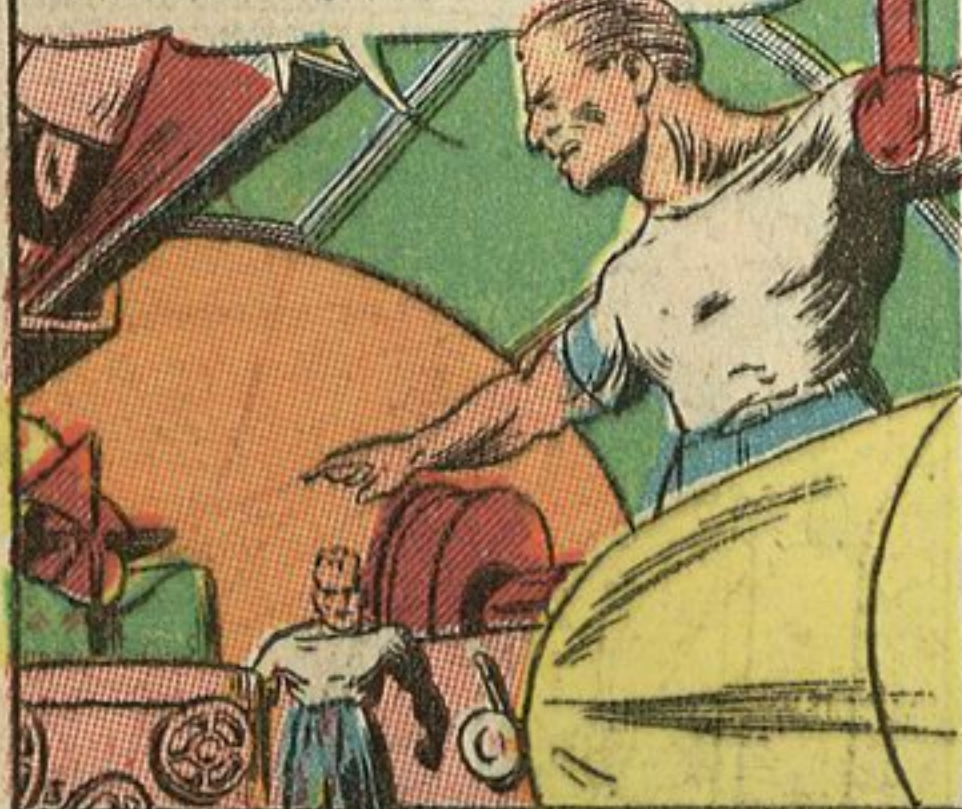
BETTER HOLD THAT MESSAGE ... SO YOU CAN TELL YOUR CROOKED BOSS ALL THAT HAS HAPPENED!



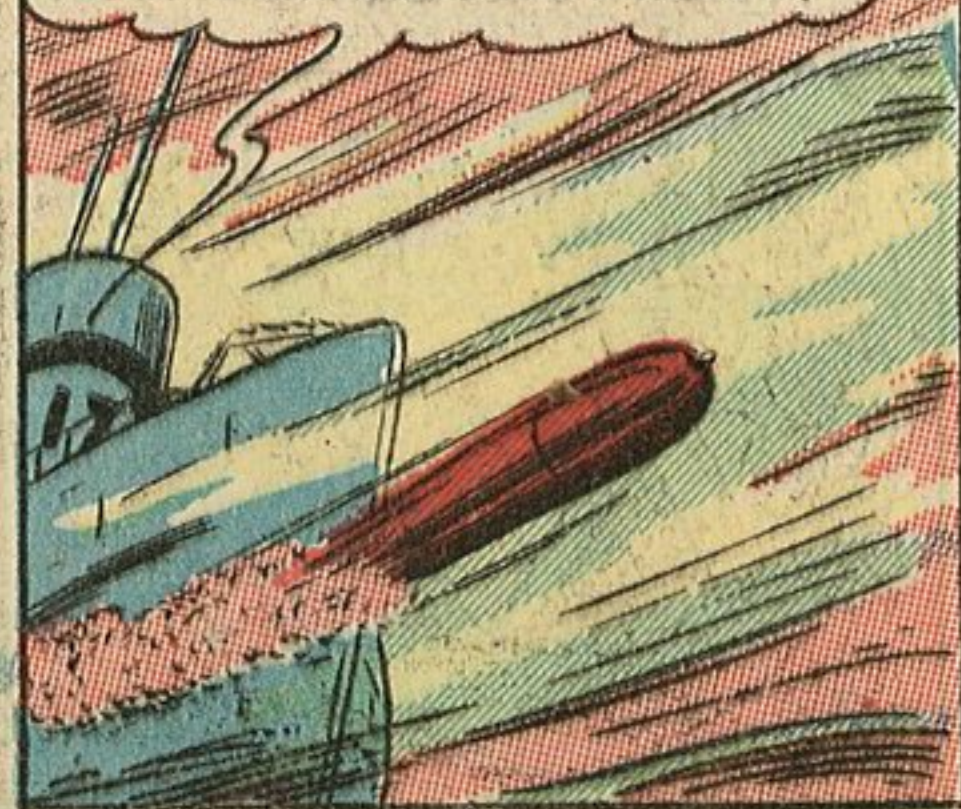
BUT THE IMPORTANT PART OF THE MESSAGE HAS GONE OUT OVER THE SEA, TO BE PICKED UP BY A LURKING SUBMARINE.



ORDERS!! GET TORPEDO TUBE NUMBER FOUR READY.... STAND BY....



THERE GOES OUR HOPES OF EVER POSSESSING THAT SHIP FOR OUR GOVERNMENT!



BUT MAGNO'S SUPERIOR EYES
SIGHT THE ONCOMING TORPEDO!

LOOKS LIKE I MUST GET
WET IN OLE MAN OCEAN
AGAIN!!

IT'S A SHAME TO SPOIL THAT
SUB'S FUN....SUCH GOOD
CLEAN FUN" TOO!

TERROR GRIPS THOSE ABOARD
THE LINER AS THE MISSILE
OF DEATH DRAWS NEAR...

EEOWW!

C'MON, BABY! THIS WAY.. AND
TAKE THE DEADLY GLEAM OUT
OF YOUR EYE!

SUDDENLY THE TORPEDO BREAKS
FROM ITS COURSE AND TURNS
SHARPLY TOWARD MAGNO!!

WHAT'S THIS??!! MAGNO IS NOW
ASTRIDE THE TORPEDO AND...

NOW—TO HEAD LI'L BERTHA
BACK WHERE SHE CAME
FROM....

YIPPEEEEE!! RIDE
'IM COWBOY!

WHILE IN THE SUBMARINE...
NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE!!
T-THE TORPEDO IS COMING
BACK AT
US!!

WHAT?!!

SO LONG PAL..DO YOUR DUTY..
THIS IS WHERE I GET
OFF!

HA!! THAT'S **ONE** TORPEDO
THAT SUB SHOULDN'T HAVE
FIRED!

AS THE U-BOAT GOES DOWN,
MAGNO STREAKS FOR SHORE..
HMM.. AND MAYBE MY LINE-
BOSS COULD'VE TOLD ME A
BETTER WAY TO
DO IT....

NEXT
DAY

SAY TOM...MAYBE WHAT
YOUR FRAIL HEALTH
NEEDS IS A
LITTLE EXCITE-
MENT...NOW, WHEN
I WAS A YOUNG
MAN I....

MAYBE
YOU'VE
GOT SOME-
THING THERE,
MR. HARVEY
!!

KICKBACK

By Robert M. Hyatt



Tobe Waller, grizzled, sun-dried old desert rat, urged his lead burro along with a kindly word and breathed a sigh of relief when he sighted the cabin.

"Be thar in a jiffy, Lizzie," he told the lazy burro. "You an' Paddy an' Mike'll soon be chawin' hay; me an' Tony'll put away some flapjacks an' beans an' mebbe a hunk o' pork."

The old man grinned in anticipation and observed aloud, "Hope Tony has the coffee b'ilin'." Then his thoughts centered about the strange character he had picked up off the desert a few weeks before.

"Funny feller, Tony. Been actin' kinda queer o' late. Homesick, mebbe. But he says he ain't got a home. Orter get out more. Jest sits thar in th' shack an' mopes. Wisht I cud pull him outa th' dumps."

Tony, at the moment, was glowering out of a window of the shack. His gaze wandered down across the dreary waste of sun-blasted alkali flats, which in turn met at the feet of the blistered Funeral Range.

"Death Valley!" he snarled. "Yeah, death, all right! The jumpin' off place, if there ever was one! Well, not for me after tonight!"

Tony Santelli spat out a curse and stomped on a frightened lizard that darted across the adobe floor.

"Yeah, after tonight," he went on, "I'm *Mister Santelli*! No more of this hidin' out in the sticks! Me

for the big city—and some easy livin'!"

Tony had it all planned out. Tonight, after he had attended to a little job, he would be ten thousand in gold richer. It was hidden in the fireplace. Old Tobe's nest-egg.

"What good is the old buzzard?" Tony asked himself. "He'll live an' die out here—and nobody'll get any good out of the dough. Ten grand! Not a lot, but still not to be sneezed at either!"

"Course the old coot's balmy," Tony said to the open window. "Always talkin' about the big strike he's goin' to make... Hunh, there he comes now."

Tony hurriedly put the coffee pot on the fire, then he got flour, lard and salt and began preparing flapjacks.

Old Tobe hobbled his burros and came into the shack, grinning.

"Hi'ya, son!" he greeted. "How'd it go today?"

"How's it go any day?" Tony snapped.

"Cheer up, lad," Tobe consoled. "I nicked some color today that shore looks good. Lightin' out to-morrer to make tests. How'd you like to come along? Be a nice ja'nt fer ye. If she proves what I think she will, yer in—fer half!"

"Nuts!" growled Tony under his breath. "I'm in anyway—only you don't know it!" Aloud he said, "Say, maybe I'll take you up on

that; gettin' kinda tired stickin' around here alone."

Tony affected a merry manner during dinner as old Tobe related the story of how he found the "big vein." After smoking his pipe for a few minutes, the old man retired to his bunk and was soon snoring peacefully.

This was the moment Tony had been waiting for. With cat-like stillness, he drew a battered suitcase from under Tobe's bunk and took from it an antiquated .45. Carefully, he broke the ancient Colt open. It hadn't been fired in years. A single cartridge remained in the magazine; it was heavily imbedded in verdigris and corroded tightly in its chamber.

"Naw," said Tony softly. "Can't chance that slug. Liable to blow the whole gat apart—if it fires at all." He shoved the pistol inside his shirt and went to his own bunk. From beneath the mattress he drew a shiny .45 automatic. Then, stepping softly, he returned to Tobe's bunk. Moonlight streamed in the window, lighting up the old man's face in its childlike repose.

Tony wasted no time. Pulling the covers down a bit, he held the muzzle of the gun just over the old man's heart and pulled the trigger.

It required only a moment to



withdraw the brick from the fireplace and deposit the heavy sack of gold to the compartments in his money belt. But he was not satisfied. This must look like suicide. Ah, yes!

Going to the window, he took old Tobe's gun and tied it securely to the frame. Then, tying a piece of string to the trigger, he backed off a few paces and jerked. A deafening roar shook the cabin. When the smoke cleared, Tony was delighted to see that the explosion hadn't blown the gun to bits. Now indeed he had staged the perfect crime!

He removed the hot gun and, going to the dead man's bunk, put it into the stiffening hand.

With a grim chuckle, he left the cabin. He would complete the job, he resolved. He would ride into Funeral Junction and report the "suicide" to Jeff Weathers, the sheriff.

He got the saddle on old Lizzie and started off. Dawn was breaking when he reached the outskirts of the sleepy town. At the tiny adobe jail, he dismounted and entered Sheriff Weathers' office. Jeff was already up, having a cup of strong coffee.

"Mornin', Tony," he said. "What you doin' up so early?"

"Sheriff, somethin' awful's happened!" cried Tony in well faked alarm. "I—I just rode in to tell you. Old Tobe—he—shot himself!"

"W-what!" exclaimed Jeff. "Tobe shot himself?"

"Yeah. Last night. A few hours ago. He'd been actin' sorta queer all evenin'. But I never thought—"

"Jumpin' lizards!" gasped Jeff. "I can't believe it. Old Tobe! Come on, Tony, let's get goin'!"

Jeff saddled his horse and the two set off. Not far from the jail, Jeff pulled up before a fair-sized house and whistled. A young man came out on the porch.

"Hi, Jimmie!" greeted the sheriff. "Wanta take a ride?"

"Sure!" replied the youngster. "Just a minute." He darted into the house, but soon reappeared and mounted a sprightly horse.

"Jimmie Christian, Tony," introduced Jeff. "He's out here for a visit with his uncle." Then he explained to Jimmie what had happened.



At Tobe's shack they dismounted and all three entered the scene of death. Jeff stood for a moment looking down at old Tobe, then he drew the covers up over the cold body.

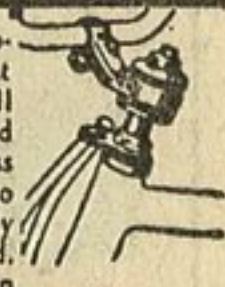
"Too bad," he said. "Never thought it of old Tobe. Suicide—holy mackerel!"

Jimmie had carefully removed the pistol from Tobe's rigid fingers and now he was looking it over minutely.

"Certainly an old-timer," he observed. "Only one shell in the

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chamber; it nearly blew the frame apart."

Jimmie squinted down the barrel and if anyone had been looking, he would have noted an almost imperceptible tightening of the youth's jaws. He called the sheriff to one side and they discussed in low tones for a moment. Then Jeff turned to Tony.

"You got a gun?" he asked. Tony said, "Yeah, sure, sheriff."

"Get it."

Tony produced the automatic. It was cleaned and oiled and looked as if it hadn't been fired at any time.

"Hmmm!" said Jeff. "Tony, I arrest you for the murder of Tobe Waller!"

The criminal whirled, clawed at his hip pocket, but his weapon was in the sheriff's hands, covering him. "Hey!" he snarled. "What you tryin' to do—kid somebody?"

"No," said Jeff quietly. "Only Tobe's gun couldn't have killed anybody. Jimmie here just showed me somethin' interestin'. You see, the barrel of that old shootin' iron is plugged plumb full of lead—old lead, Tony . . . Well, let's get goin'!"

Read MYSTERY OF THE MINE
IN SEPTEMBER ISSUE OF
SMASH COMICS On Sale July 19th

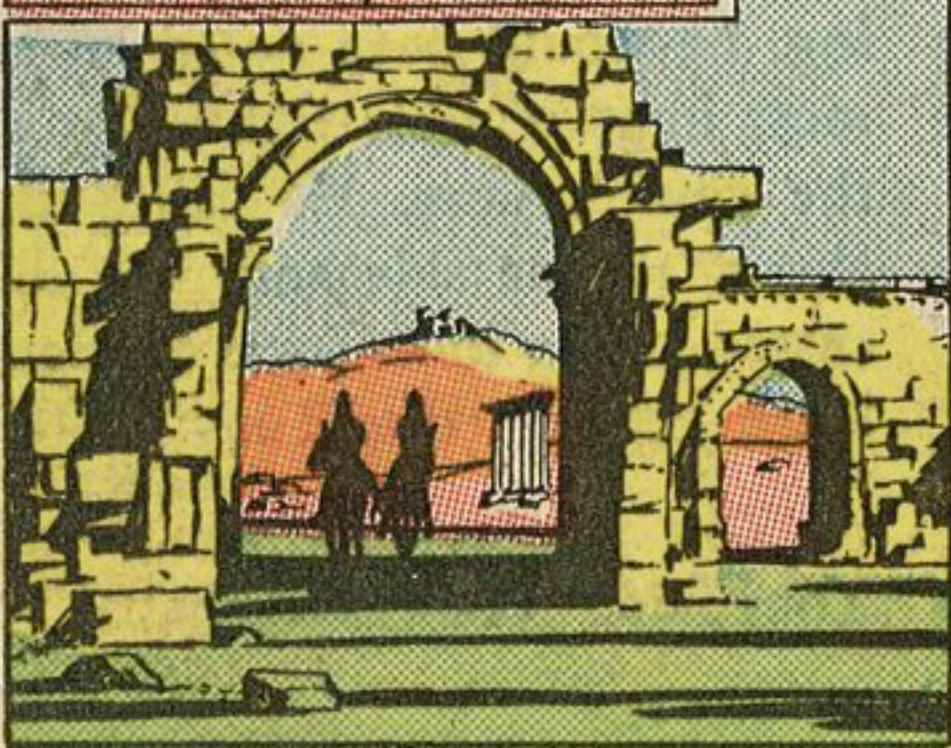
ABDUL

the Arab

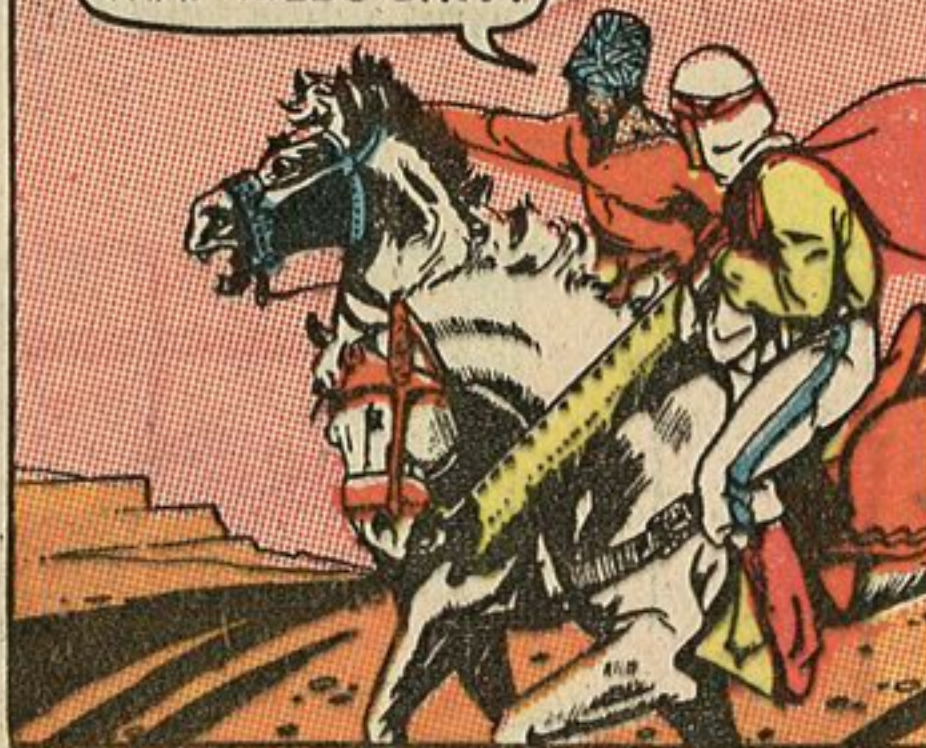
By
Powell Roberts



IN ANSWER TO A PLEA FOR HELP, THE SON OF ALI BEY, ABDUL, AND HIS TUTOR HASSAN, RIDE TO SHED AREZ IN SEARCH OF THE BANDIT AHMED.



ACCORDING TO THE PRINCESS' DESCRIPTION, HER HOME SHOULD BE JUST OVER THAT HILLOCK...



THERE IT IS! I WONDER IF KAREN HAS ARRIVED YET?

A TRULY FAIR FLOWER, THAT GIRL... COME, LET US ENTER!



THEY'RE HERE! IF ANYONE CAN CAPTURE AHMED THE BEDOUIN, IT IS THEY!



SALAAM, SHEIK TELL AKIB! MY MAN AND I ARE AT YOUR COMMAND!

AND WELCOME SON OF MY FRIEND ALI BEY!



I HAVE CONCEIVED A PLAN TO CAPTURE THIS THIEF OF SHEEP! HAS HE BEEN PLUNDERING YOUR FLOCKS OF LATE?

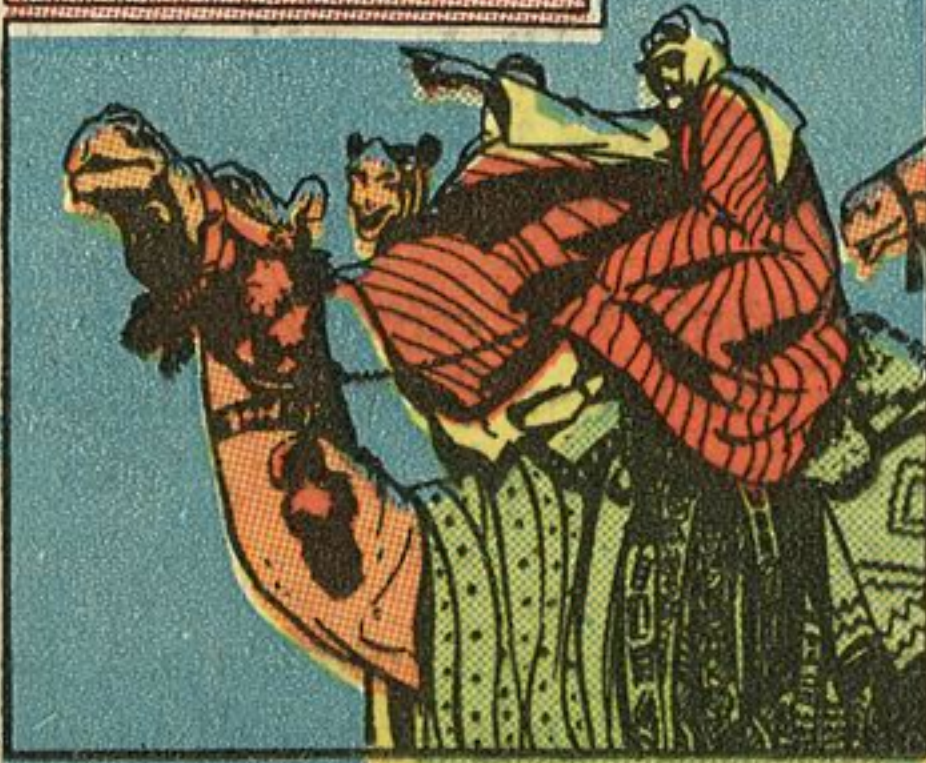
AYE, MY SON, HE RETURNS OFTEN!



WE HAVE TRIED EVERY POSSIBLE MEANS TO STOP HIM, BUT ALWAYS HE ESCAPES! YOUR PLAN MUST BE GOOD TO SUCCEED!



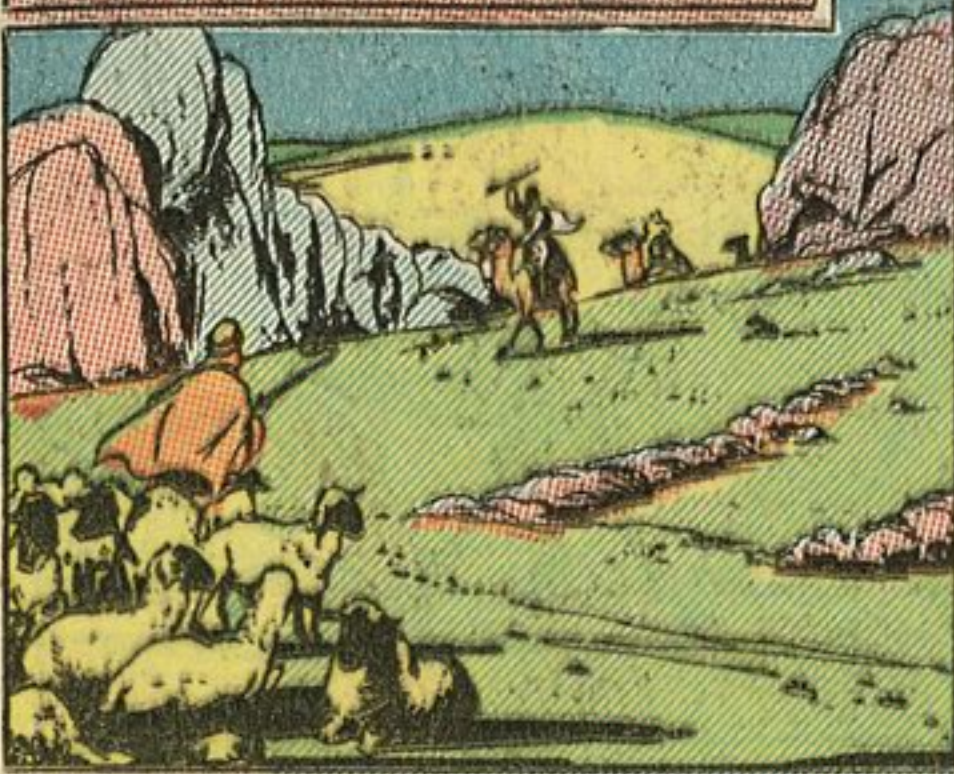
TWO DAYS LATER, A GROUP OF BEDOUINS MOUNTED ON CAMELS, SURVEY A REMOTE SECTION OF THE GREAT GRAZING PLAINS...



HO! HO! THAT OLD FOOL, TELL AKIB, GROWS MORE ADDLE-BRAINED WITH THE PASSING OF THE DAYS! LOOK AT THE GREAT HERD HE HAS LEFT HERE FOR ME TO TAKE! COME ON!



SHOUTING THEIR SHRILL CRIES OF ATTACK, THE BANDITS SWEEP DOWN ON THE LONELY SHEPHERD...



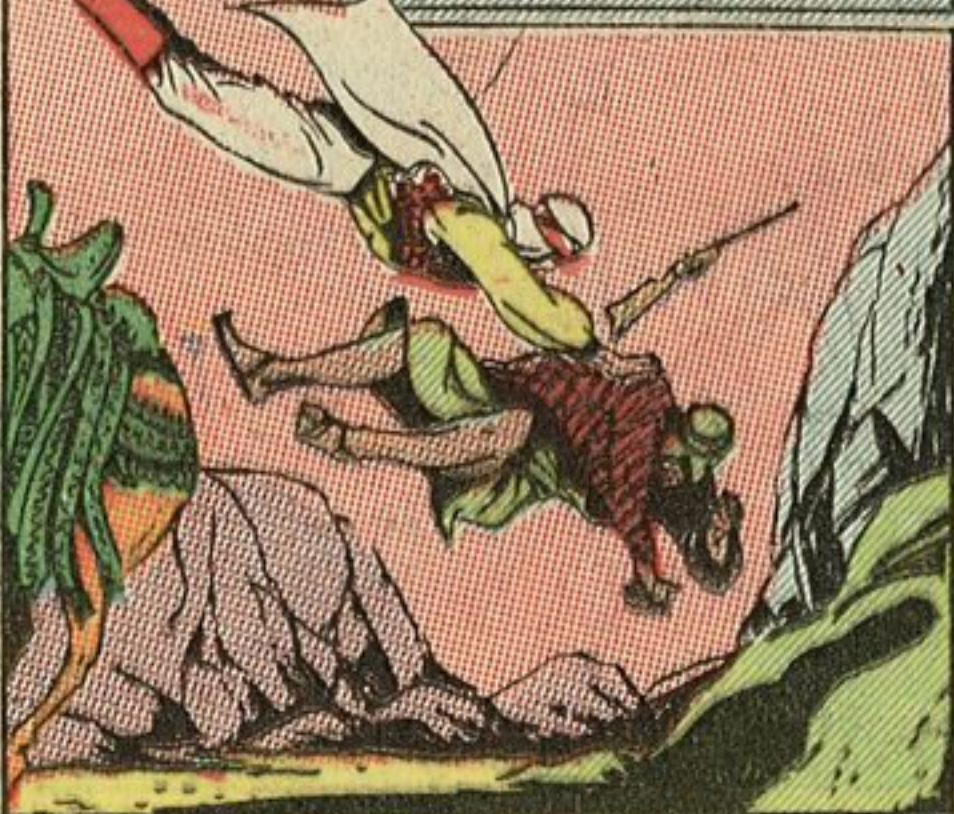
ABDUL AND HASSAN WATCH AS THE THIEVES CHARGE ACROSS THE PLAIN...



NOW, IF I CAN CAPTURE THEIR SENTRY!



SUDDENLY, SILENTLY, ABDUL LEAPS, HIS STRONG HANDS SENDING THE GUARD CRASHING TO EARTH!



THE FALL KNOCKED HIM OUT! QUICK, HASSAN, HELP ME CHANGE INTO HIS CLOTHES!

NOW LISTEN CAREFULLY! RETURN TO THE PALACE AND GET PLENTY OF MEN! MEANWHILE, I WILL GO WITH THE THIEVES AND DROP PENNIES ALONG THE WAY FOR YOU TO FOLLOW!

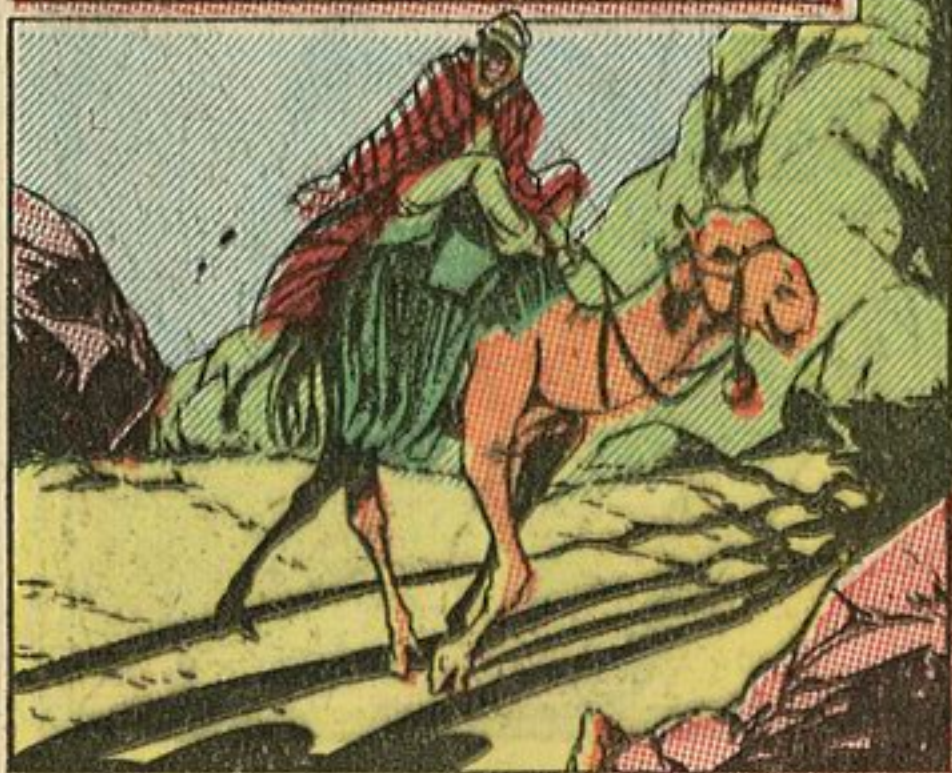


COME ALONG, NAJAF! WE HAVE THE SHEEP, LET US RETURN TO CAMP!

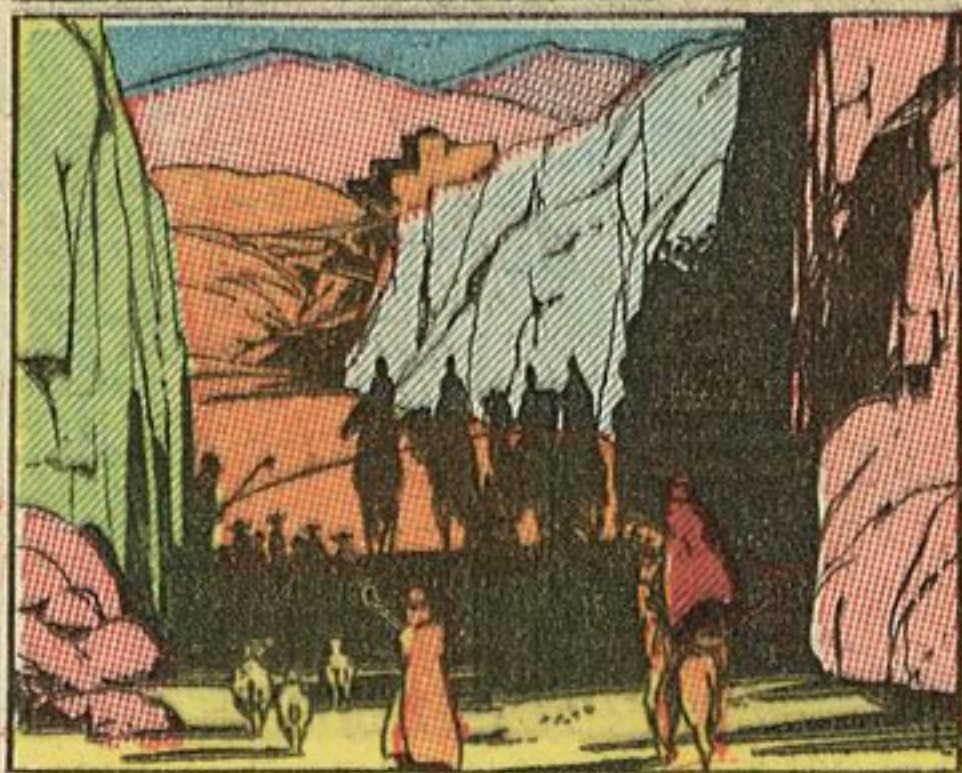


AYE! I COME!

TRAILING THE ROBBERS AND THEIR LOOT, ABDUL THROWS BRIGHT COPPER COINS ALONG THE WAY



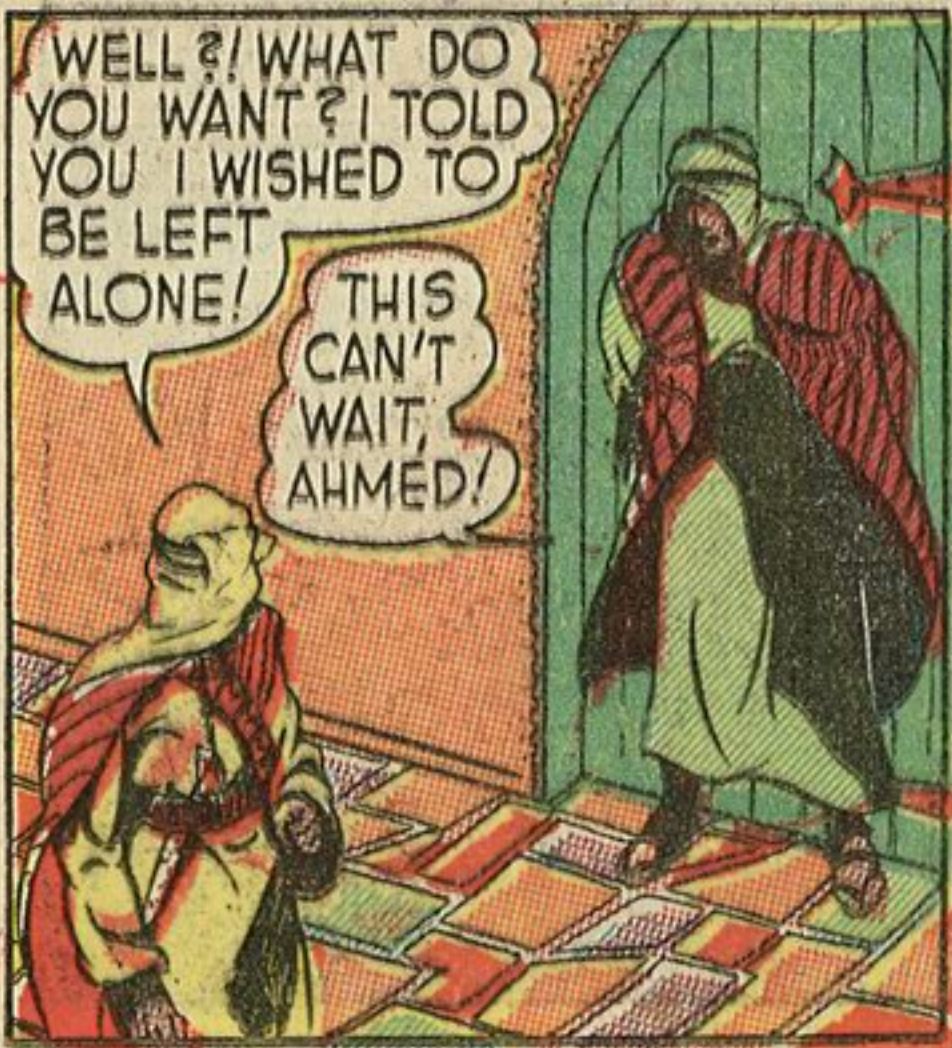
AFTER A SLOW RIDE OF THREE HOURS THEY COME TO A NARROW PASS, LEADING TO A HIDDEN MOUNTAIN HOUSE...



GRACEFULLY DISMOUNTING, AHMED THE BEDOUIN HAS THE STOLEN SHEEP TAKEN TO A CONCEALED PASTURE...



THAT IS ALL FOR TODAY! NO ONE IS TO DISTURB ME FOR AWHILE! MY EYES CRAVE SLEEP!



WELL?! WHAT DO YOU WANT? I TOLD YOU I WISHED TO BE LEFT ALONE!

THIS CAN'T WAIT, AHMED!

I PLACE YOU UNDER ARREST IN THE NAME OF SHEIK TELL AKIB! ONE FALSE MOVE AND I WILL KILL YOU!



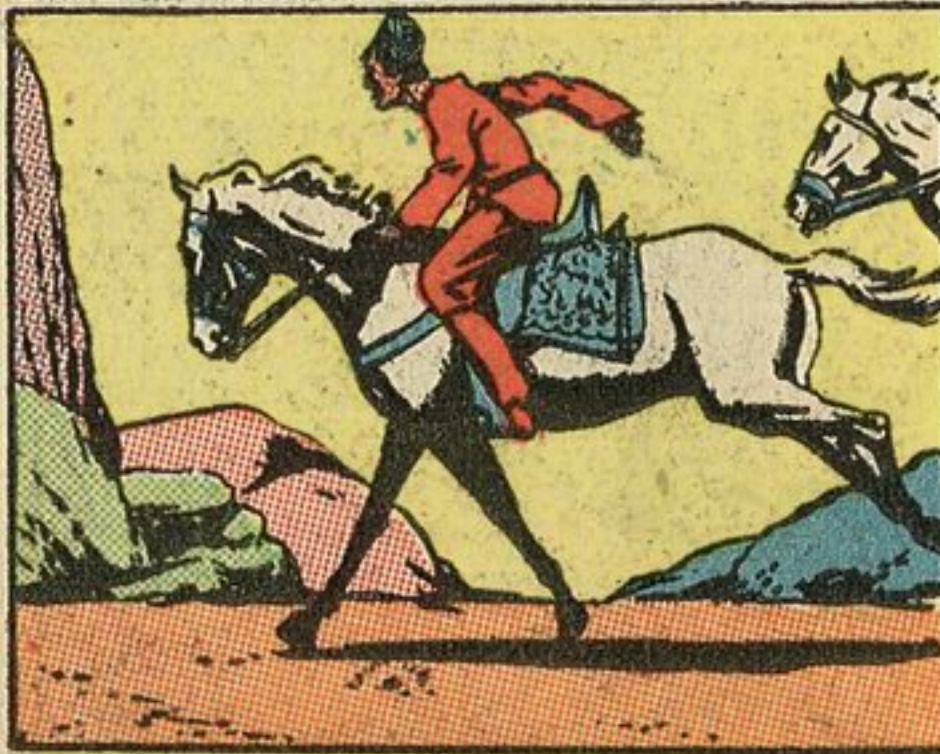
INTENT ON HIS CAPTIVE, ABDUL FAILS TO NOTICE A BURMESE HOUSE BOY.



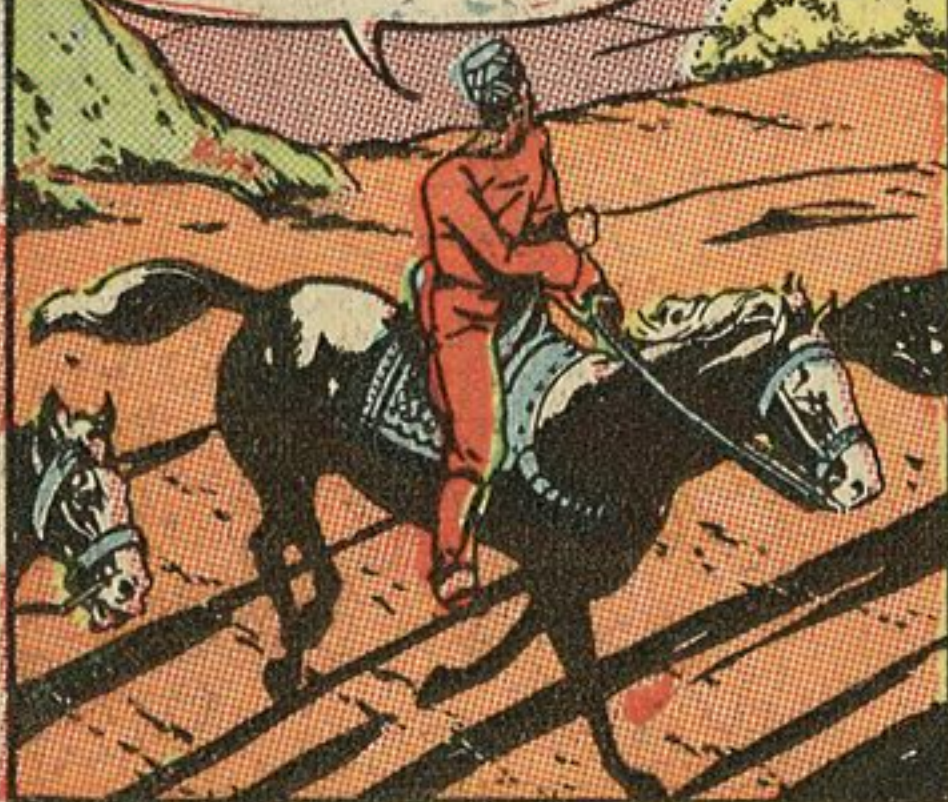
MY MEN WILL SOON BE HERE AND WE WILL TAKE YOU TO THE GALLOWS!



MEANWHILE, HASSAN AND SOME OF SHEIK TELL AKIB'S PICKED MEN GALLOP OVER THE TRAIL OF COINS.



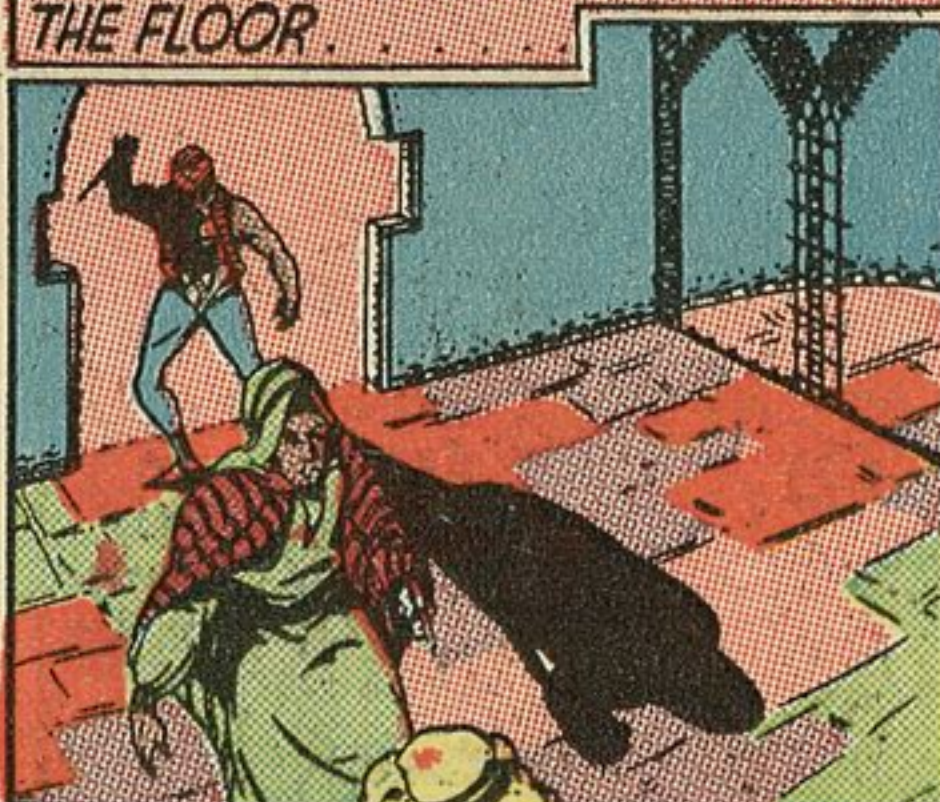
THE WIND IS RISING! BY THE PROPHET'S BEARD..IT IS A SAND STORM!!



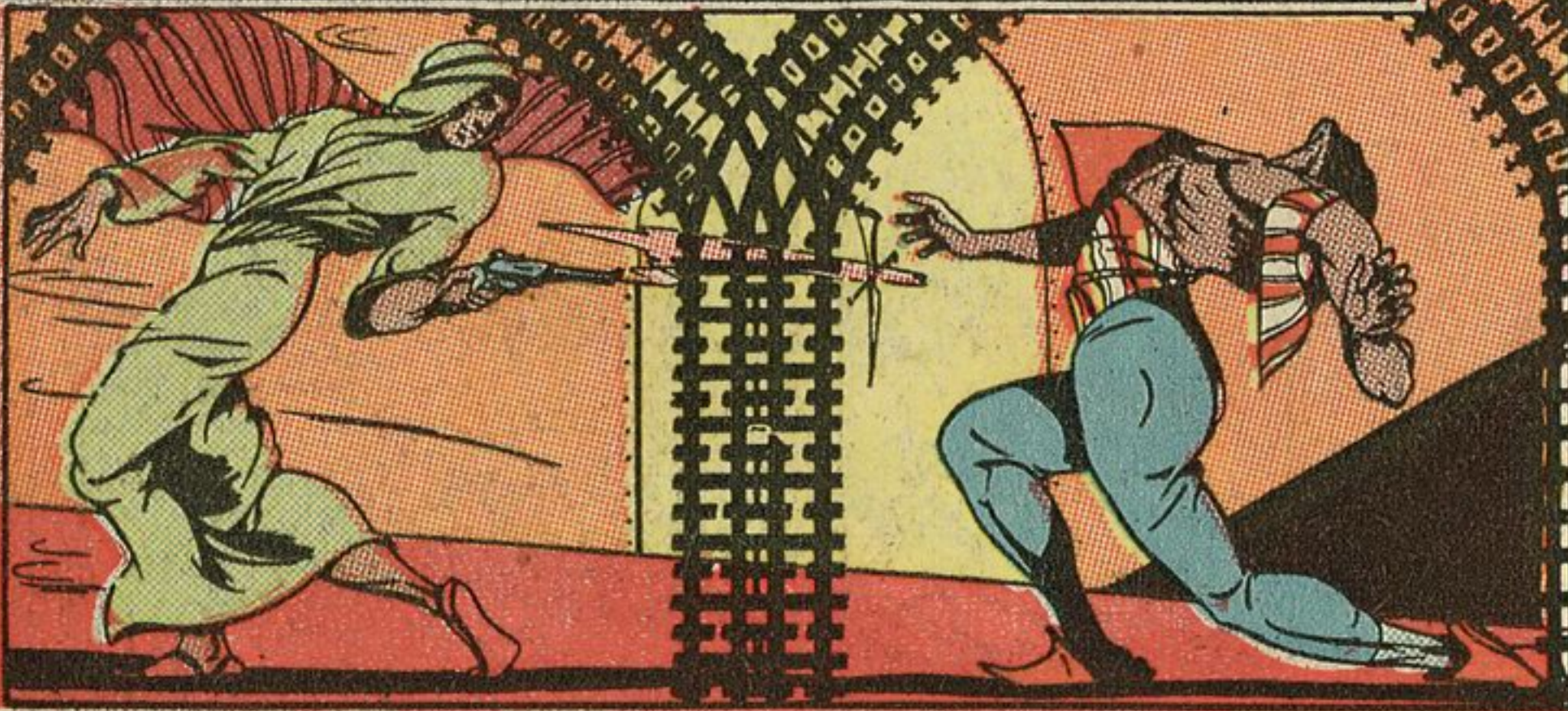
HURRY! DISMOUNT!! WE WILL HAVE TO FOLLOW ON FOOT! IT IS OUR ONLY HOPE!



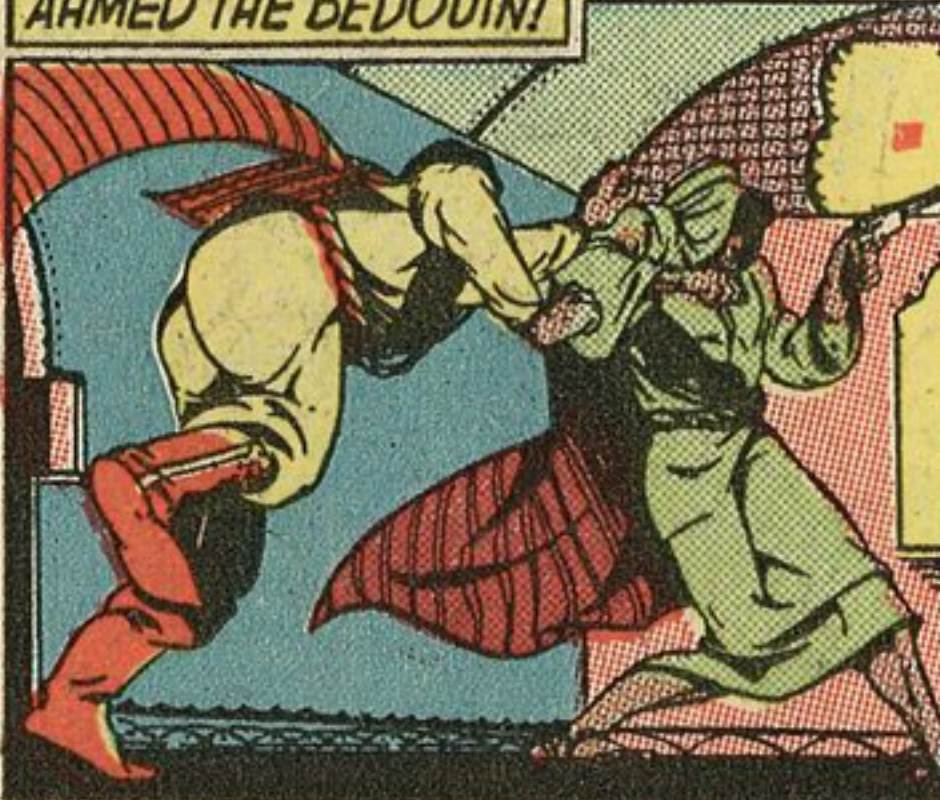
IN AHMED'S MOUNTAIN RETREAT, ABDUL NOTICES THE SERVANT'S SHADOW LENGTHENING ACROSS THE FLOOR.



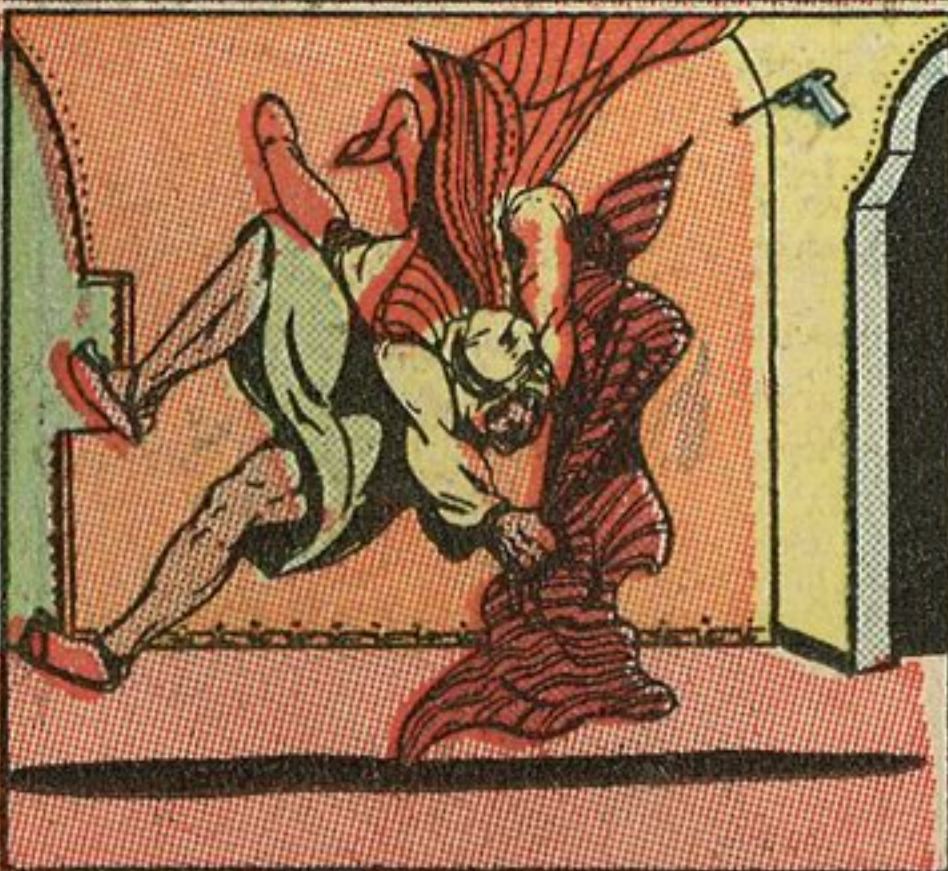
WHIRLING ABOUT, HE FIRES, DROPPING THE MAN IN HIS TRACKS.



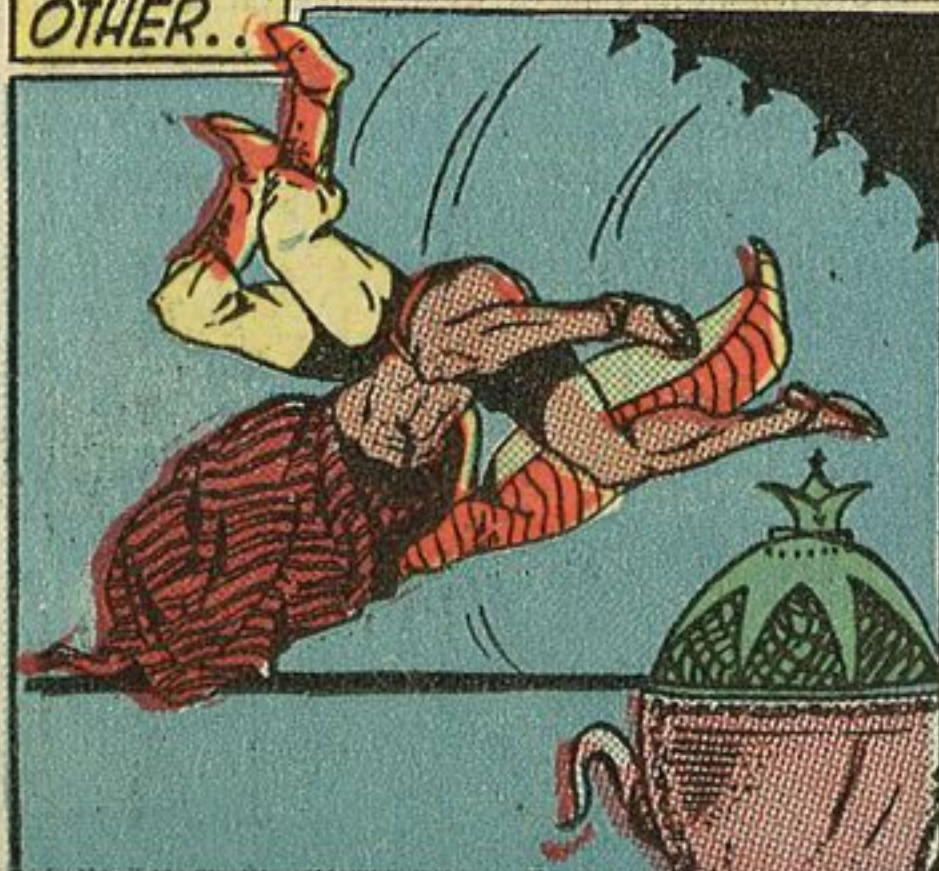
OFF BALANCE, ABDUL IS EASY PREY TO THE SUDDEN, VICIOUS LUNGE OF AHMED THE BEDOUIN!



AHMED'S THRUST SENDS THE TWO MEN TUMBLING TO THE FLOOR.



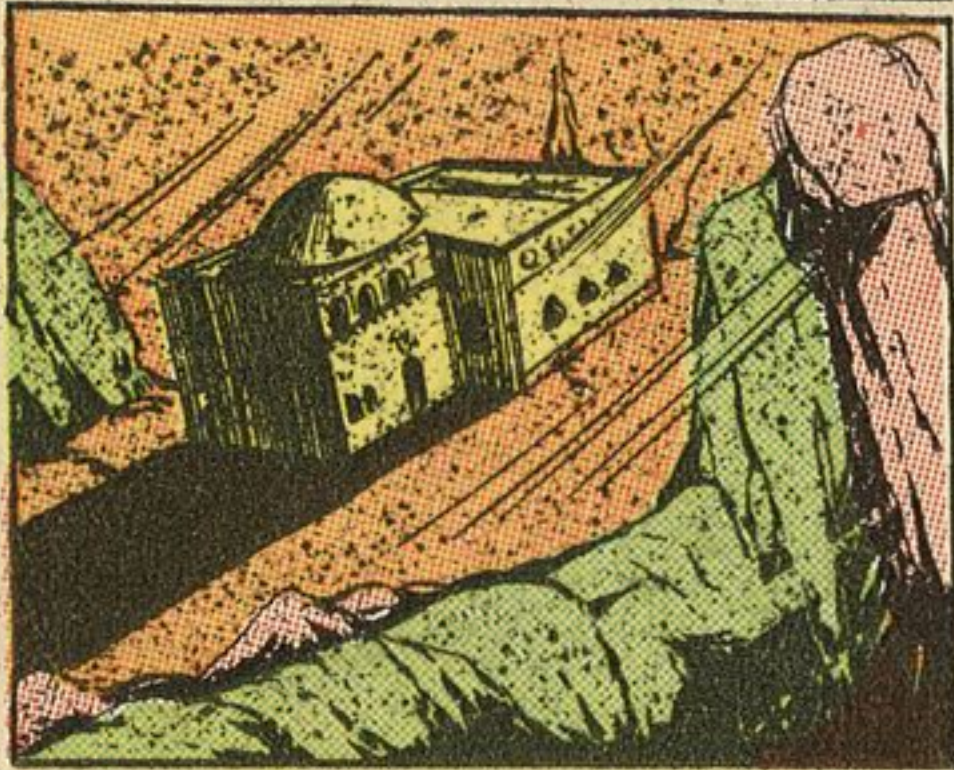
OVER AND OVER THEY ROLL, EACH TRYING TO GET A HOLD ON THE OTHER.



OUTSIDE, THE STORM INCREASES WITH RISING FURY, SENDING MAN AND BEAST SCURRYING TO SHELTER!



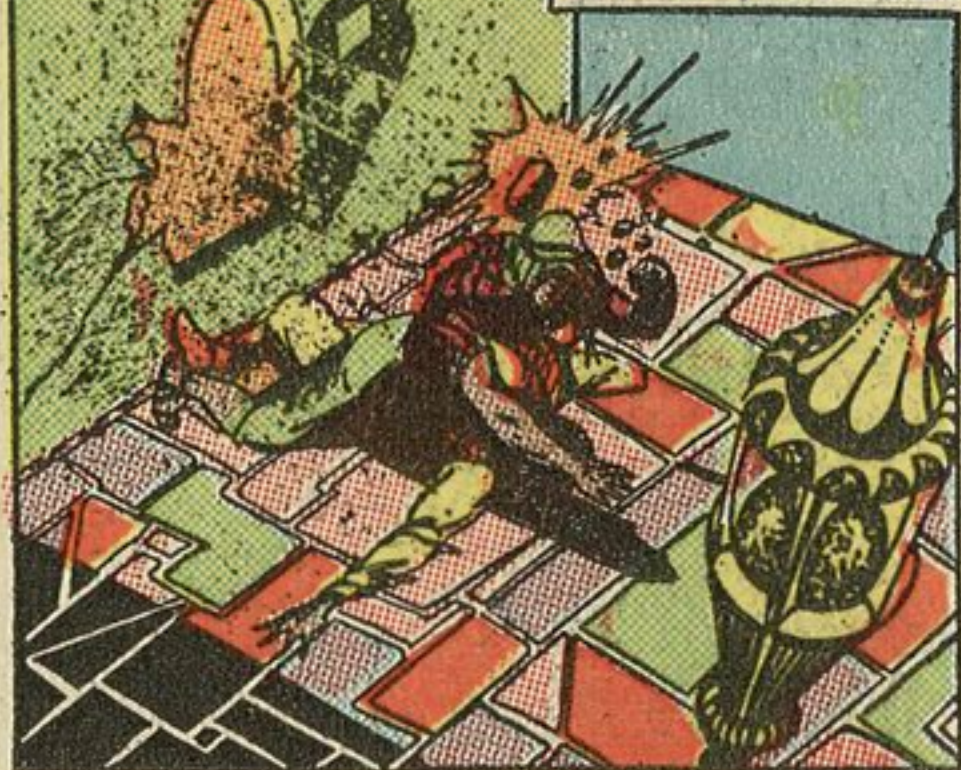
SO POWERFUL IS THE WIND'S FORCE THAT THE SOLID HOUSE OF AHMED BEGINS TO QUIVER AND CRUMBLE!



NOW I HAVE YOU, DOG! YOU'LL NEVER STEAL ANOTHER SHEEP!



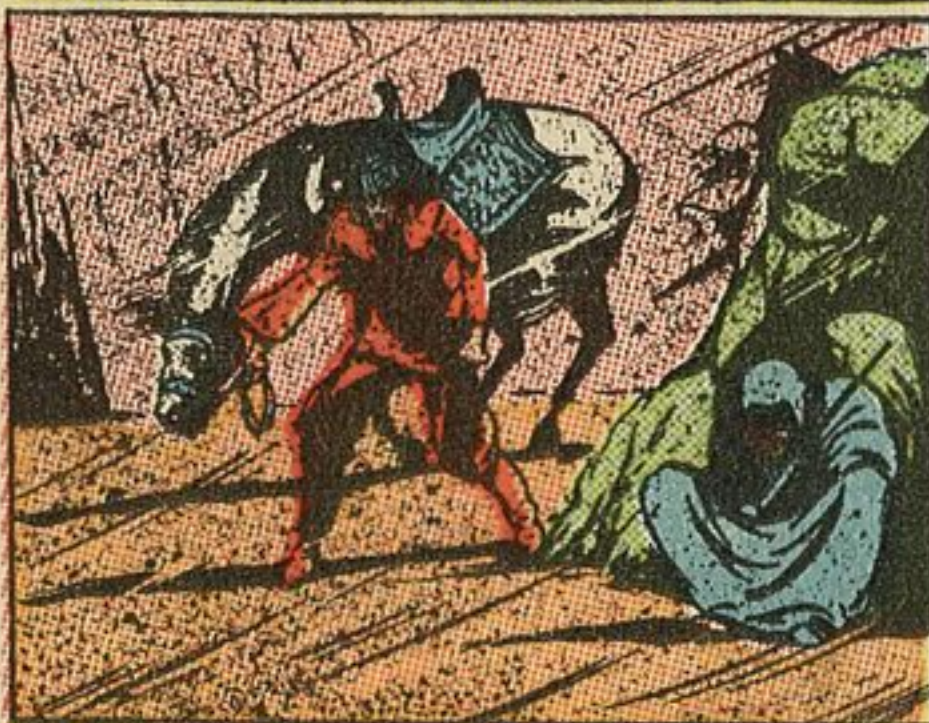
SUDDENLY A STORM-TOSSED ROCK HURTTLES INTO THE ROOM AND JARS AGAINST ABDUL.



THE BUILDING WILL BE DESTROYED IN A FEW MINUTES! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT!



GROPING THEIR WAY, HASSAN AND HIS MEN LOSE THE TRAIL OF COINS, BUT LUCKILY COME UPON A SHEPHERD CURLED UP IN HIS ROBES. . . .



SPEAK, DOG! WHERE IS AHMED'S HOUSE! SPEAK, OR I'LL DRIVE THIS KNIFE THROUGH YOUR THROAT!

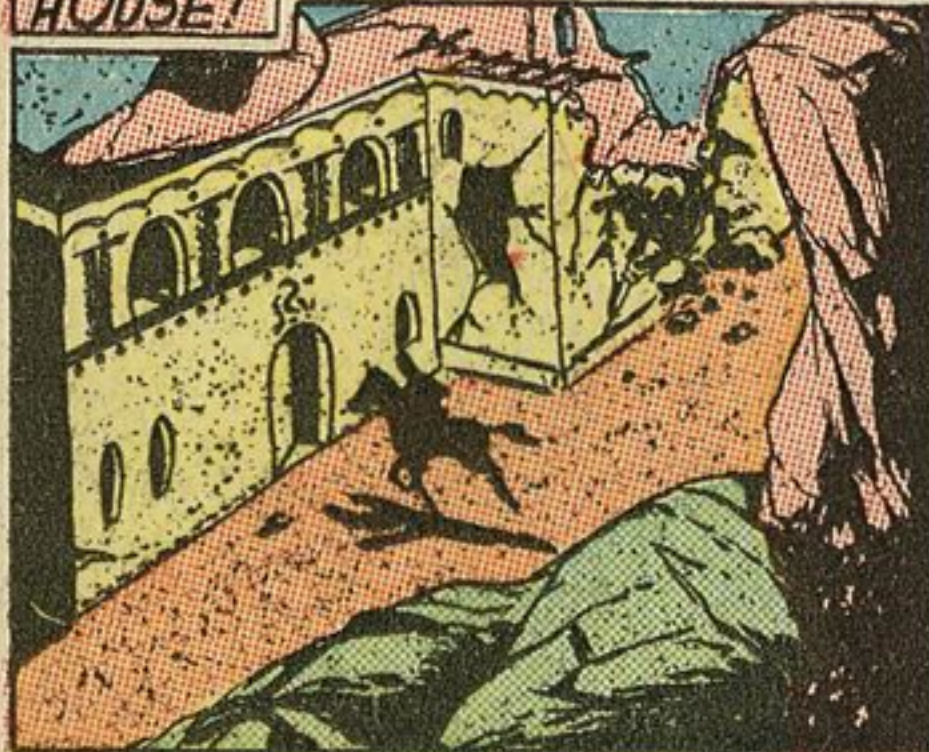
YONDER-UP THAT PASS. . . SPARE ME! SPARE ME!



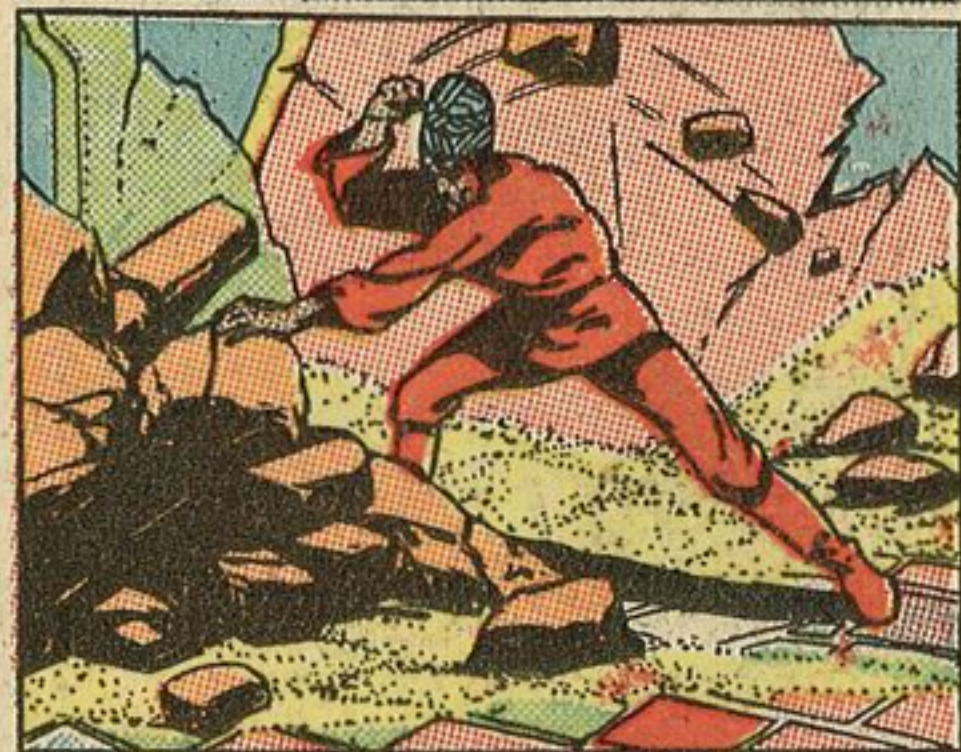
WATCH HIM! I'M GOING TO GET ABDUL!



AS SUDDENLY AS IT STARTED, THE STORM ABATES, JUST AS HASSAN GALLOPS INTO THE DEMOLISHED HOUSE!



FEVERISHLY TOSSING ASIDE HEAVY BLOCKS OF STONE AND MORTAR, HASSAN EXCAVATES HIS MASTER!



GOOD OLD HASSAN! I'D HAVE BEEN BURIED ALIVE IF YOU HADN'T COME !!

ALLAH IS GOOD! YOU ARE ALIVE! THE BANDITS ARE CAPTURED AND THE FLOCKS ARE RECOVERED, BUT AHMED HAS ESCAPED!



LATER THAT DAY, ABDUL NERVOUSLY PACES THE PALACE FLOOR. . .



HE MUST BE CAPTURED!

BUT WITH HIS MEN GONE, HE WILL BE POWERLESS!

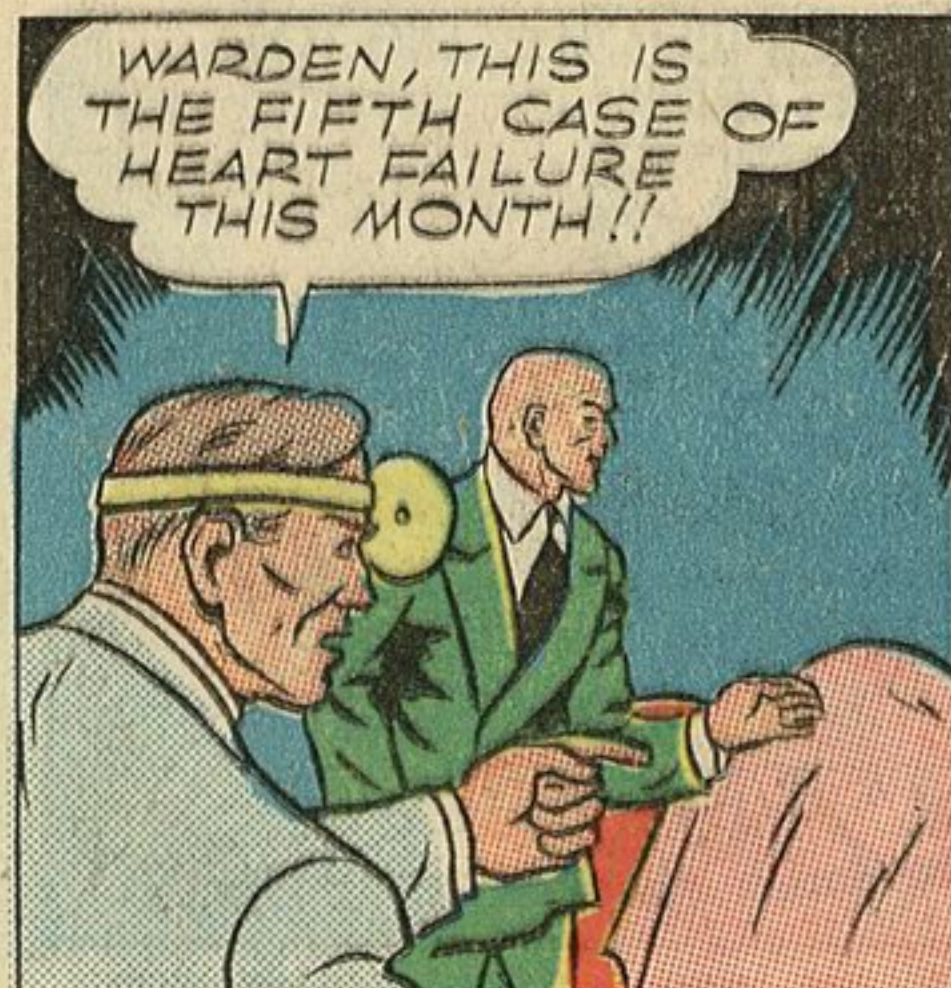
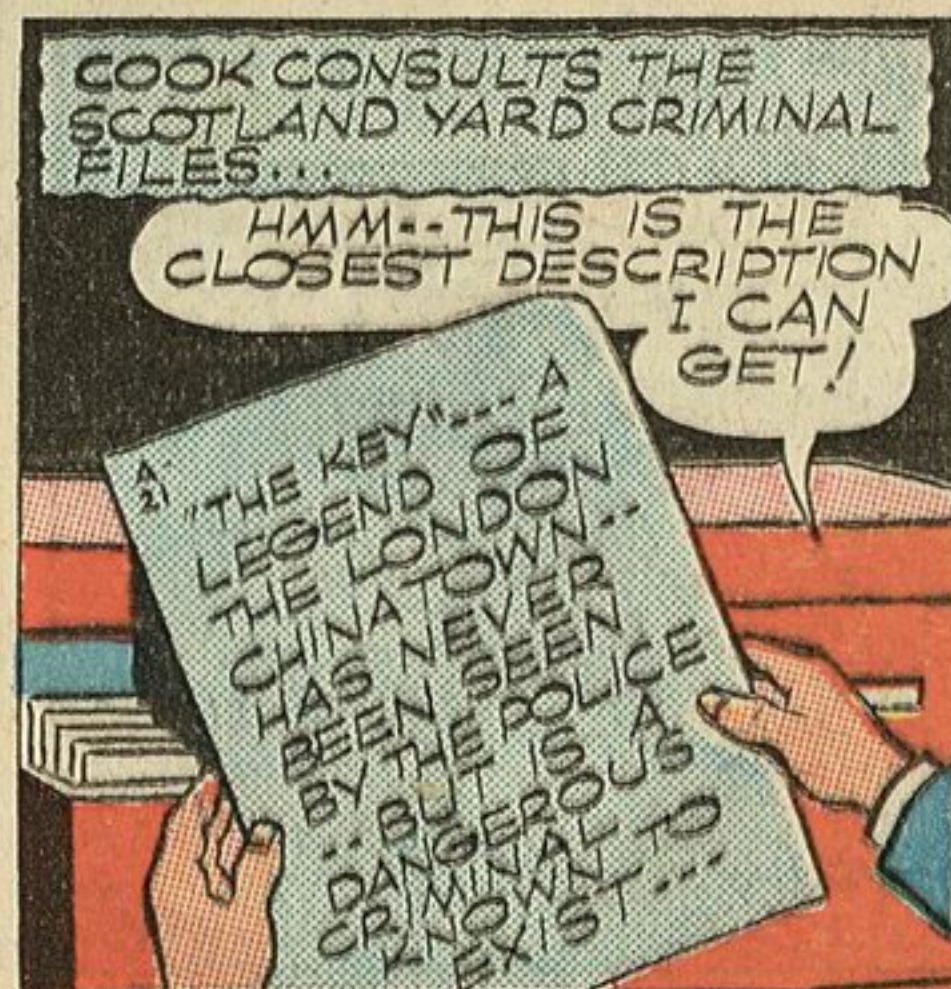
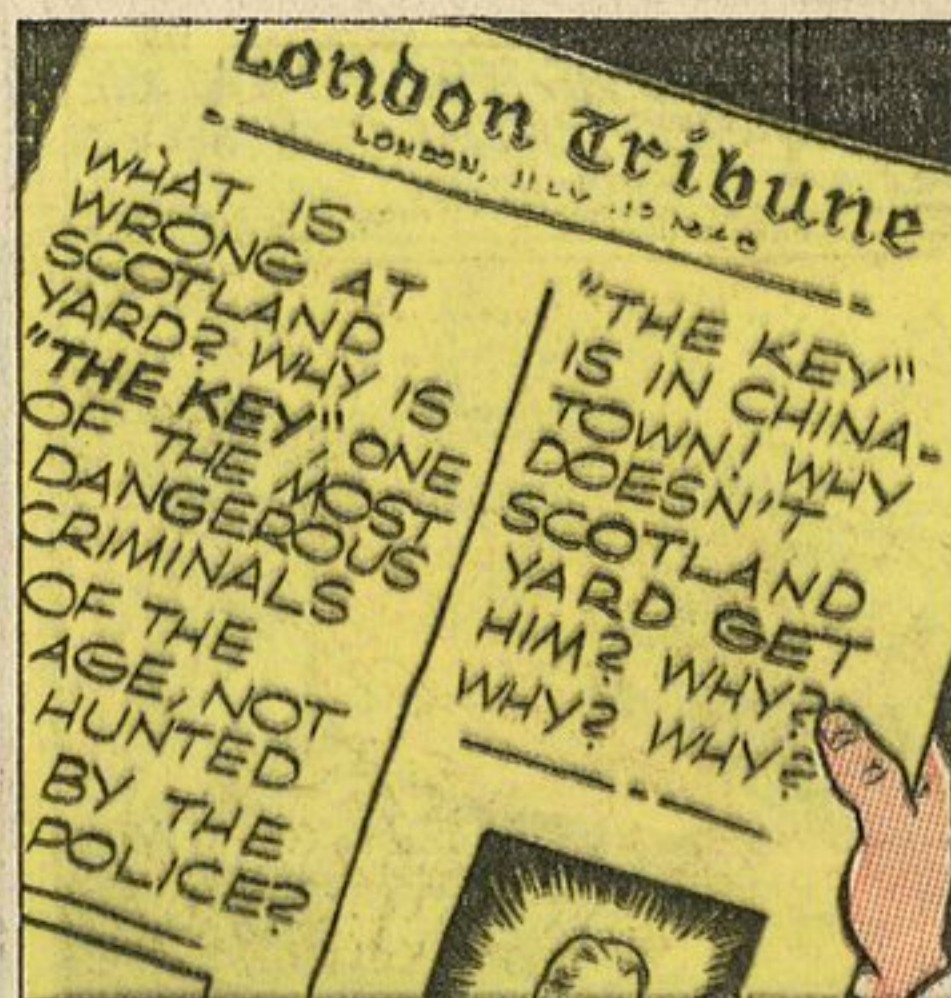
PERHAPS! BUT HE IS A CUNNING THIEF AND A BOLD LEADER! HE MUST BE BROUGHT TO JUSTICE BEFORE HE AGAIN RAN-SACKS THE TERRITORY!

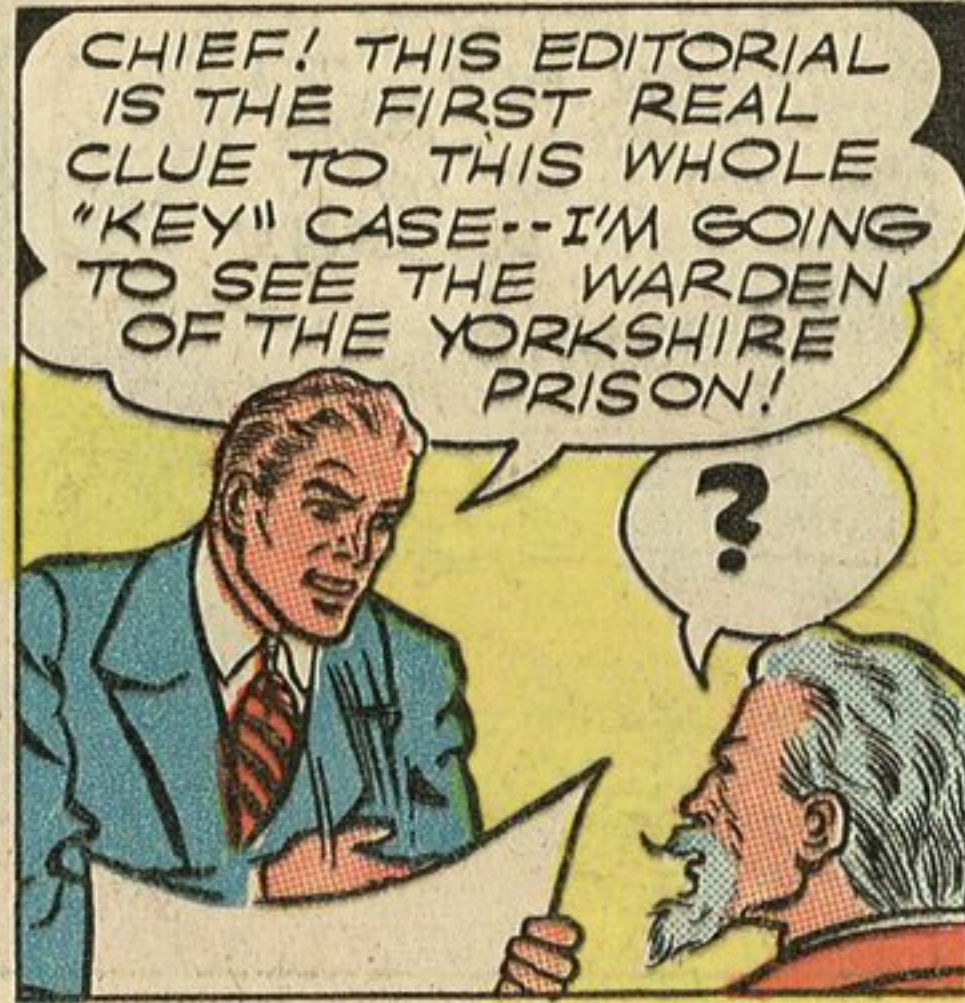
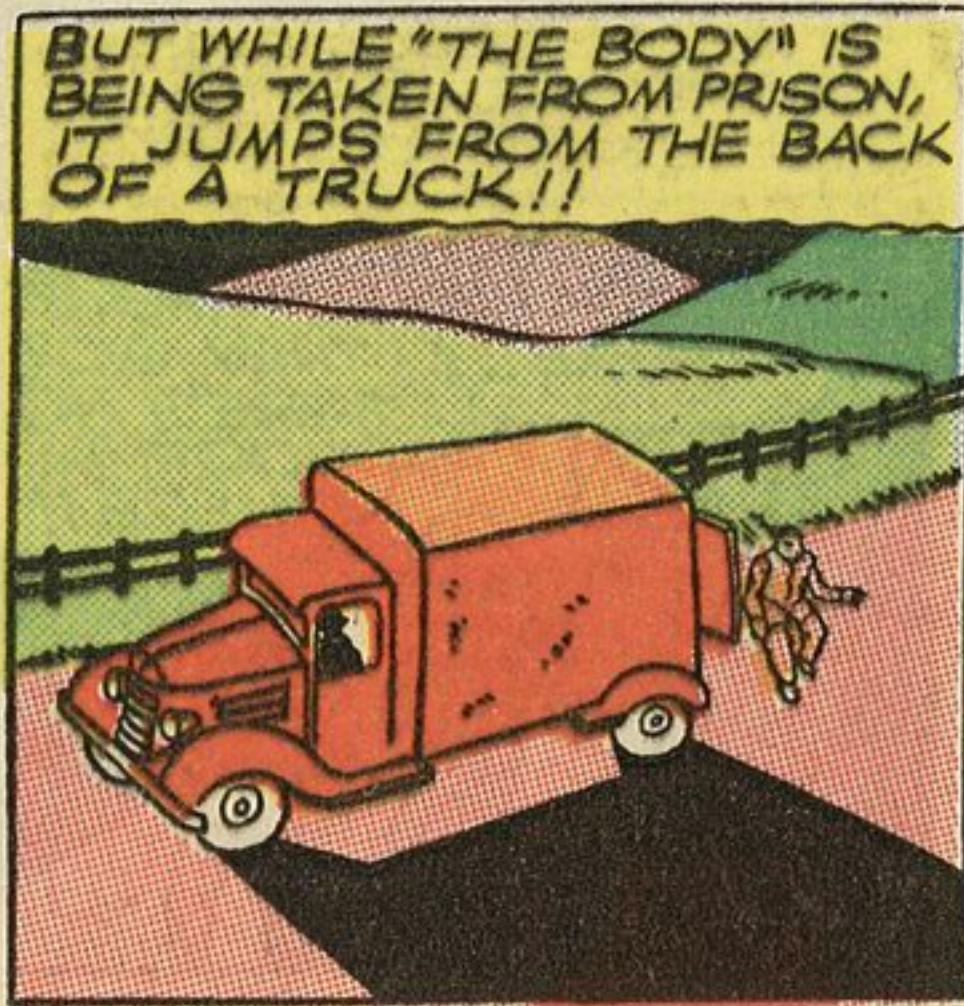


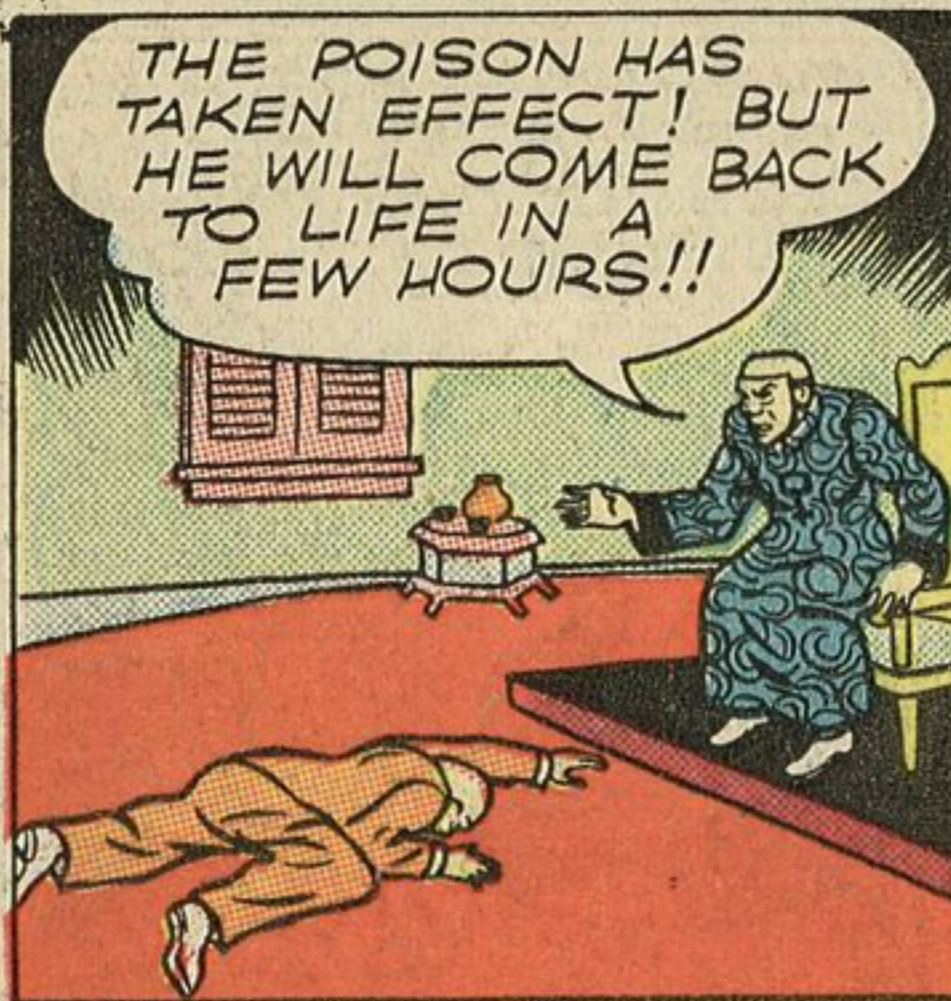
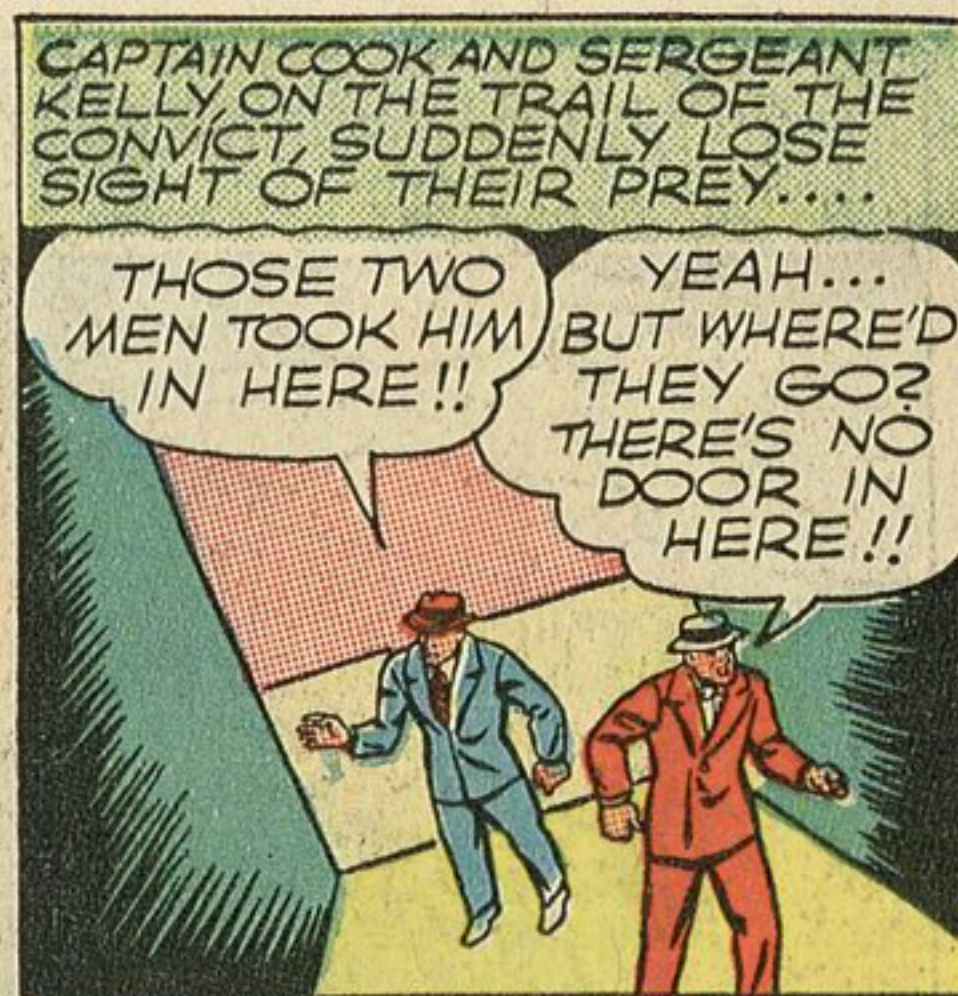
CAPTAIN COOK

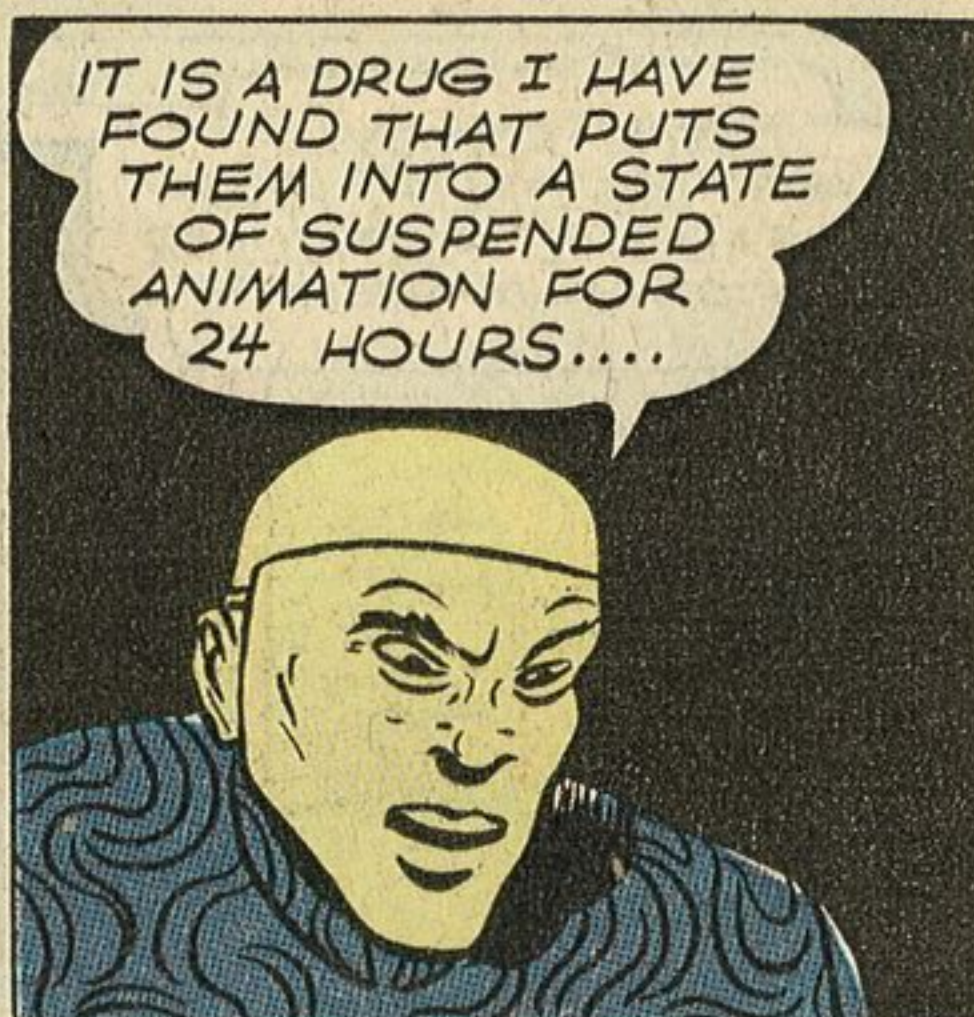
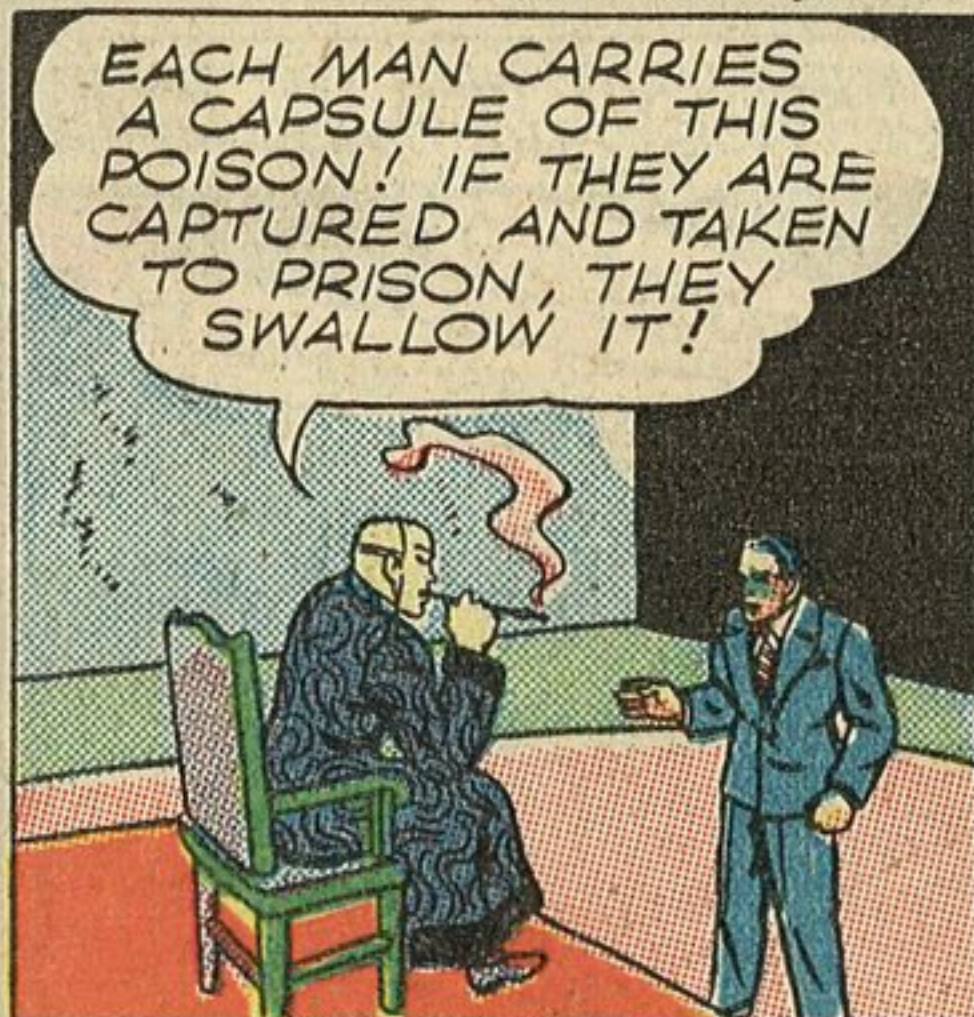
of Scotland yard
"TRACKING THE CHINATOWN TERROR"

ALL IS NOT WELL AT SCOTLAND YARD.... EDITORIALS HAVE LATELY APPEARED IN THE NEWSPAPERS CAUSING GREAT UNREST AT ENGLAND'S CRIMINAL INVESTIGATION BUREAU....







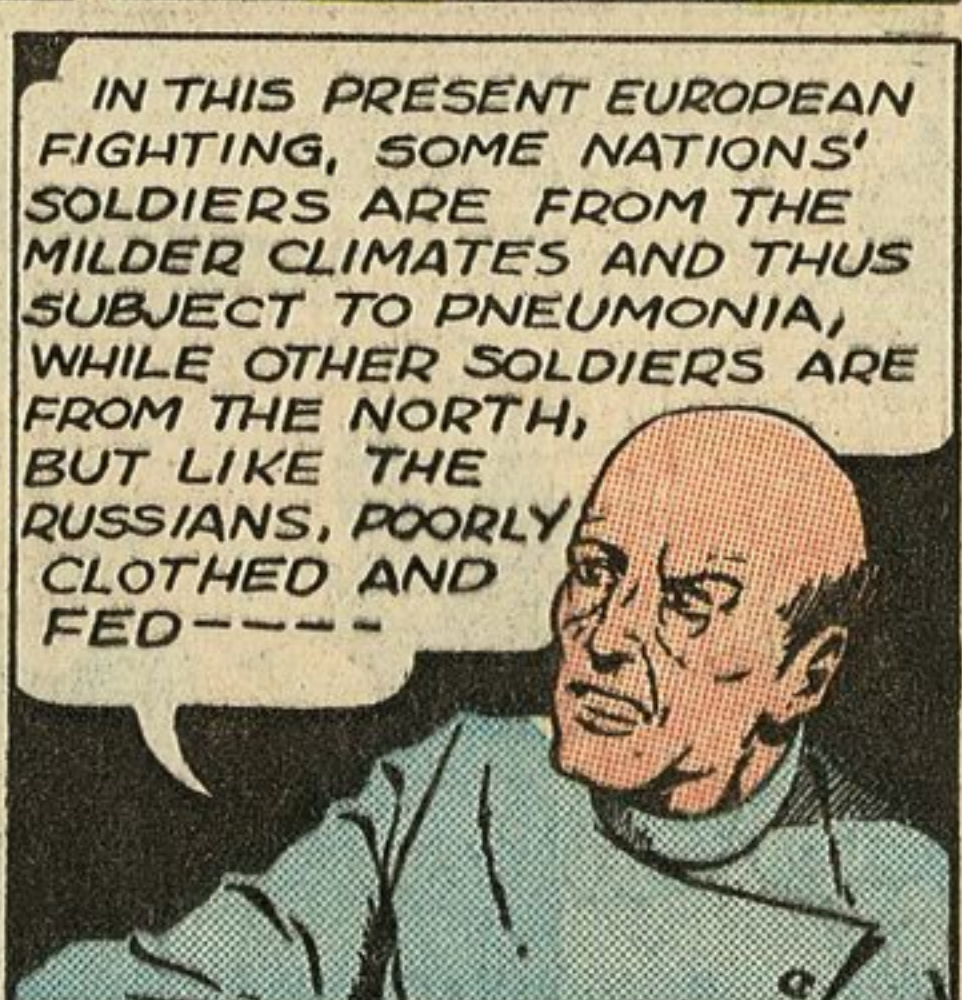
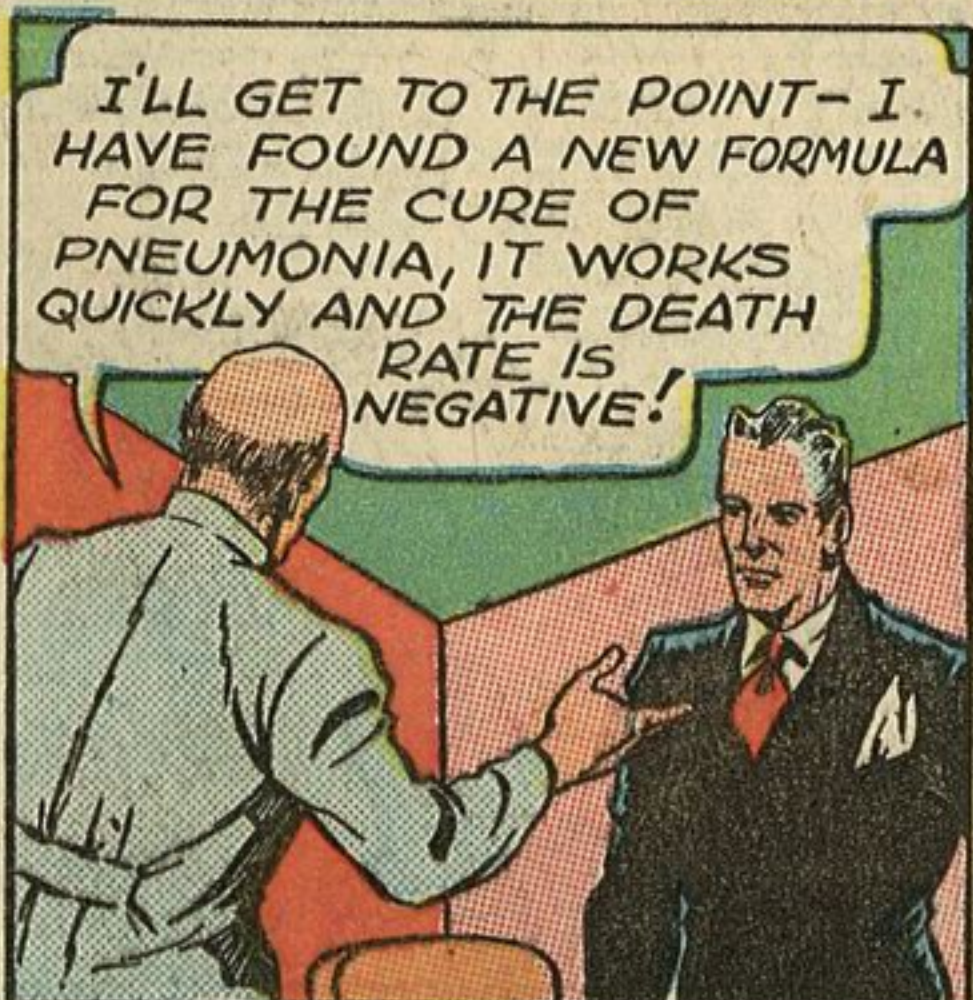
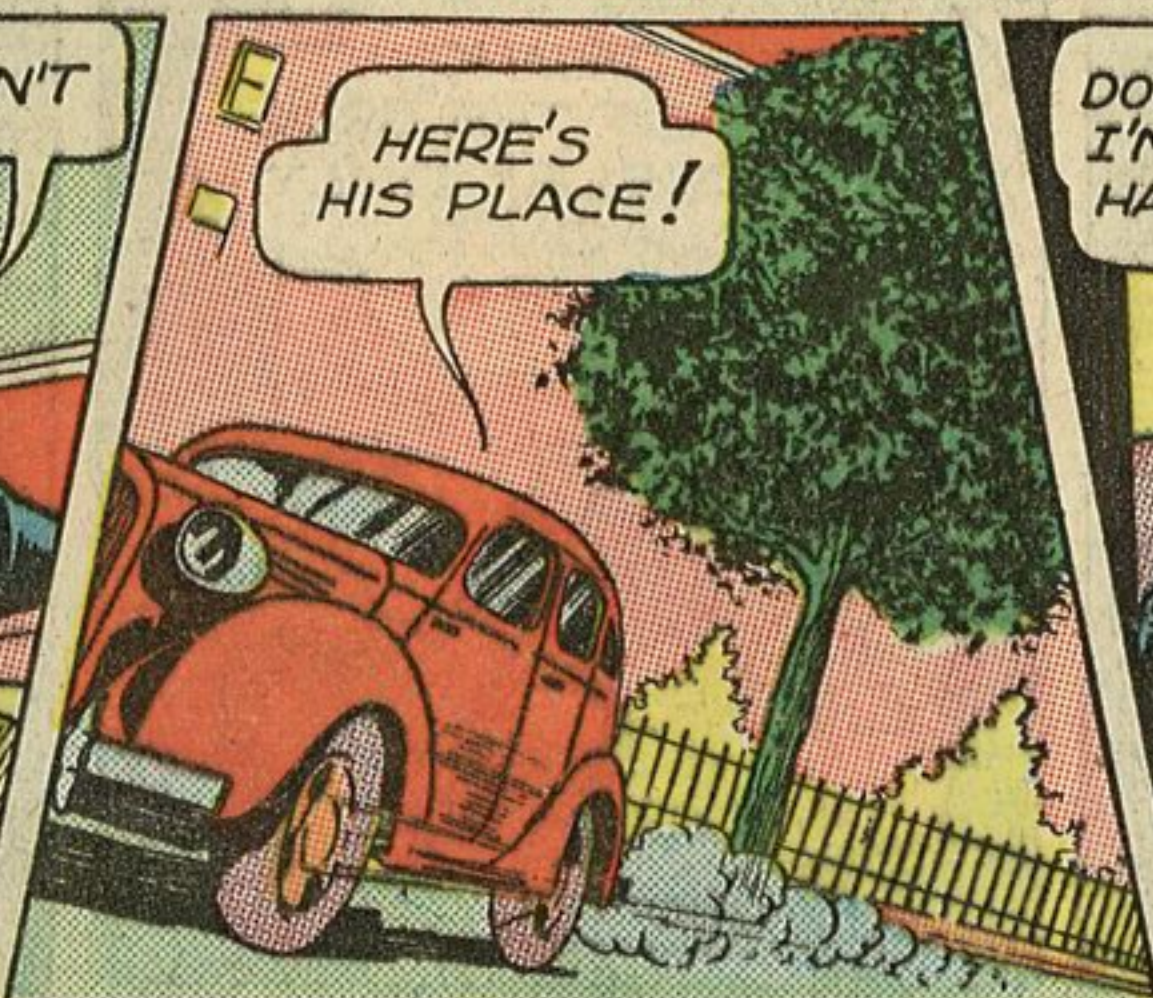
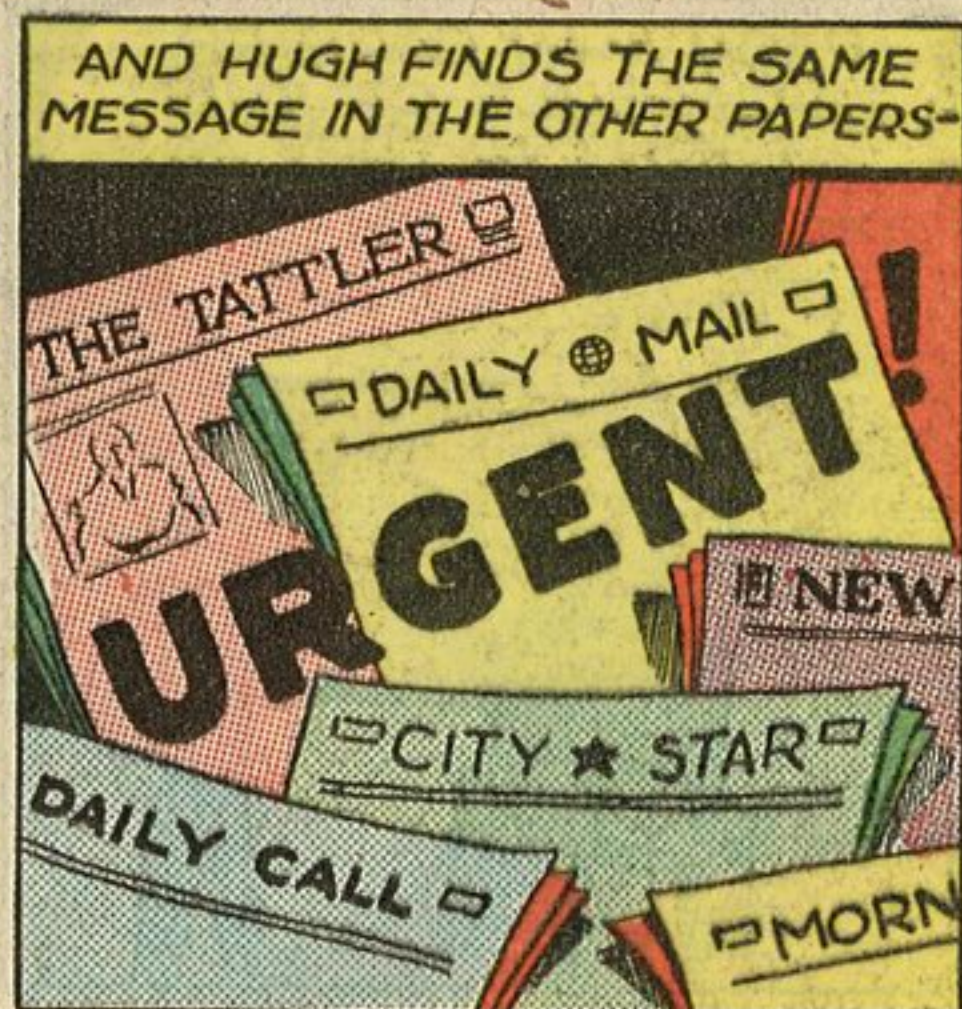
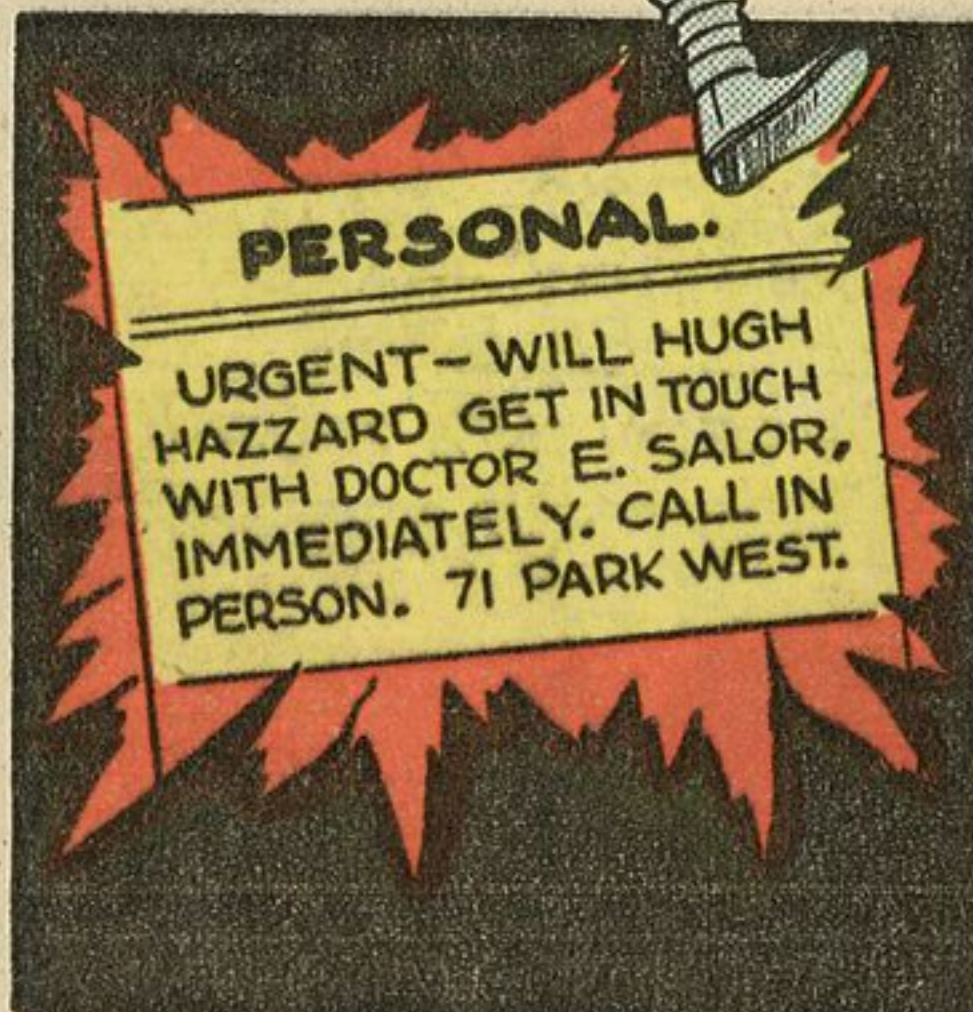


BOZO

THE ROBOT

HUGH HAZZARD,
ACE CRIME
BUSTER, SCANS
THE MORNING
PAPERS--
SUDDENLY
HE LEADS
TO HIS
FEET--

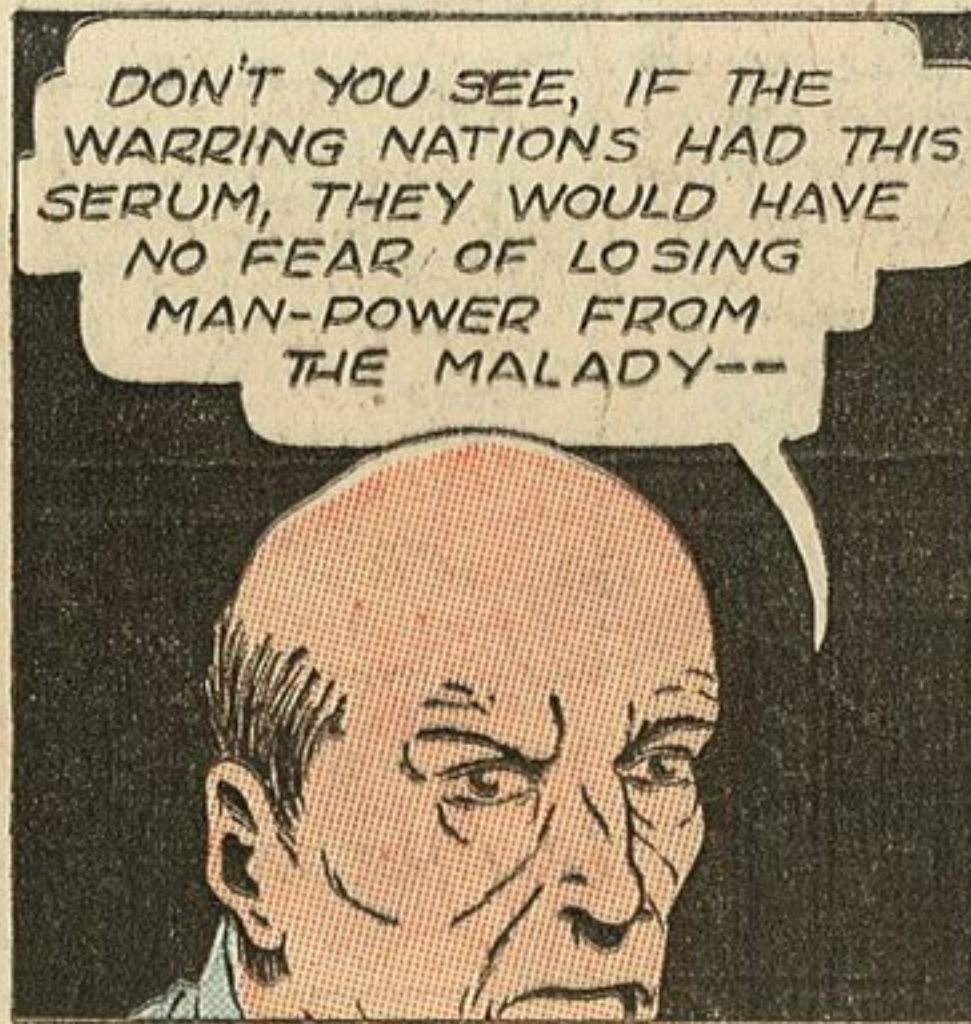
by
WAYNE REID.





-THEREFORE, IN BOTH CASES THE DEATH RATE DUE TO PNEUMONIA IS HIGH!

BUT HOW AS YOU SAY, COULD ALL THIS WIPE OUT HUMANITY?



DON'T YOU SEE, IF THE WARRING NATIONS HAD THIS SERUM, THEY WOULD HAVE NO FEAR OF LOSING MAN-POWER FROM THE MALADY--



- AND THEY COULD INVADE THESE NORTH COUNTRIES AND WIDE THEM OFF THE MAP!

YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE, DOCTOR!

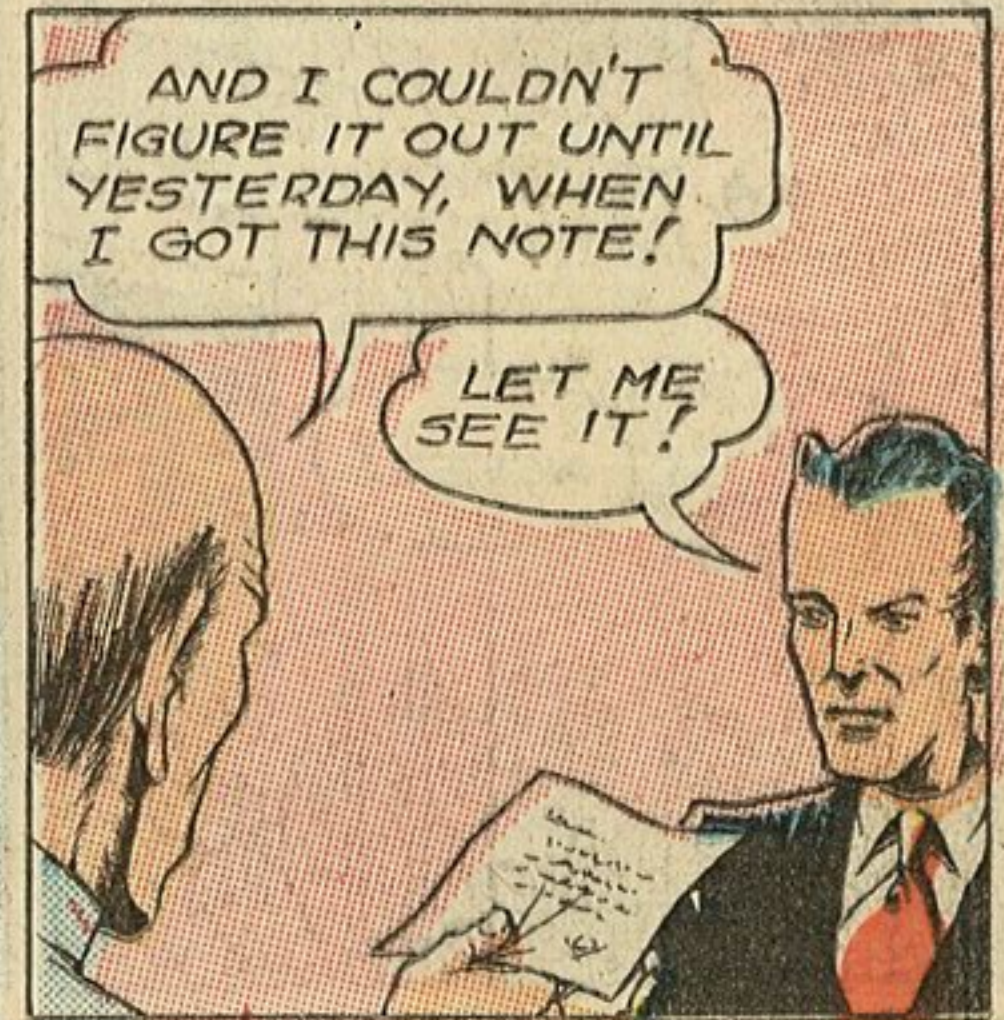


BUT HOW WILL THESE COUNTRIES GET THE FORMULA IF YOU DON'T GIVE IT TO THEM?

I DON'T INTEND TO!

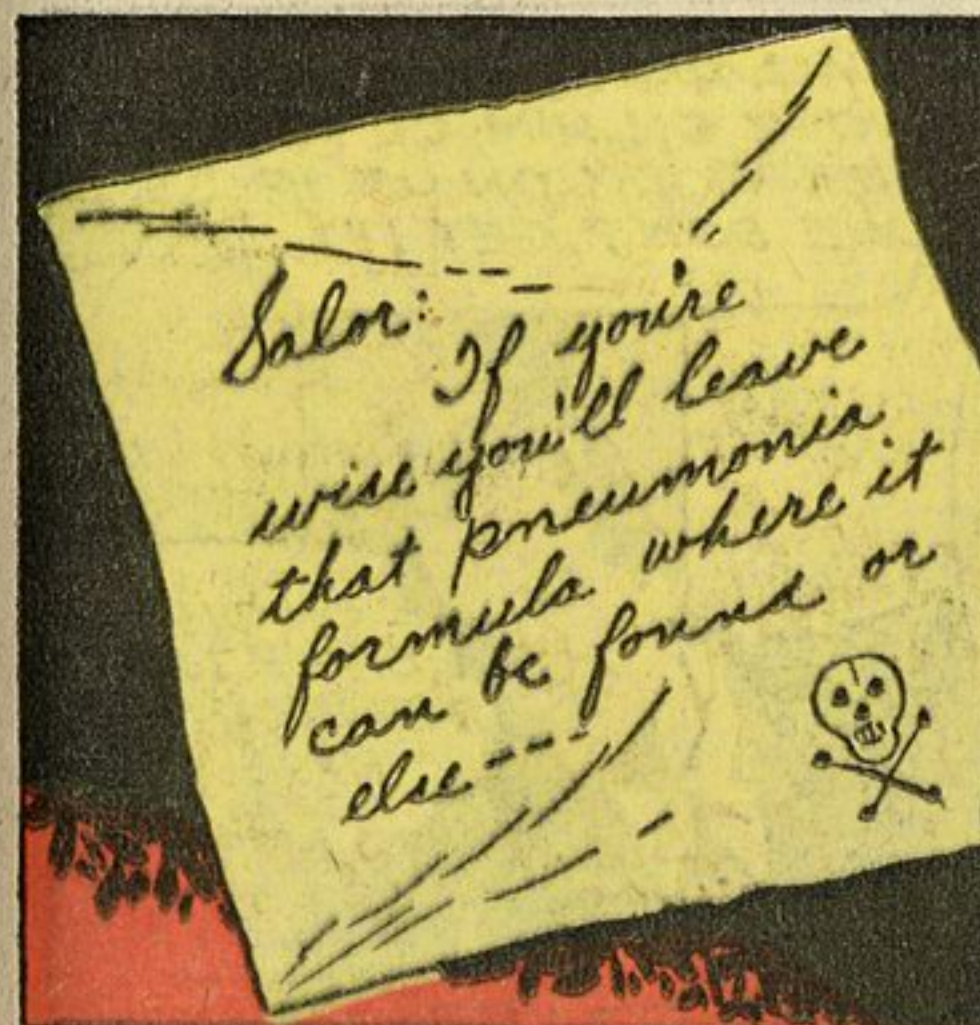


BUT MY LABORATORY HAS BEEN BROKEN INTO THREE TIMES THIS WEEK AND NOTHING WAS TAKEN!

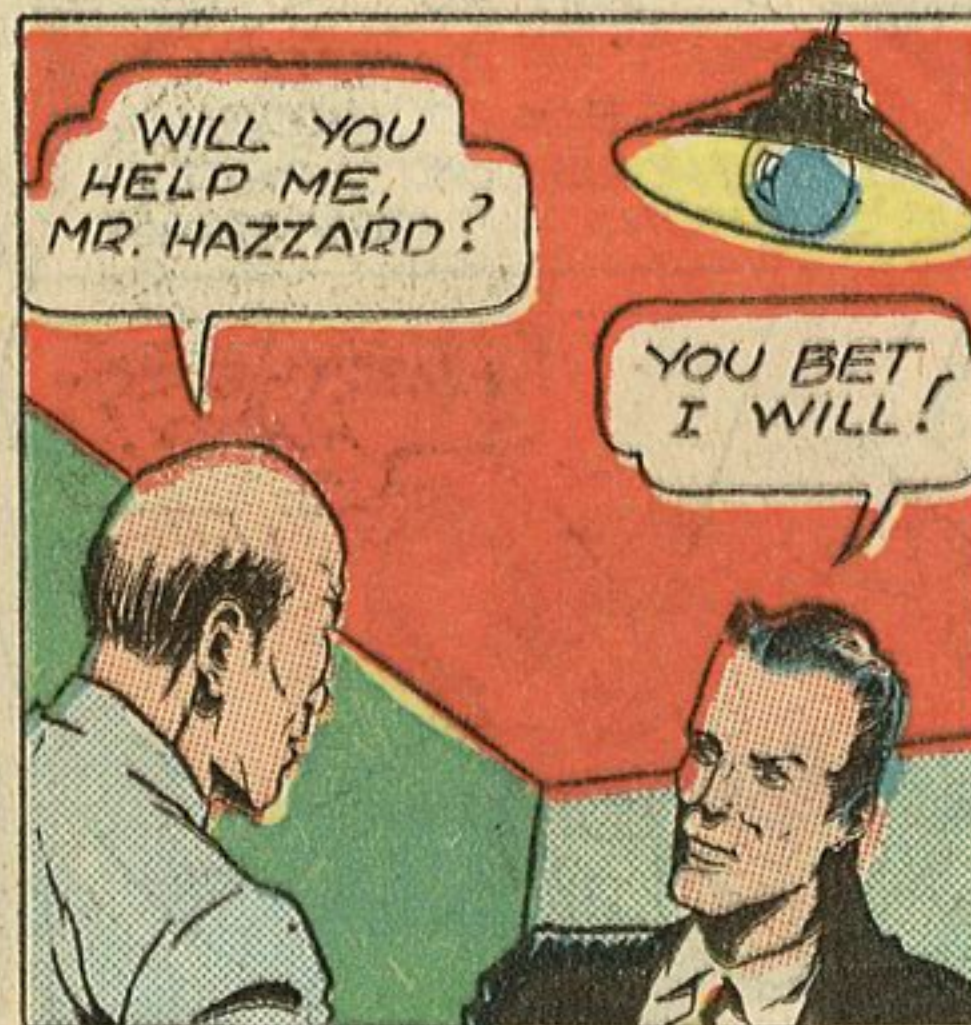


AND I COULDN'T FIGURE IT OUT UNTIL YESTERDAY, WHEN I GOT THIS NOTE!

LET ME SEE IT!



Salor: If you're wise you'll leave that pneumonia formula where it can be found or else---



WILL YOU HELP ME, MR. HAZZARD?

YOU BET, I WILL!



MEANWHILE, IN THE HIDE-OUT OF BOSS PATONE----

SLICK, I WAS TALKIN' TO THAT RUSSIAN GUY, HORG, TODAY!

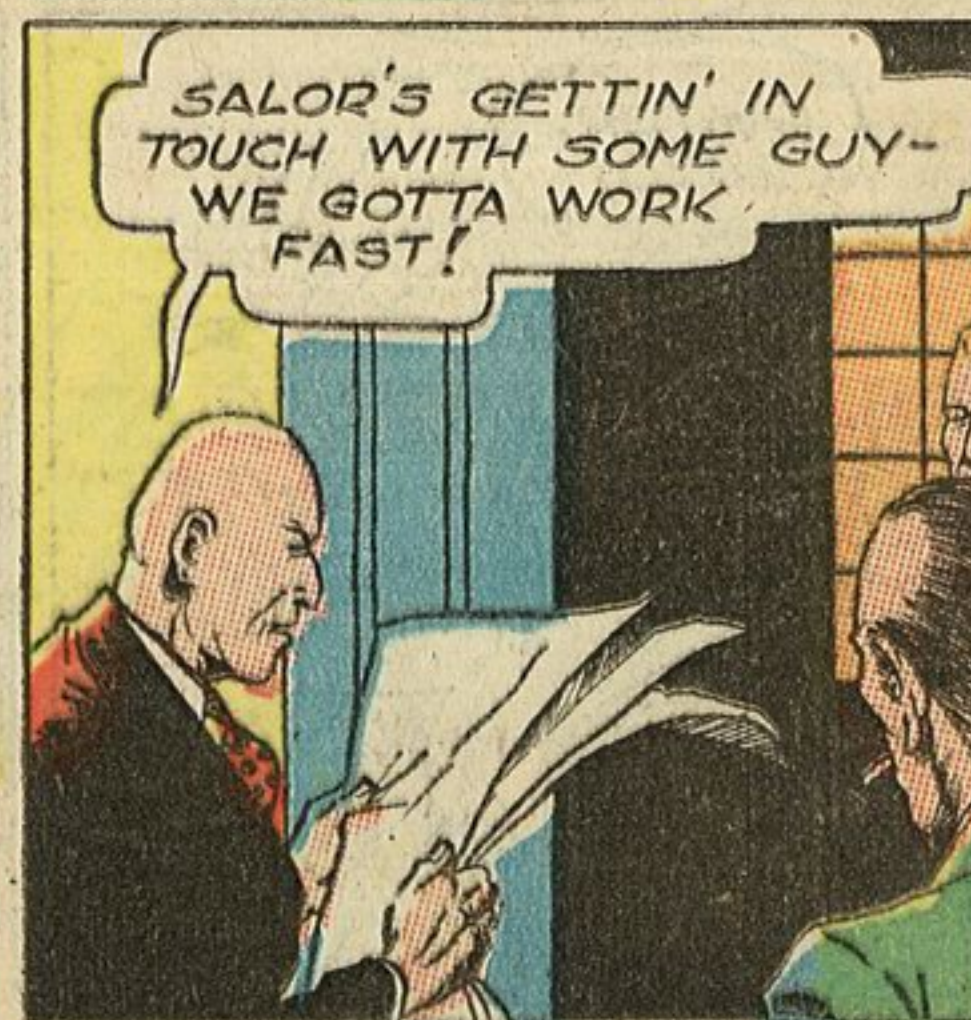
WHAT'D HE SAY, BOSS?



WHEN WE TURN OVER THAT FORMULA TO HIM WE'LL GET TWO MILLION--IN CASH!

WOW!

BOSS, LOOK AT THIS!



SALOR'S GETTIN' IN TOUCH WITH SOME GUY-- WE GOTTA WORK FAST!



YOU BIRDS GET DOWN TO HIS PLACE AN' STOP AT NOTHIN' TO GET THAT "INFO"-- SCRAM!!

BACK IN DR. SALOR'S HOME--

YOU SEE, I HEARD ABOUT THE WONDERS YOU AND YOUR IRON MAN PERFORM-- THAT'S WHY I CALLED YOU!

THANKS--

I'LL HAVE BOZO HERE IN ABOUT TWO MINUTES!

EXCUSE ME, THERE'S THE BELL!

W-WHAT DO YOU WANT?

GET BACK, AN' NO NOISE!

FORK OVER THAT FORMULA, QUICK!

NEVER!

LISTEN, GUY, THERE'S WAYS OF MAKIN' YOU TALK-- AN' THEY HURT! NOW GET IT UP!

NO--

YOU MIGHT TORTURE ME, BUT I'D DIE BEFORE I'D PUT THAT DATA INTO YOUR EVIL HANDS!

BEHIND A CLOSED DOOR, HUGH OVERHEARS THE CONVERSATION--

SAY! THAT OLD BOY HAS NERVE --I'D BETTER CALL BOZO!

AND BY MEANS OF A SMALL CONTROL BOARD HIDDEN BENEATH HIS COAT LAPEL, HE SUMMONS THE IRON MAN--

HURRY-BOZO-HURRY!

ALL RIGHT, BOYS, GO TO WORK ON HIM, OR PATONE WILL WORK ON US IF WE DON'T GET IT!

OH-OH--I CAN'T LET THEM TORTURE HIM!

WHAT TH'-- GET HIM, DUTCH.

FASTER, BOZO!

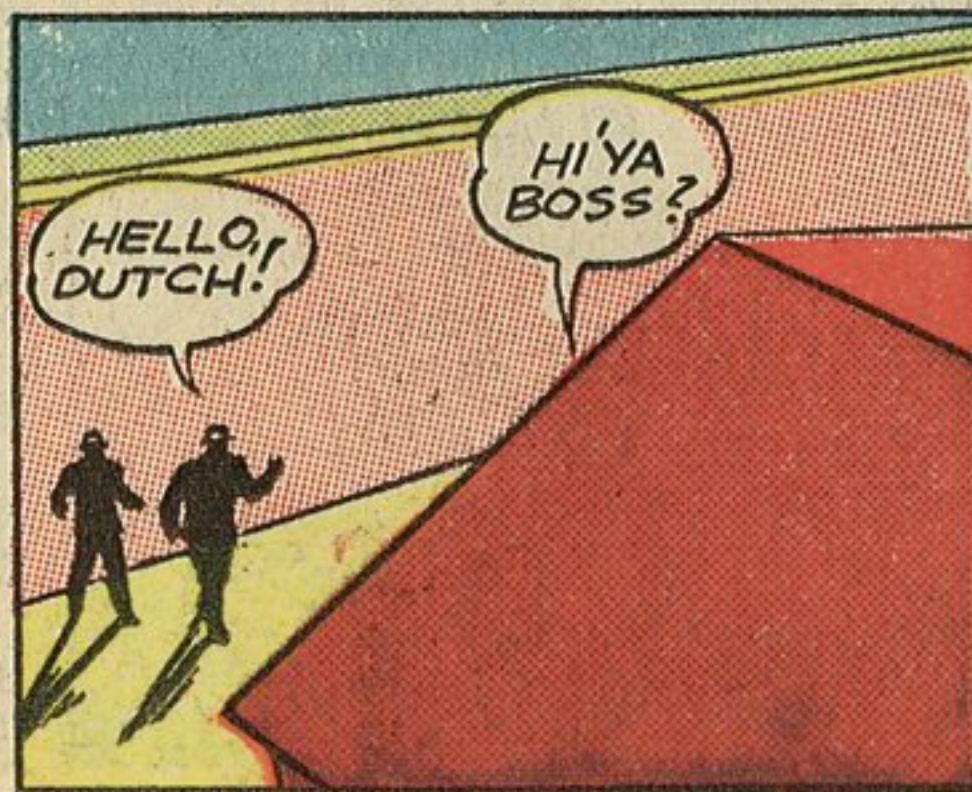
THIS FORMULA!- I MUST SAVE IT!!

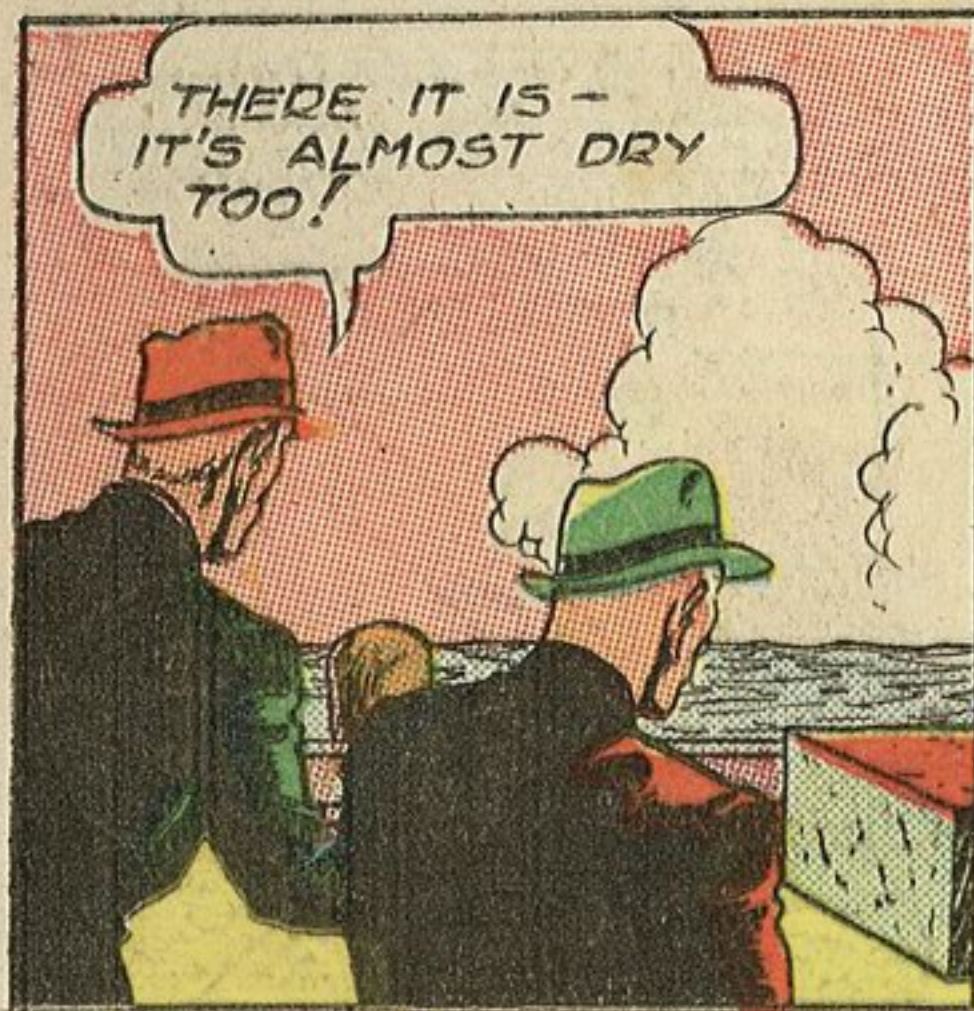


SOON, AT PATONE'S APARTMENT

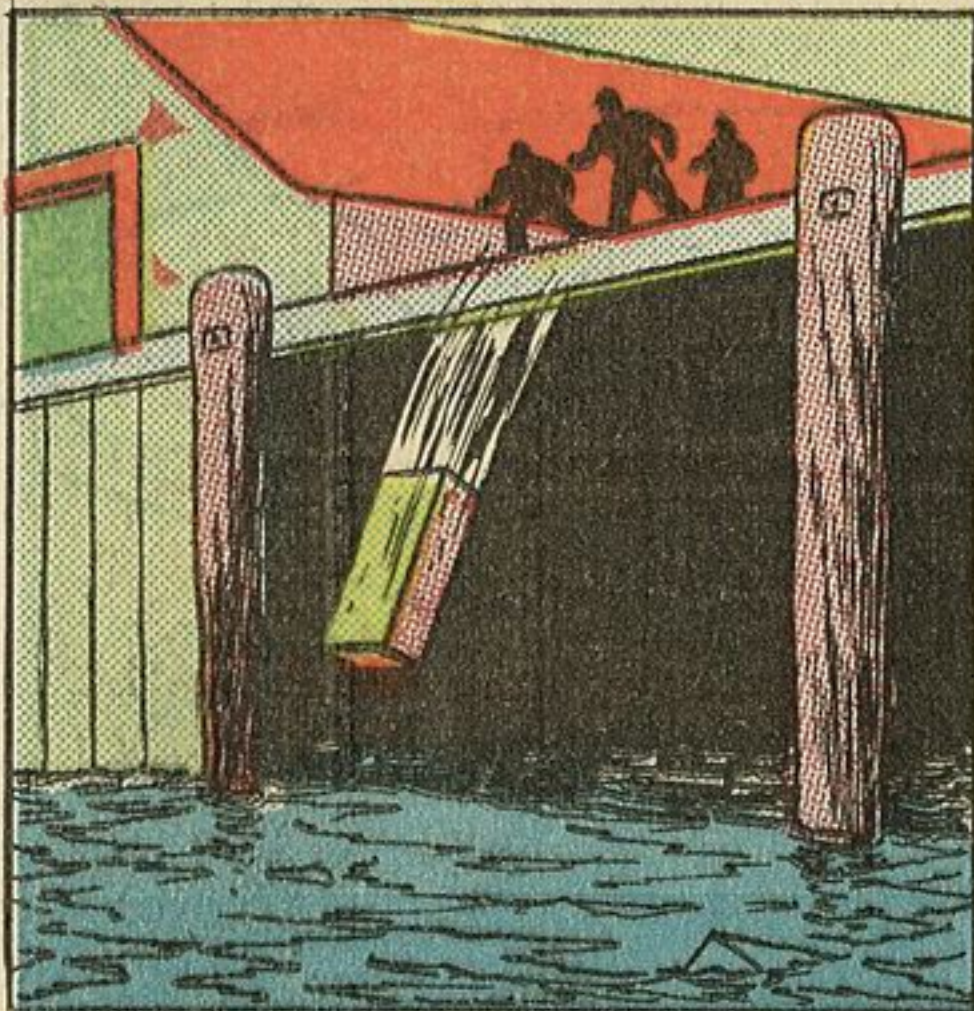
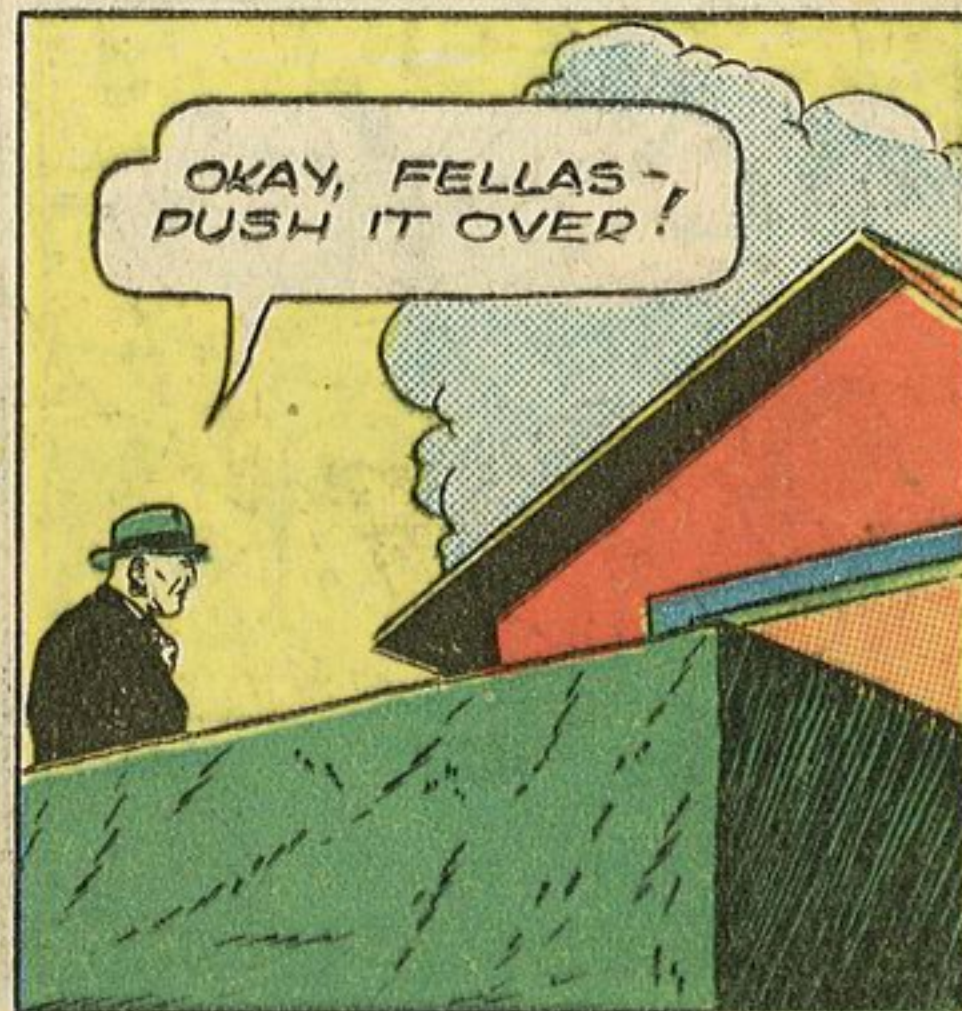
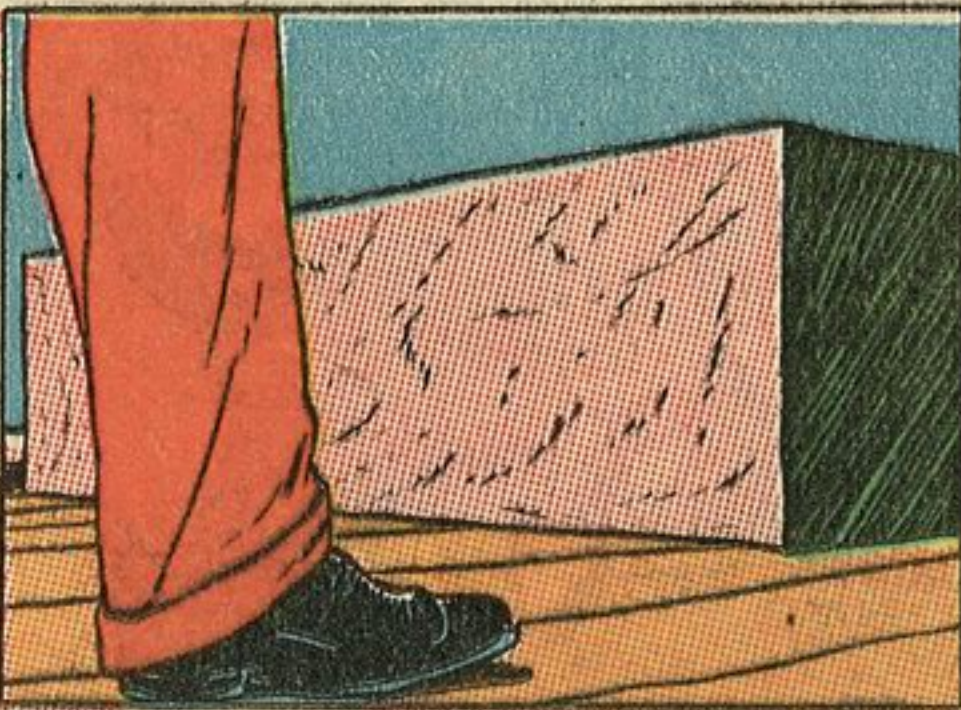


A HALF HOUR LATER, PATONE AND SLICK ENTER THE WAREHOUSE ----

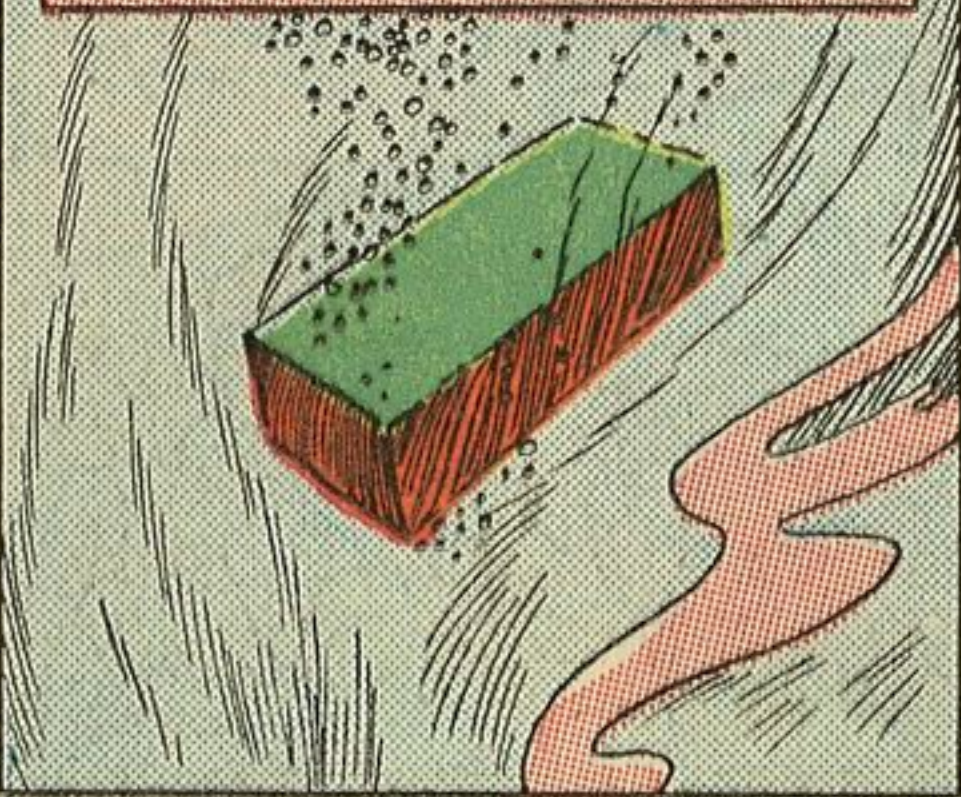




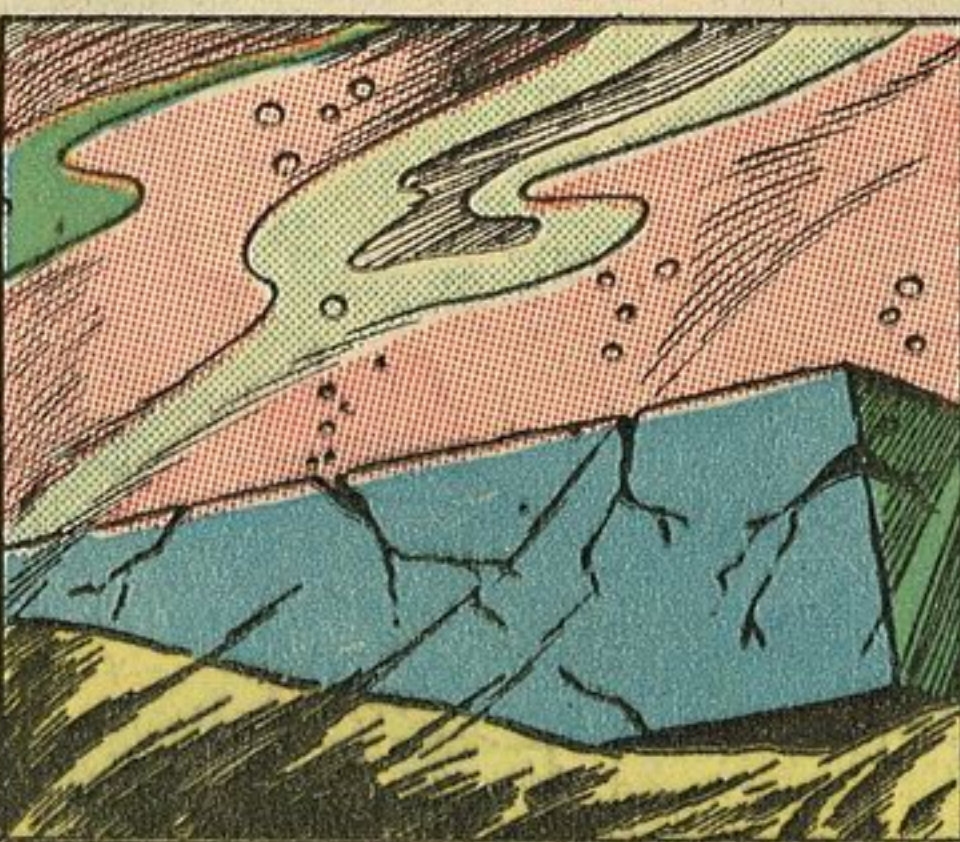
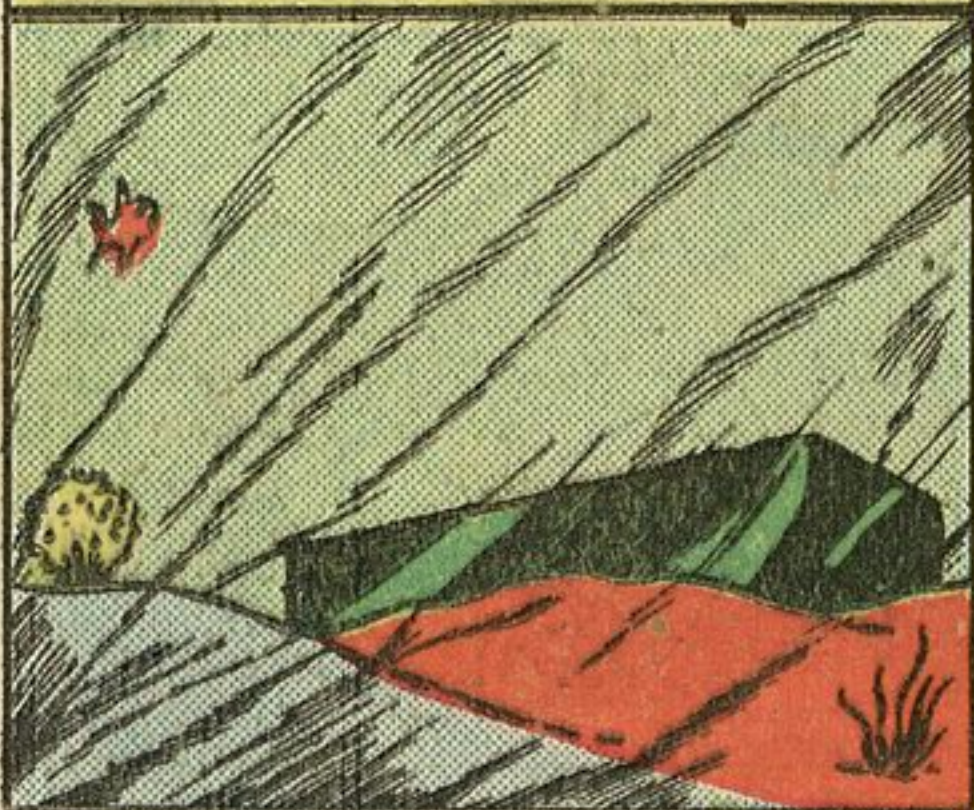
AND HUGH, STILL UNCONSCIOUS, IS ENCASED IN CEMENT THAT IS TO DRAG HIM TO THE BOTTOM OF THE RIVER -



THE BIG BLOCK SINKS DEEPER - DEEPER - - AND DEEPER -

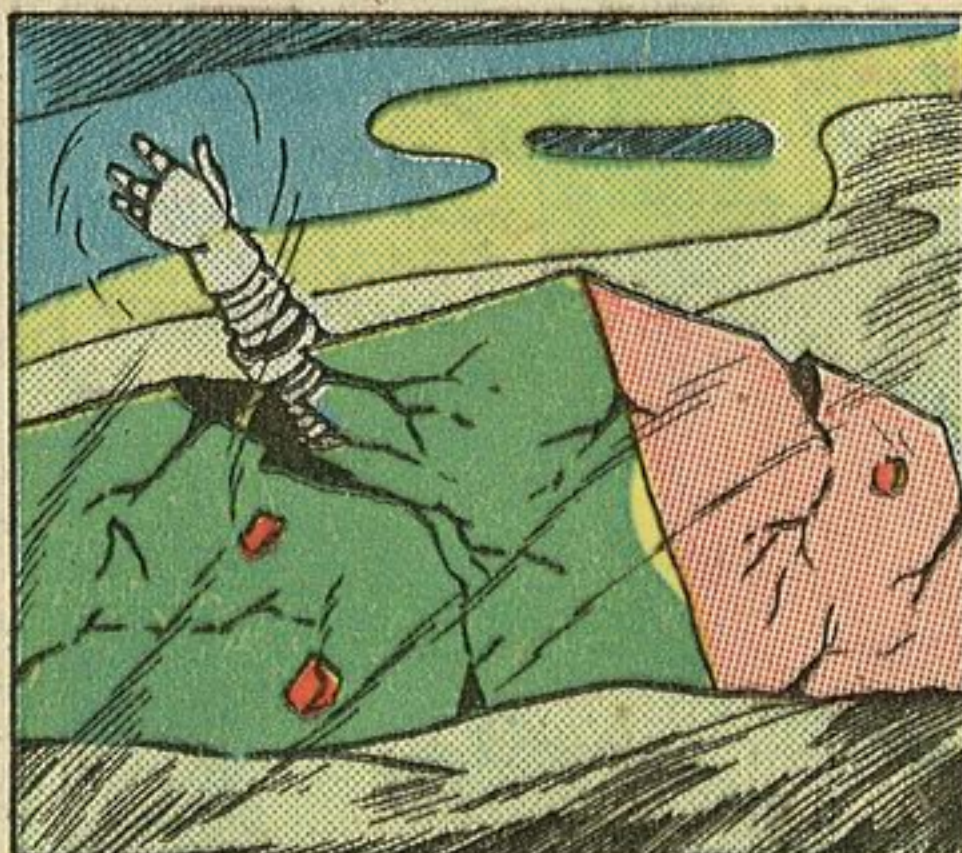


MEANWHILE, THE BLOCK COMES TO REST ON THE RIVER BOTTOM - - -

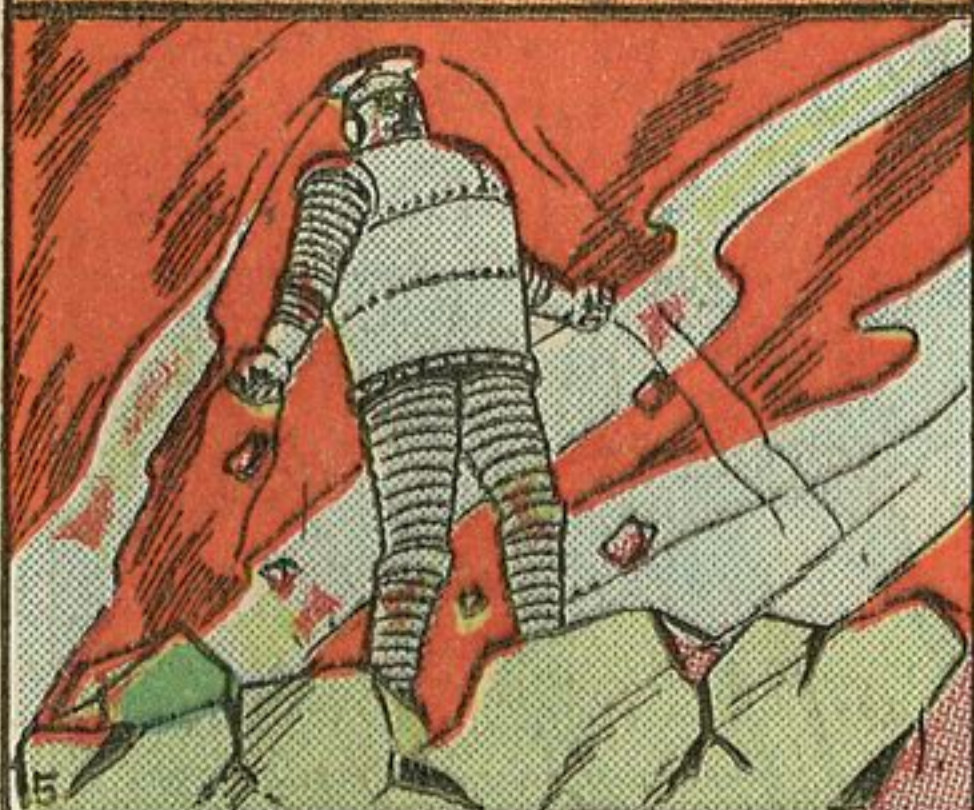


SUDDENLY CRACKS BEGIN TO APPEAR - - - -

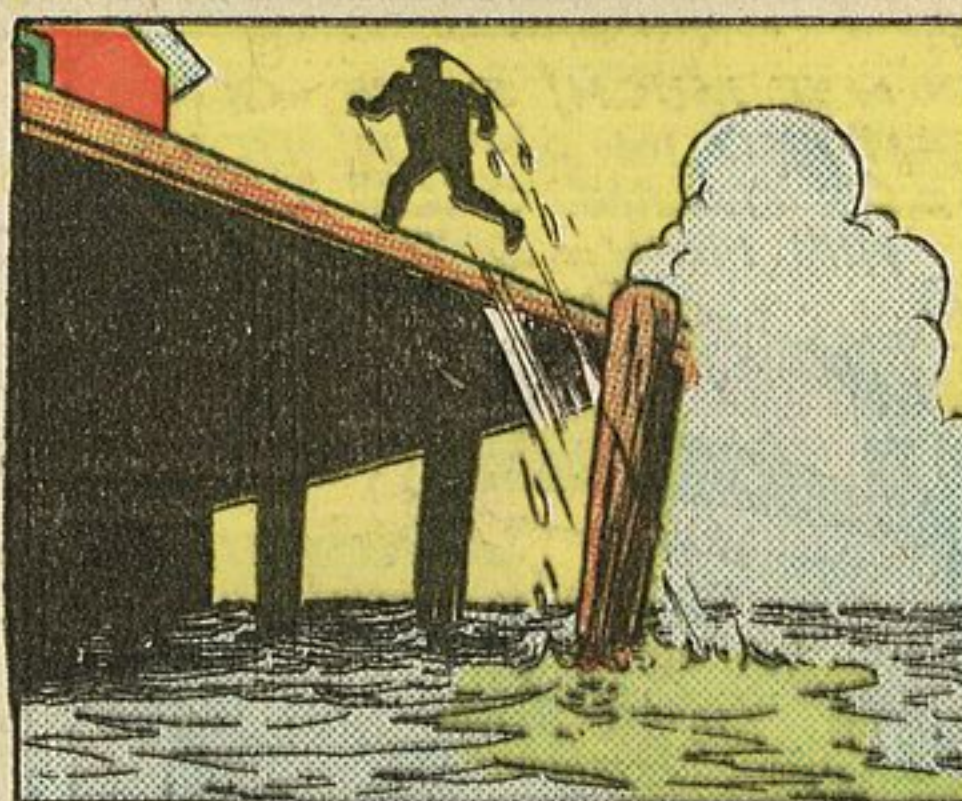
THEN AN ARM - - -



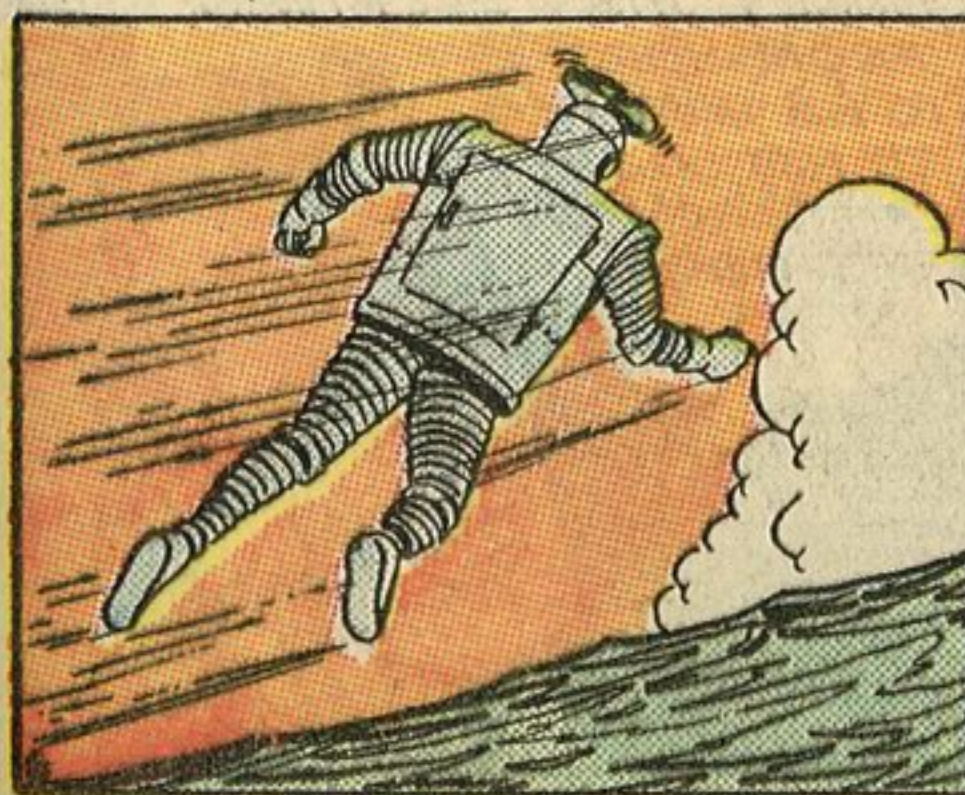
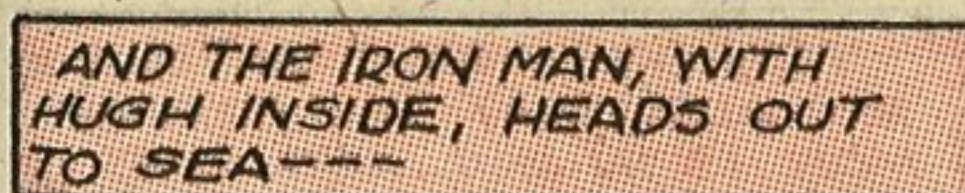
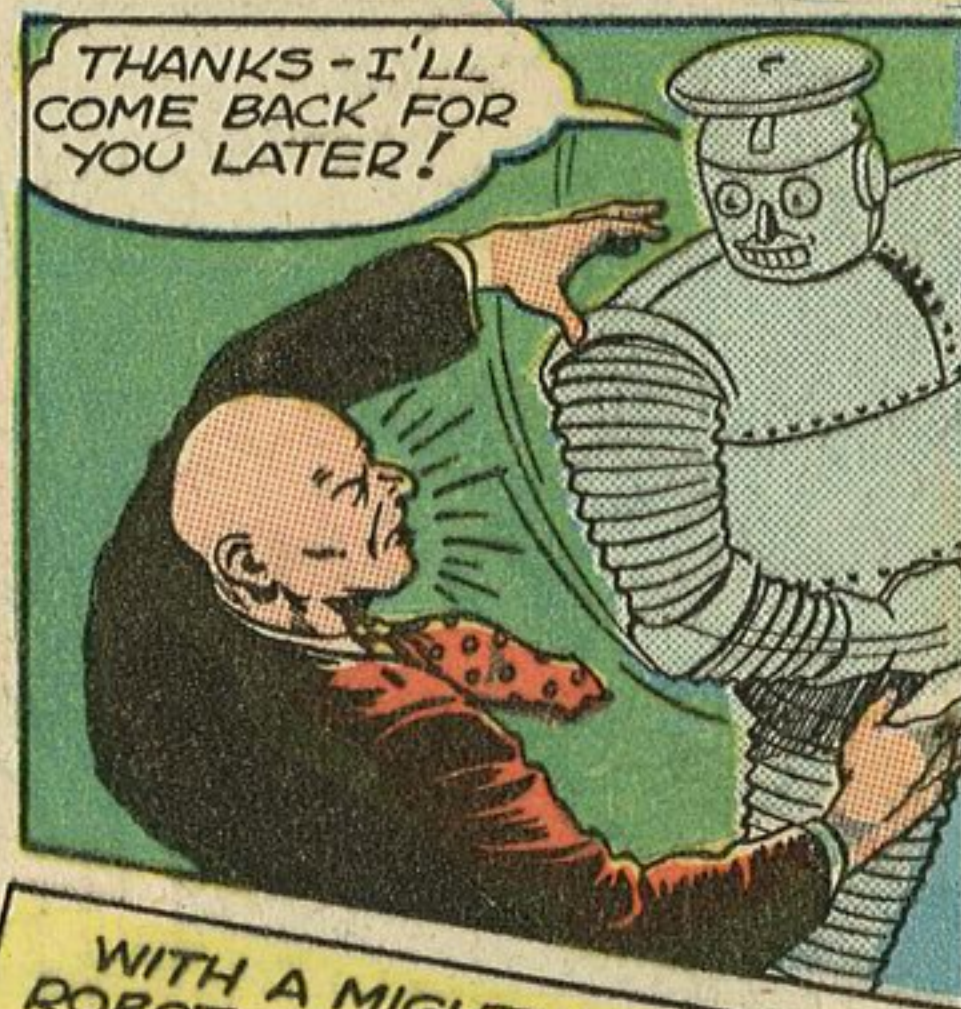
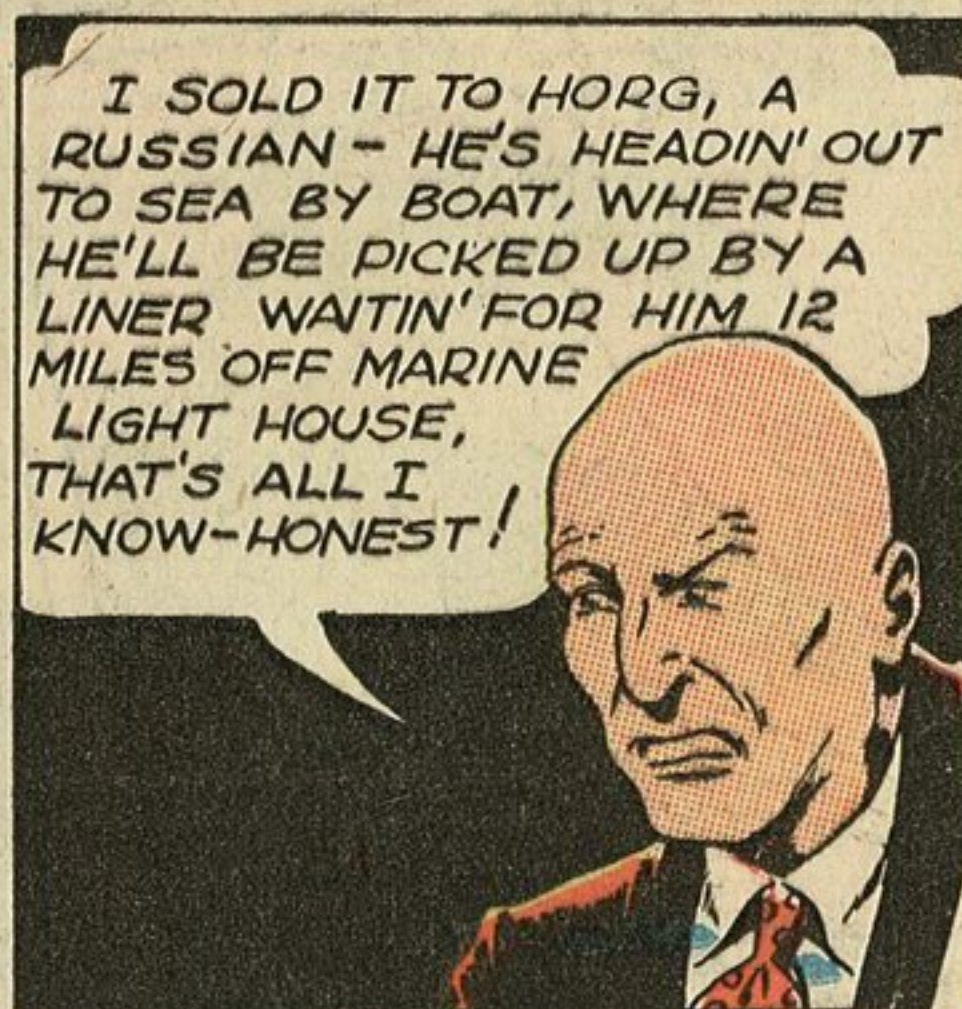
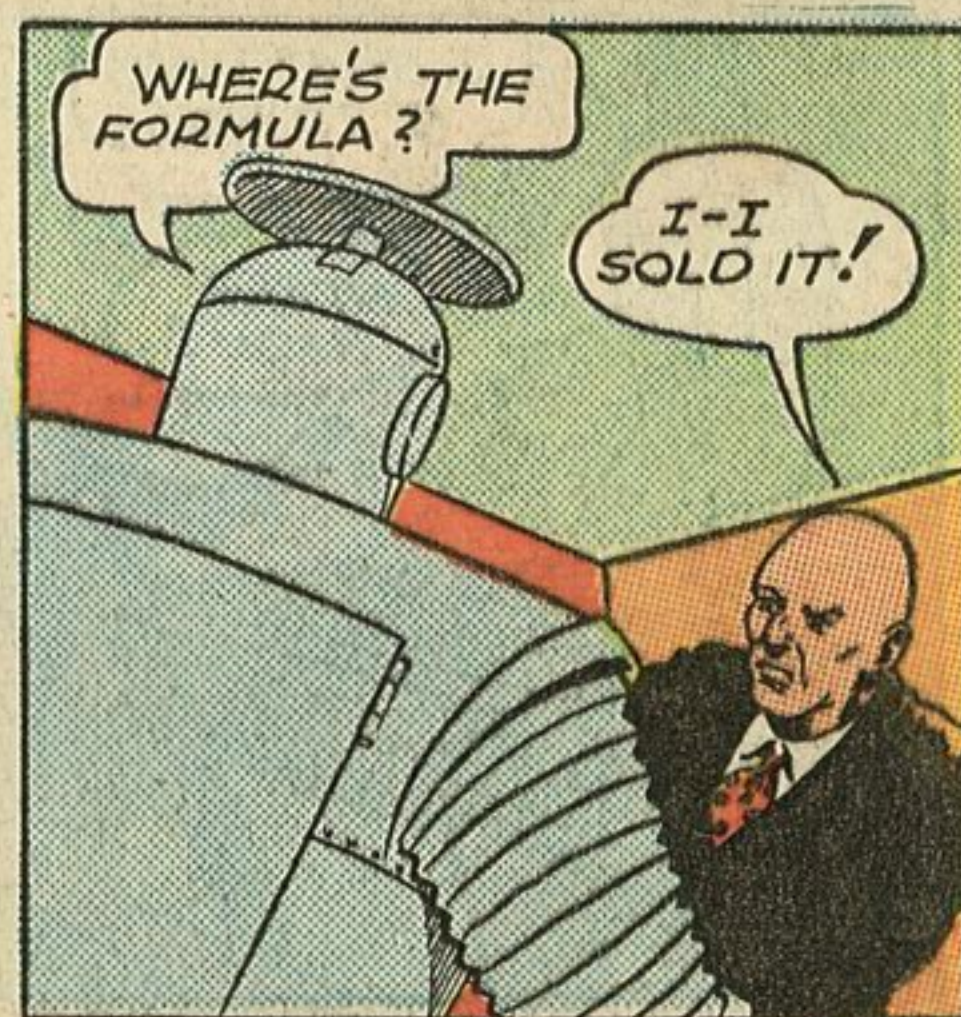
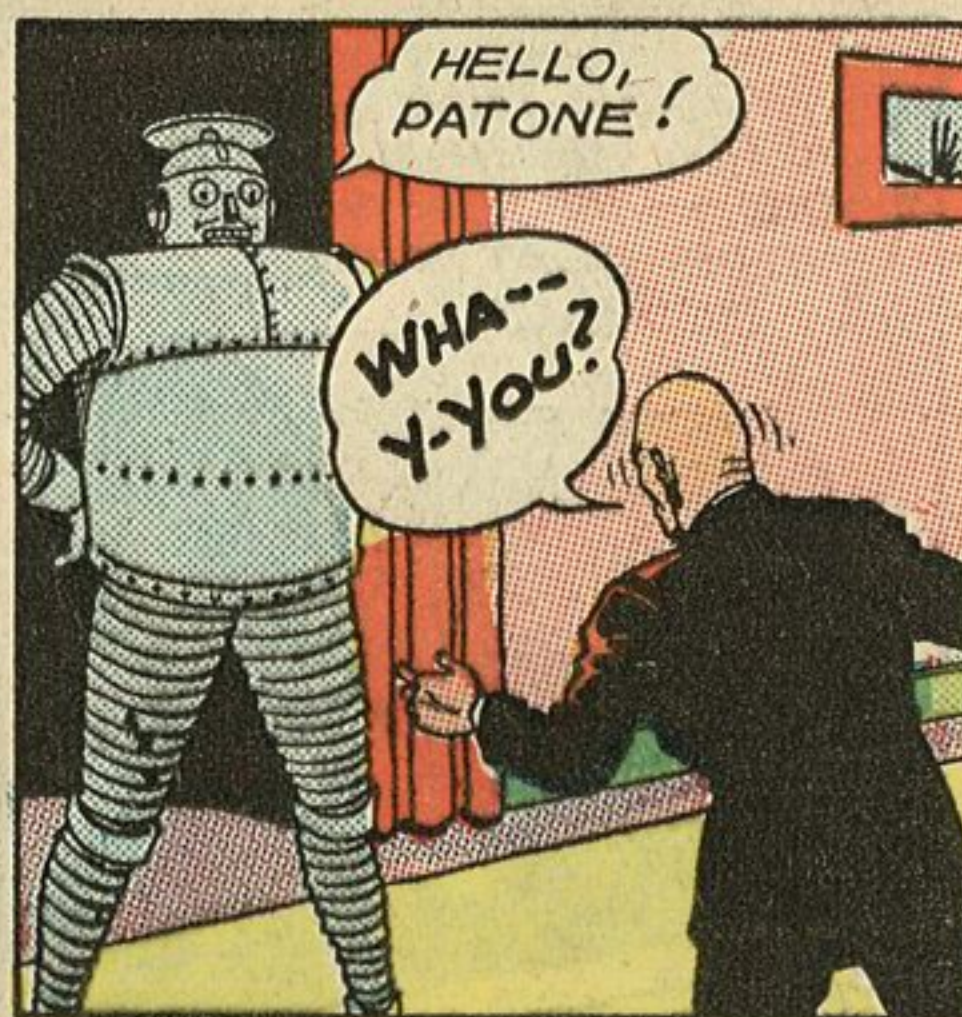
AND THE ROBOT STANDS UPRIGHT AMID THE CRUSHED CEMENT - - - -

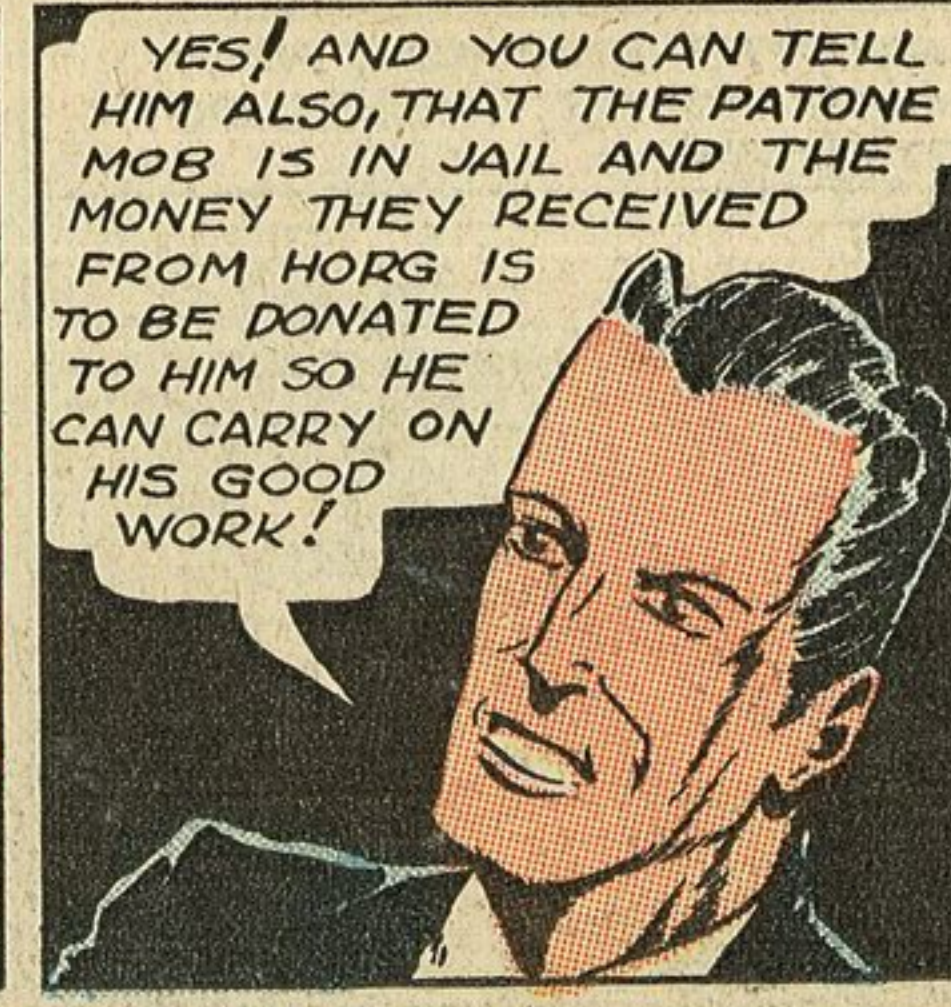
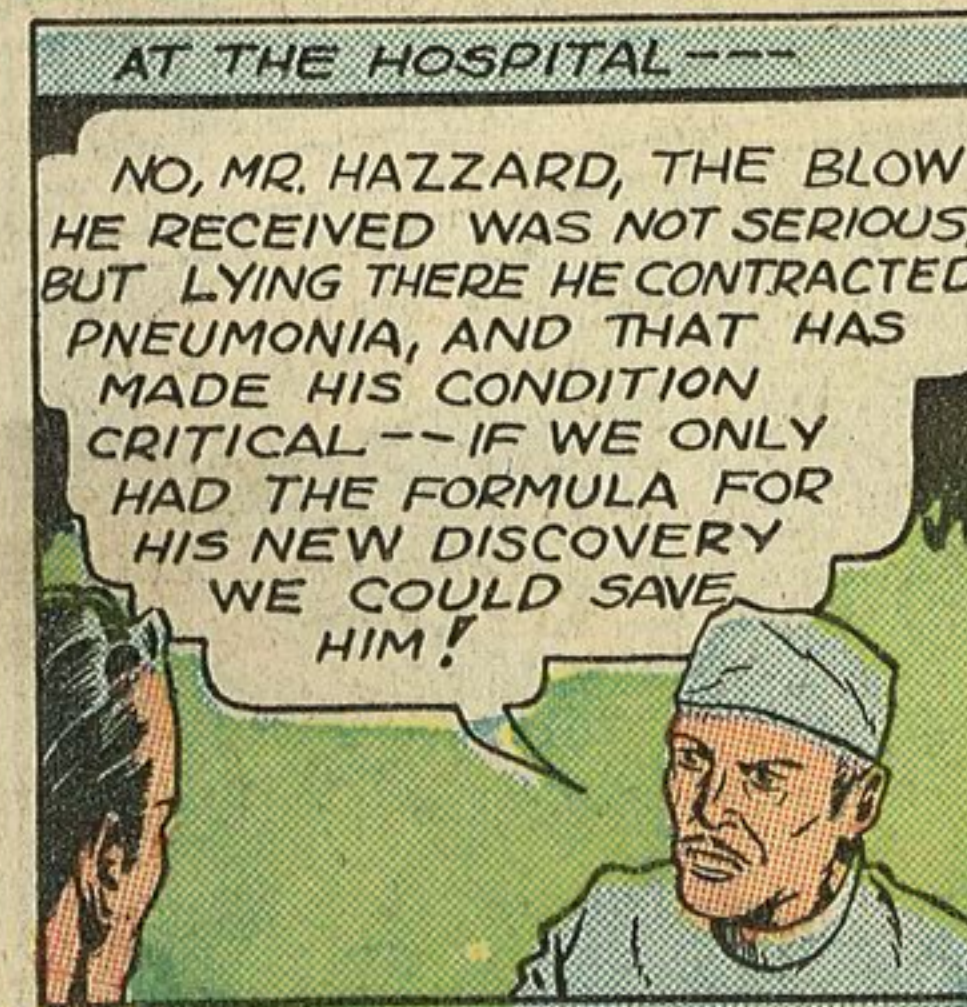
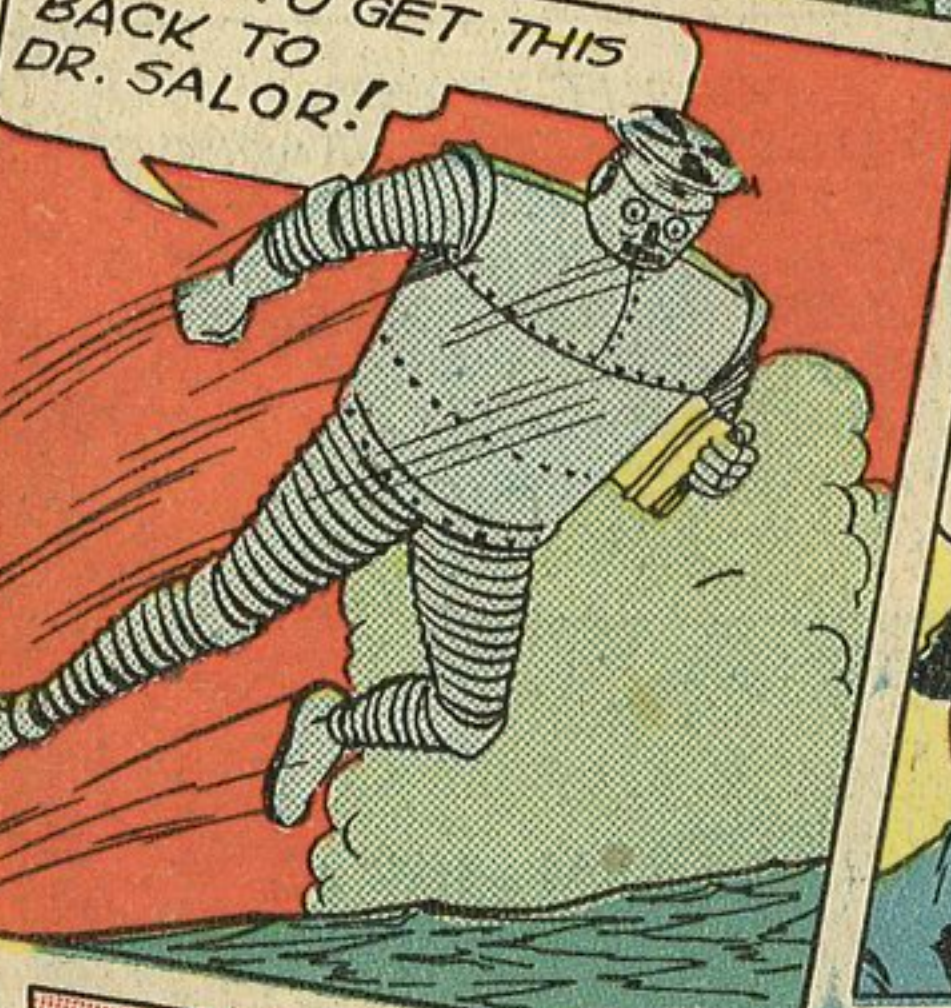
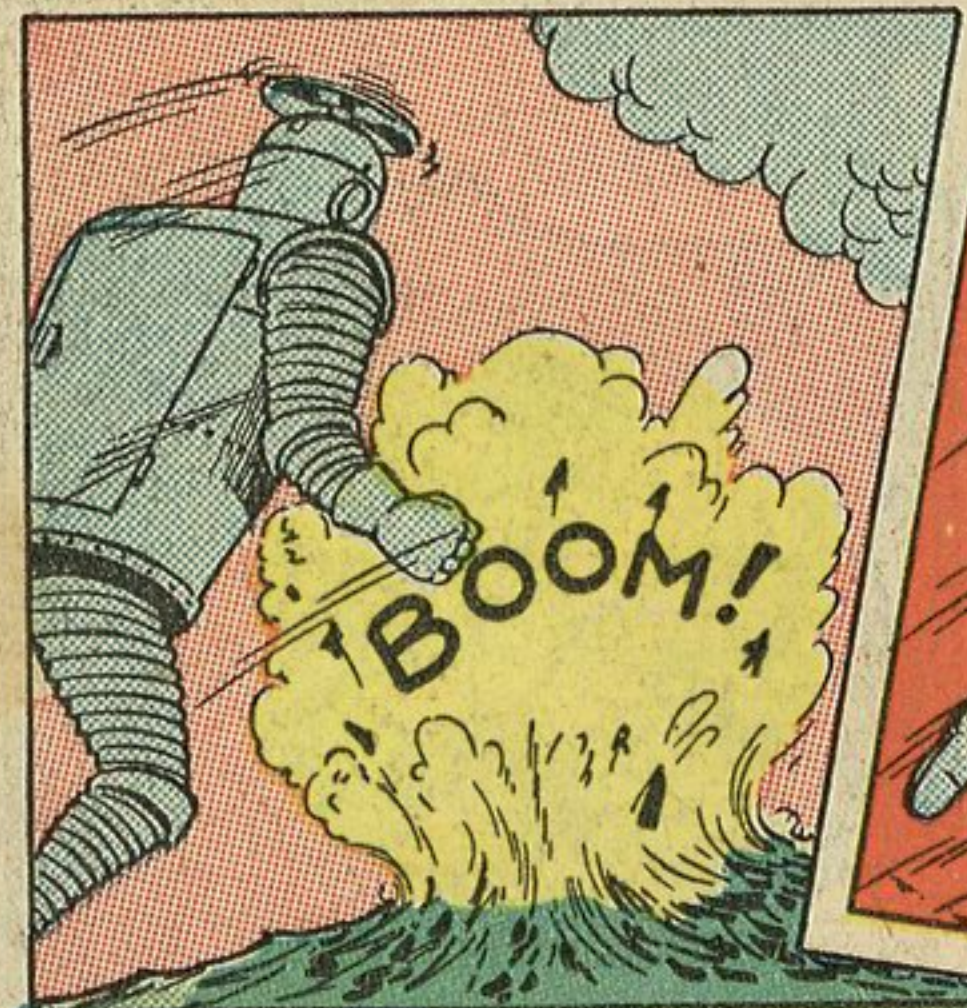
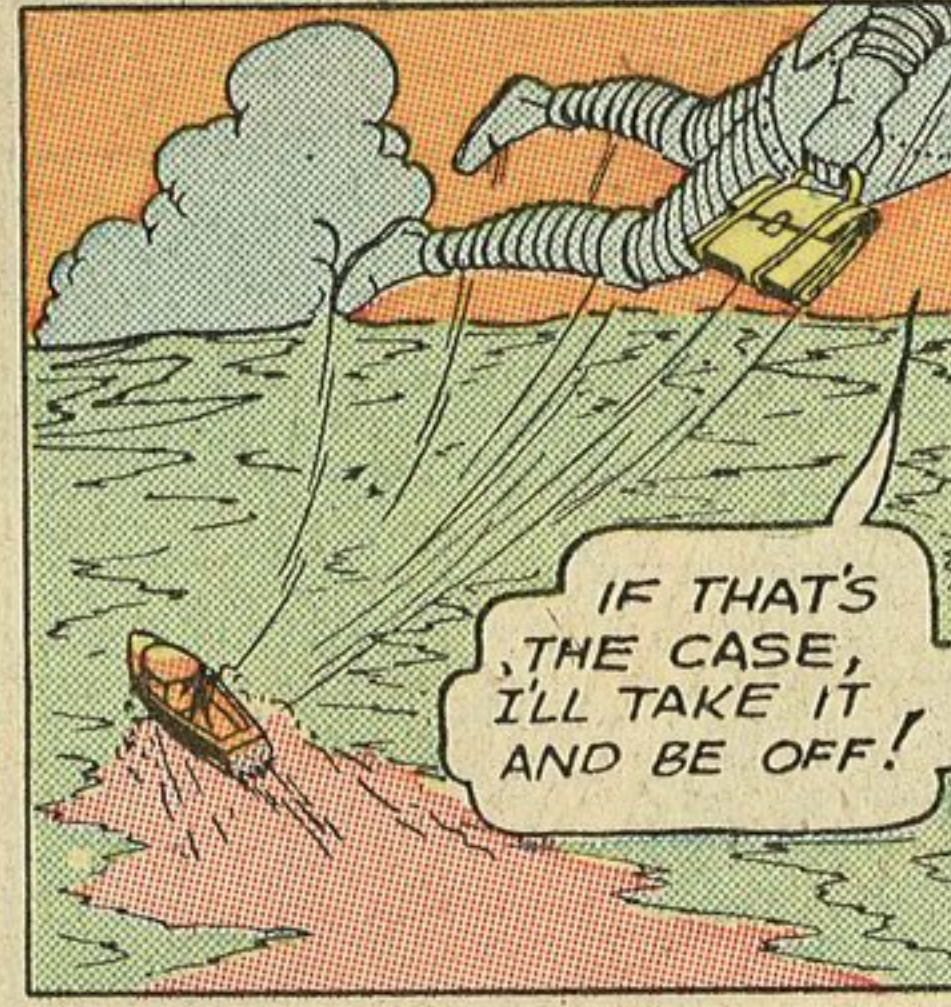
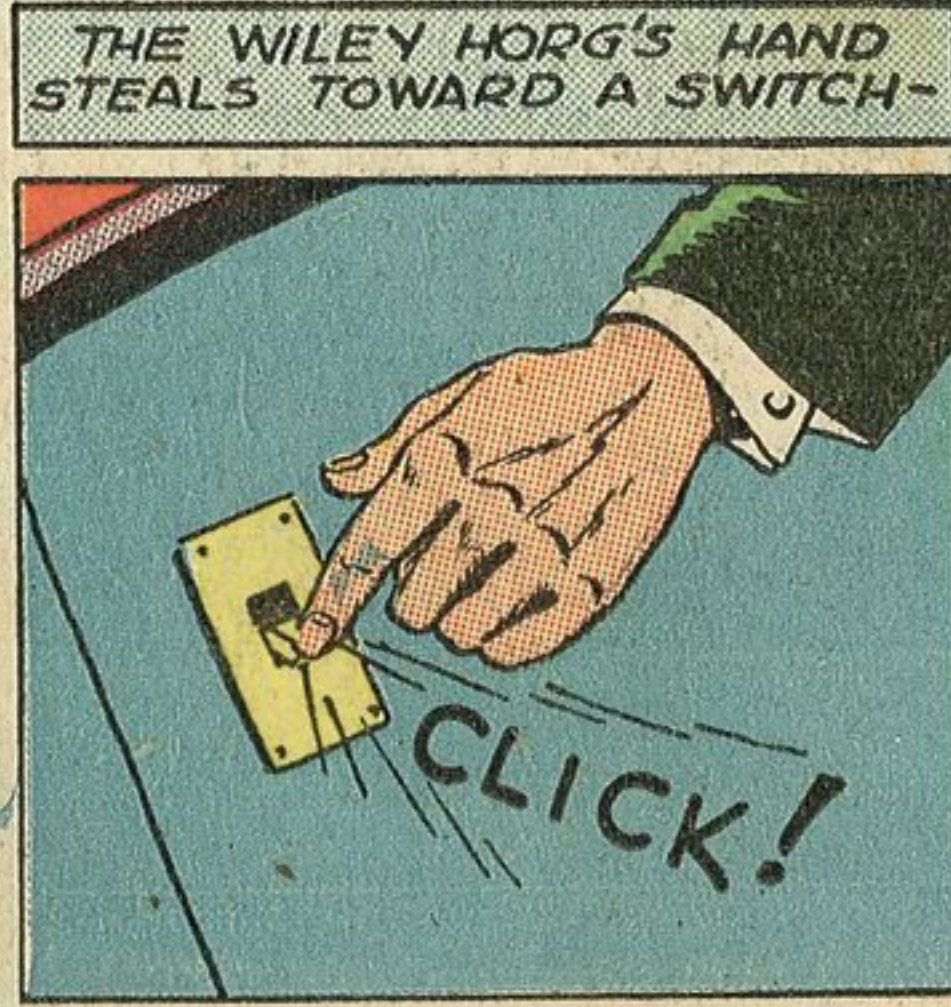
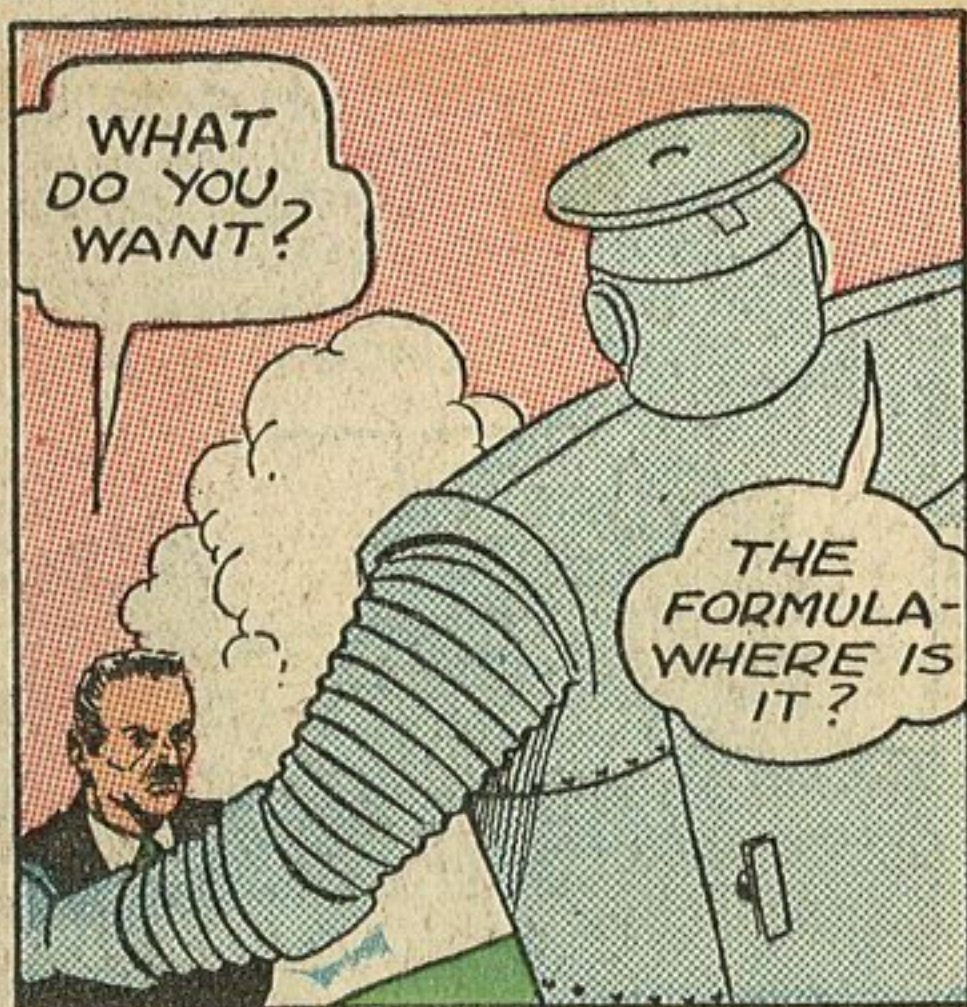


AND SLOWLY RISES TO THE SURFACE - - - - -



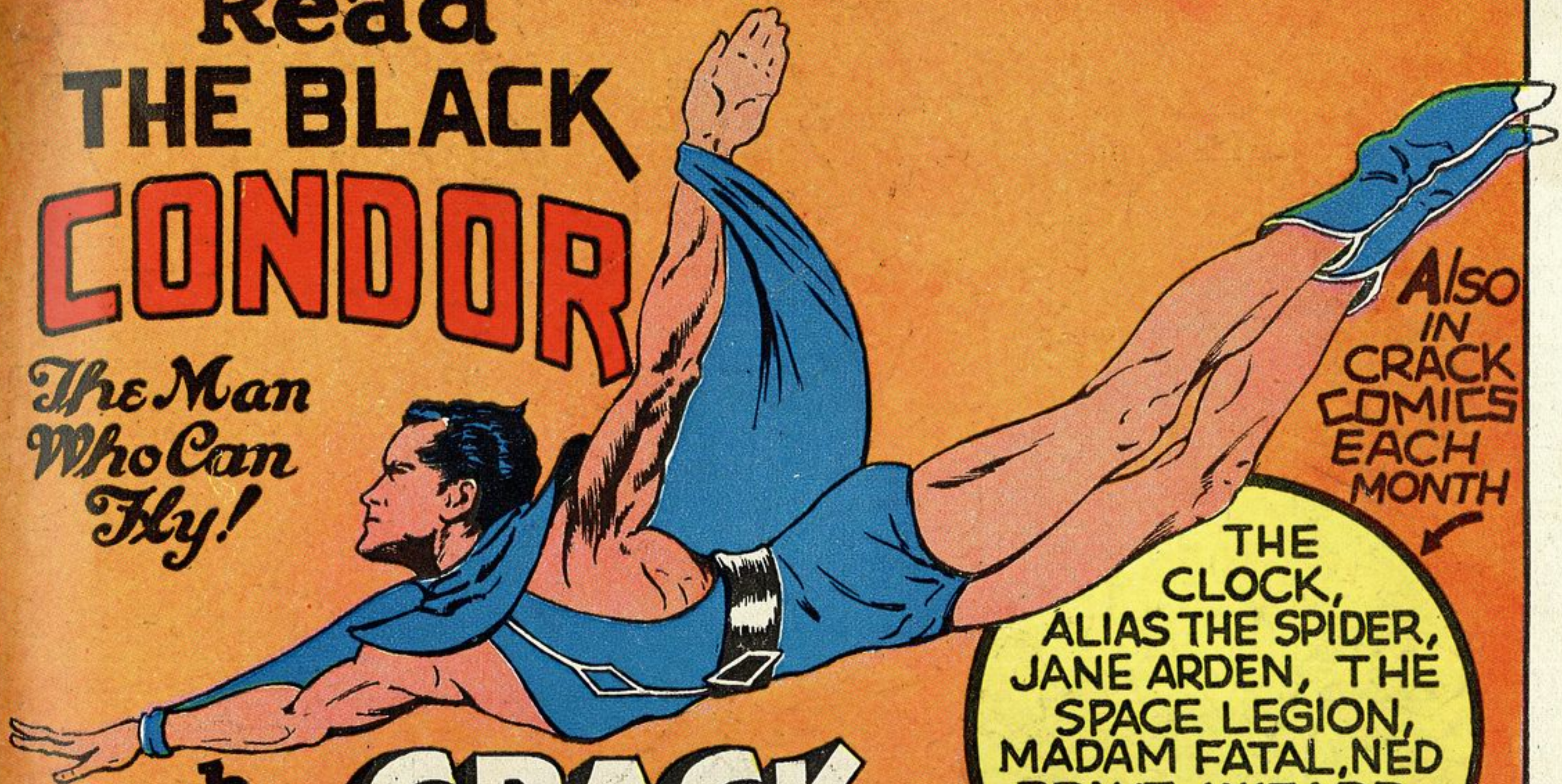
WITHOUT STOPPING, IT LEAVES THE WATER AND LANDS ON THE DOCK ABOVE - - -





Read THE BLACK CONDOR

*The Man
Who Can
Fly!*



Also
IN
CRACK
COMICS
EACH
MONTH

Each
Month
in

CRACK
COMICS

THE
CLOCK,
ALIAS THE SPIDER,
JANE ARDEN, THE
SPACE LEGION,
MADAM FATAL, NED
BRANT, WIZARD
WELLS ~ AND
MANY
OTHERS

A MACBEAGLE CAN SMELL A BARGAIN!



A LIFE-SCOUT NAMED SANDY MACBEAGLE,
LACKED A BIKE MERIT-BADGE TO BE EAGLE.
BUT HIS BIKE, OLD AND RUSTED,
ON THE TEST-DAY GOT BUSTED,
SO HIS FEELINGS WERE DOWNRIGHT ILLEGAL!



NOW, HIS DAD, A BIG SCOTSMAN, AND THRIFTY,
AT THE STORE SAW A BIKE REALLY NIFTY—
SAID: "O' COORSE, LAD, 'TIS NICE,
"BUT, HOOT NOW, SEE THE PRICE!
"WHY, I CANNA PAY THOT FOR A GIFTIE!"

BUT THE CLERK KNEW WITH WHOM HE WAS DEALING,
SO, HIS WINK AT YOUNG SANDY CONCEALING,
HE REMARKED TO MACBEAGLE,
'WITH MANNER QUITE REGAL,
"THE PRICE, SIR, INCLUDES THE FREE-WHEELING!"



NOW THAT MEANT A COASTER-BRAKE, MERELY—
A MORROW, WHICH RIDERS PRIZE DEARLY!
BUT "FREE" WAS ENOUGH
TO SELL THE SCOT TOUGH,
SO ALL THREE WERE CONTENTED, SINCERELY!



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